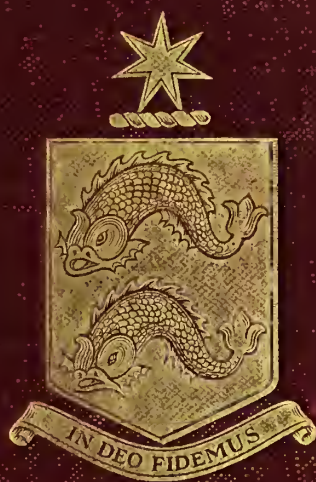


BRIGHTON
ITS HISTORY, ITS FOLLIES,
AND ITS FASHIONS



LEWIS MELVILLE

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BRIGHTON :
ITS HISTORY, ITS FOLLIES, AND ITS FASHIONS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
THE THACKERAY COUNTRY
VICTORIAN NOVELISTS

BATH UNDER *BEAU* NASH
"THE FIRST GEORGE"
"FARMER GEORGE"
"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE"
THE *BEAUX* OF THE REGENCY

WITH HELEN MELVILLE

LONDON'S LURE: AN ANTHOLOGY



From a caricature by Thomas Rowlandson, 1788.

THE RACE-GROUND AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

[Frontispiece.]

Brighton, and its history, its follies, and its fashions

B R I G H T O N :
11
**ITS HISTORY, ITS FOLLIES, AND
ITS FASHIONS**

BY
LEWIS MELVILLE (*pseud.*)

WITH PORTRAITS, CARICATURES, VIEWS, ETC.

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1909

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TO
MRS. JOHN LANE
A WHOLE-HEARTED LOVER
OF BRIGHTON

NOTE

A COMPLETE list of the works consulted during the writing of this book is given in the Appendix, where also is printed a portion of Brayley's official description of the Pavilion. I am indebted to Mr. John Murray for permission to reprint from the "Creevey Papers" a letter from Mrs. Creevey to her husband, dated "Brighton, October 29, 1805;" and I take the opportunity to acknowledge the assistance I have derived from the study of the books and pamphlets of Mr. F. E. Sawyer and Mr. J. G. Bishop, of "Florizel's Folly" by Mr. John Ashton, and the useful *brochure* of Mr. Frederick Harrison, entitled "Historical and Literary Associations of Brighton and Hove."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

SALCOMBE,
HARPENDEN,
HERTS.

New Year's Day, 1909.

INTRODUCTORY

BRIGHTON differs from all other English seaside towns, inasmuch as the great majority of holiday-makers in the southern and midland counties have, almost as a matter of course, paid it at least one visit. Indeed, in these districts it is difficult to find a man or woman of the upper and middle classes who has not been there, or, for the matter of that, to come across any members of the better-paid working class who have not at some time or other taken advantage of the cheap day-excursion trains.

Brighton, as it is one of the objects of this work to show, has passed through many stages. At an early period of its existence it was a flourishing fishing village; then it fell on evil days, and declined until it was almost forgotten; and in this latter state it remained, occasionally visited by some enterprising stranger in search of quiet, until, in 1750, Dr. Richard Russell made the discovery that sea-bathing was beneficial in the case of certain maladies. From this dates the modern history of Brighton.

It is difficult nowadays, when most people go once every year to the seaside, to realize that there was a time when no one thought of taking a holiday on

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the coast ; then, invalids and pleasure-seekers alike visited certain inland watering-places, the most important of which was Bath. It is not, perhaps, inappropriate that an historian of “ Bath under Beau Nash ” should write an account of Brighton, for the latter is, to all intents, a sequel to the former. Bath, under the direction of the great Master of the Ceremonies, attracted fashionable society in the first half of the eighteenth century. Brighton, under the patronage of a Prince of Wales, drew it thither in the latter half. For a while there was keen rivalry, but in the end the death of Nash, a desire for change, its nearness to London, and, above all, the constant presence of the Heir-Apparent, decided the struggle in favour of the seaside town. The fate of Bath as a fashionable rendezvous was settled when old Lady Aldborough, who had regularly for innumerable winters stayed at Bath when Nash was supreme, transferred her allegiance to the rising town. Brighton, by leaps and bounds, sprang into popular favour, and to this day has remained the most flourishing seaside place in the kingdom.

Brighton, however, is no longer fashionable, though many persons of social position live there, and more come as visitors ; but it has found favour in the eyes of the larger public ; or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, since it has found favour in the eyes of the larger public it is no longer merely a fashionable resort. The summer season has been given over, perforce, to the lower middle class, and

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during these months the aristocratic residents leave the town; for the latter there is a winter season, but even then the place is not safe from invasion. The short distance that separates it from the metropolis, which was one of the primary causes of its popularity in the coaching days, has, since the advent of railways, proved itself an element destructive of its exclusiveness. Cheap excursions for "trippers," and half-guinea Pullman-car trains for the well-to-do, have changed the character of the place out of all recognition. The ground of Hazlitt's complaint in 1824, "Everything here appears in motion—going or coming," has been multiplied a hundredfold.

Brighton is interesting only in its past. As Bath has become the home of the half-pay officer, so Brighton has developed into the Cockney's paradise, the Mecca of the stock-broker and the chorus-girl. The glory, indeed, has departed. The Pavilion stands, an object of derision; The Steine is still open to the public, but it is encircled by a network of tramways; while the old houses that look on this erstwhile favourite spot, once occupied by aristocratic visitors and residents, have been converted into cheap boarding-houses. The town now boasts mammoth hotels, and theatres, and music-halls in all parts, and you may now obtain everything but quiet. "The harridan Countess of Cork and Ossory is hunting for me all over the place. I have told the master of the hotel to inform the Countess's

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servant that while bathing yesterday I was unfortunately drowned ;” so wrote Joseph Jekyll from Brighton to his sister-in-law eighty years ago : but most of us living to-day lack the courage to follow this example. There is no privacy possible in this suburb of London : it is too large and too much frequented. A place with a population of one hundred and sixty thousand is a town, not a pleasure resort.

George Gissing tells us of a character in “Thyrza,” who was no stranger to the town : “He knew that if one is obliged to visit the place, it is well to be there under cover of the night, and to depart as speedily as possible from amid its vulgar hideousness.” And certainly the town cannot boast of natural beauties ; did not “Peter Pindar” cruelly compare it with Margate, to its disadvantage ?—

“What’s Brighton, when to thee compared ? poor thing,
Whose barren hills in mist for ever wait !”

There are some, however, who find amusement in watching the crowds that flock on “The Front,” now the favourite promenade, once an agreeable lounge, but now made hideous by the hooting and whirl of the motors that have taken the place of well-appointed, splendidly-horsed barouches and four-in-hands.

“Grave judges there and jokers,
With actors and stock-brokers,
With every sort of person of high and low degree ;
Professors of art fistic,
And preachers ritualistic,
With poet mild and mystic,”

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as Mr. Ashby-Sterry sings, are but a few of the types to be seen at the Church Parade on the Hove lawns. Indeed, in the winter season, it is, as Richard Jefferies said, "a Piccadilly crowd by the sea," and he treated it to a little gentle satire: "You will not observe a single glance in the direction of the sea, beautiful as it is, gleaming under the sunlight. They do not take the slightest interest in sun, or sea, or sky, or the fresh breeze calling white horses from the deep. Their pursuits are purely 'social,' and neither ladies nor gentlemen ever go on the beach or lie where the surge comes to the feet. The beach is ignored; it is almost, perhaps quite, vulgar; or rather it is entirely outside the pale. No one rows, very few sail; the sea is not 'the thing' in Brighton, which is the least nautical of seaside places. There is more talk of horses." Still, the sea is there; and though some may scarcely glance at it, others love it; the Cockney has a passion for it—if he can have a sight of it combined with the noise of the town; while those fortunate folk blest with the artist's eye never weary of studying its ever-changing beauty, wonderful alike when calm and coloured by the sunlight, as when the great foam-flecked billows rise and hurl themselves tempestuously against the sea-wall.

Even at Brighton the old-world air may now and again be recaptured in some quaint court in the heart of the town, and in some of the narrow old streets opening out of the King's Road; and the lover of

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the days that are past may experience a thrill of delight when the London coach dashes up to the door of the "Old Ship." Then for a moment may be conjured up a picture of Brighton in the heyday of its fame, when Watteau-like groups congregated for the evening promenade on The Steine, or when the company went to a Ball at the "Castle," or an Assembly at the "Old Ship," or to the little Library on the east of The Steine to play loo for shillings; when the Pavilion blazed with light, and the Prince of Wales sallied forth with Barrymore, Hanger, and Lade, and Lord Thurlow declined to dine with his Royal Highness because of the company he kept. Or you may think of the later dandies, the inimitable Brummel, the witty Alvanley, the poor mad "Green Man" . . . or, a score of years after, of Horace Smith's little house in Cavendish Place, the rendezvous of intellectual society, whither came Sydney Smith, and Hook, and Macaulay, and Halliwell-Phillipps, and Dickens, and Thackeray and . . . And when you awake to the fact that modern Brighton is making neither social nor literary history, well . . . there is always the sea.

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CHAPTER I

BRIGHTON BEFORE THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE earliest known reading of the name of the town of Brighton occurs in Domesday, where it is given as Bristelmestone ; but of the innumerable subsequent spellings, the most general were Brighthelmeston and Brighthelmstone, which were retained until the modern form was universally accepted. The first mention of the town as Brighton occurs in the Burrell MSS.: "17 Henry IV. Thomas Seynt Clare holds the manor of Brighton with lands and messuages in the same ;" but to find it again we have to pass to the latter half of the eighteenth century, when in 1766 "Gilly" Williams twice uses this form in letters to George Selwyn, in 1775 it was employed by the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, and in 1781 by Lady Sarah Lennox. The Prince Regent on occasion dated a letter from "Brighton," but his brother, the Duke of York, to the end of his days addressed Mrs. Fitzherbert at "The Steyne, Brighthelmstone : " indeed, though George Saville Carey, in

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“The Balnea,” published in 1801, headed his description of the town, “Brighton, otherwise Brighthelmstone,” the old familiar name was not generally forsaken until the reign of Queen Victoria.

The derivation of the name of the town has greatly puzzled the antiquarians. Dr. Relhan, writing in 1761, thought it might have been deduced from the (possible) fact of “the ships of this town having their helms better ornamented than those of the neighbouring ones,” but much ridicule has been thrown upon this suggestion in spite of its apparent plausibility—Bright-helms-tune (tun or tune, Anglo-Saxon for town or dwelling). The more popular theory is that the name was derived from a certain St. Brighthelm, or Brithelm—Brithelmeston being one of the earlier spellings, though it is not found in any document of earlier date than 1438—or, as Ingram’s Saxon Chronicle gives it, Drythelm, to whom, it is said, a church was here dedicated. The church, however, may be mythical; and nothing definite is known of the Saint, whom Mr. Sawyer, the safest guide in these troubled waters, holds to be probably a Saxon, of the tribe of Hollingas, who dwelt in the neighbourhood, and “fortified the settlement until the usual bank and stockade of wood, *tine* or *tinning*.”*

The earliest history of Brighton is legendary. Some archæologists hold the belief that it was

* The various spellings, with the authorities from which they are derived, are given by Mr. F. E. Sawyer in an article on the “Ecclesiastical History of Brighton” (*Sussex Archæological Collections*, vol. xxix. pp. 182-3).

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originally an ancient British settlement, and then a Roman station, near to the *Portus Adurni* of that conquering race. “There are three Roman *castra*, or camps, lying in a line over-thwart the Downs from Bighthelmstone to Ditchelling, from south to north. The first, a large one called the Castle, about a mile from Brighton eastward, and a mile from the sea, on the summit of a lofty hill commanding the sea-coast ; the next, a smaller, called Hollingbury Castle, nearly about the middle of the Downs, also commanding from a lofty hill, by Stanmer, the whole western sea-coast of Sussex ; and a third, a large one, called Ditchelling Castle, containing between twelve and fourteen acres, is the highest point of all the Downs thereabouts, and commands part of the sea-coast, and all the northern edge of the Downs, and the wild underneath it.” So runs a passage in the Burrell MSS. ; and further proofs have since come to light in the discovery at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when preparing the ground enclosing the Old Steine, of several Roman coins ; a little later, when improving the racecourse, of some Roman urns ; and, more recently, of a military Roman way on St. John’s Common.

There is little doubt that early in the history of Britain there was a fishing village on the western bank of a brook, a survival of a larger stream flowing from the well at Patcham, through Preston, to the Old Steine, or Steyne,* as it was then spelled,

* The derivation of the name of The Steine is, like that of the town, also a matter of dispute, for while some contend that it is an abridgment of Staining, from Anglo-Saxon *staen*, a

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forming what is still called Pool Valley, and there discharging itself into the sea. At the time of the Norman Conquest Brighton was not entirely without importance. It was one of the Sussex Manors of Harold II., who there raised levies to augment his forces at Senlac; and a rent, then regarded as considerable, was paid to the Lord of the Manor by the fishermen for the privilege to dry their nets, and, in winter, haul up their boats on The Steine, then and for long afterwards waste ground.* There is a curious entry in the Manor Books, in the 27th of Elizabeth: "That no hog go unringed on the Stein, where nets lie, under a penalty of 8d. *toties quoties*."

The town is, of course, mentioned in Domesday:—"Ralph holds *Bristelmestune* of William. Bricric held it by the gift of Earl Godwin. It has been assessed at five hides and an half, equally under the Saxon and Norman Governments. The arable is three ploughlands. There is half a plough in the demesne, and eighteen villains with nine bondsmen have three ploughs and a domestic. Four thousand herrings are paid as a rent. In the time of Edward it was valued at eight pounds twelve shillings,

stone, which still survives in a slightly altered form in the neighbouring town of Steyning and probably also in Stanmore, others believe that the name was given by the Flemings who settled at Brighton after the Norman Conquest—*steen*, a rock.

* This customary payment was called in 1665 "Ladynets," probably from the Saxon word "Lada," a lath, lade, or leet, it being evidently considered in the light of a reserved rent to the lord, for the privilege which the fishermen enjoyed of drying their nets and stationing their boats on the waste of this manor (Rev. E. Turner, "The Early History of Brighton").

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subsequently at one hundred shillings, and it is now estimated at twelve pounds. Widard holds six hides and a rood of William in the same village, which is assessed at such quantity. Three allodial tenants held them of King Edward, who could change their residence. One of these had his HALL, and villains held portions in the districts of the two others. The arable is five plough-lands, and the whole forms only one Manour. There is one plough and an half in the desmesne, and fourteen villains with twenty-one bondsmen have three ploughs and an half. Here are seven acres of meadow, a wood of three hogs, and four houses in Lewes, appertaining to this district. In the reign of the Confessour it was valued at ten pounds, subsequently at eight, and it is now estimated at twelve pounds. William de Watevile holds Bristelmestone of William. Ulward held it of King Edward. It has constantly been rated at five hides and an half. The arable is four plough-lands. There is one plough in the demesne, and thirteen villains with eleven bondsmen have one plough. Here is a Church. In the reign of the Confessour it was valued at ten pounds, subsequently at eight, and it is now estimated at twelve pounds.” *

After the Conquest, many Flemish emigrants came to this country, encouraged to settle here by the friendship which the Queen naturally extended to her countrymen—“on which account,” says old Hall, “the realme of England became sore pestered with them”; and of these a considerable number

* “Domesday.” Translated by Henshall and Williamson.

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settled at Brighton, drawn to that town by the reports that had reached them of its excellent fisheries. Fishing was, indeed, the mainstay of Brighton for many centuries, and what success was won in this direction was well deserved, for the courage of the fishermen was great. "They shew an activity and boldness almost incredible," wrote Dr. Relhan, "often venturing out to sea in their little boats in such weather as the largest ships can scarce live in."* They were an adventurous race, for it was their custom annually from September to November to proceed in their small craft to catch herrings off Great Yarmouth, that village having for them the great convenience of a fish-market visited by merchants from Norwich, and even, it is said, but perhaps it may have been at a somewhat later date, from London. In 1313, however, Brighton had become sufficiently prosperous to maintain its own public market, and John, eighth and last Earl de Warren, secured from Edward III. a charter to hold a market every Thursday.

Brighton, in its earlier days, consisted exclusively of rudely constructed huts, scattered here and there under the cliffs, and tenanted almost exclusively by fishermen. The first known map of Brighton bears the date 1545,† and here, besides the "Lower Toun" under the cliffs, the tenants of which were

* "A Short History of Brighthelmstone."

† This map is preserved in the British Museum Library (Cotton MSS. vol. i. p. 18). It has been reproduced in *Archæologia* (1832), vol. xxiv. p. 298; and in Horsfield's "History of Sussex." According to Professor Gairdner the date is 1514.

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called "the seamen," now shown as a small cluster of houses, is given an outline of an "Upper Toun" on the cliffs, the inhabitants of which were called the landsmen, and pursued the less hazardous avocations of farming and doubtless boat-building. The limits of the "Upper Toun" in those days may be indicated by East Street, West Street, and North Street, the space within the town being cut up into oblong strips of land called *laines*.

Brighton is of peculiar interest to the antiquarian because it affords an excellent example of an ancient village community, in which each inhabitant held a section of land in the common fields, which, under certain rules, were cultivated in common. Thus was treated a large field in the centre of the town, where allotments were granted to the fishermen for the cultivation of hemp for the manufacture of their nets. In Sussex, this is called the system of *Tenantry*.* "The ground was probably first broken up between East Street and West Street, and probably on the hillsides also, thus converting the *common mark* into the *arable mark*," Mr. Sawyer has written. "It is difficult to trace the early history of the mark in Brighton; but in the year 1738 a *terrier* (or land survey) of 'the Common Fields' was made by Budgen, and another in 1792 by another surveyor, and to the owners at these dates

* See F. E. Sawyer, "Traces of Teutonic Settlements of Sussex, as illustrated by Land Tenure and Place-Names" (*Archæological Journal*, 1884, vol. xli. pp. 35-46). See also Frederic Seebohn's "The English Village Community," and Sir Henry Sumner Maine's "Village Communities in the East and West."

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the titles to property in the town can be still traced with great accuracy. We find that outside the Old Town were five large tracts of land known as the *Tenantry Laines*, and called the East Laine, Little Laine, Hilly Laine, North Laine, and West Laine. These *laines* were again divided into *furlongs*, which were, however, separated from each other by narrow roads, called *leakway-roads*. The land in the furlongs was in its turn subdivided into long and narrow strips called *pauls*, running at right angles with the leakway roads. In some cases the strips, or *paul-pieces*, were of double width at one end, this increased width extending for only half the length. These pieces were from their shape termed *hatchets*. The laines were situated on the hillsides, and the furlongs extended upwards. The leakways were thus at right angles with the hillside, and the paul-pieces parallel to it. This mode of land division has had a singular effect on building operations in Brighton, for the *leakways* have become main streets, as St. James' Street, Edward Street, Church Street, Trafalgar Street, Glo'ster Road, etc., whilst the smaller streets run parallel to the *paul-pieces*. The rapidity with which the ground was covered with buildings had a great influence in preserving these old land divisions. The primitive boundaries of the *furlongs*, etc., are thus kept permanently preserved. The reference to the Common Field is still kept up in the majority of conveyances of land in Brighton by giving, after the description of the land and its abutments, the name of the owner at the time of one or both *terriers*, thus: 'Part of 4 pauls of land late

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Friend's, before Gunn's, situate in the 3rd furlong in the Hilly Laine in Brighton.'” *

Though Hall, writing in 1515, described Brighton as “a poore village in Sussex,” at that date its poverty was perhaps more apparent than real, for, especially after the establishment of its weekly market two hundred years earlier, its trade had been increasing, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century the prosperity of Old Brighton had reached its zenith, though even in 1580, by which time it had a harbour,† it still possessed, according to an entry in the book of “Customs of the Ancient Fishermen of the Day,” “of ffishinge boates fowerskore in number, with tenn thousand ffishinge nettes ; belong manie other necessities belong to their misterie.” ‡ Indeed, the authors of “Magna Britannia,” writing in 1730 of Brighton, remark that ninety years ago, *i.e.* in 1640, “this town was a very considerable place for fishing, being

* The *Tenantry Laines* contained, according to the 1738 *terrier*, 921 acres 1 rood, or 7370 *pauls* (eight *pauls* in the *tenantry* measure being equal to an acre). This land, which was divided in 1258 *paul-pieces*, was, however, held by no more than twenty-five persons. The Parish then consisted of the Old Town, the *Tenantry Laines*, the *Eastern Tenantry Downs*, and the *Western Tenantry Downs*, and over the latter the owners of land in the *laines* has certain rights of pasture—

F. E. Sawyer, “Old Brighton” (*Journal of the Royal Archaeological Society*, vol. xlii. pp. 50–51).

† Andrew Boorde (1490–1549) mentions Brighton among “the Havens of England” in his “Itinerary of England,” p. 776.

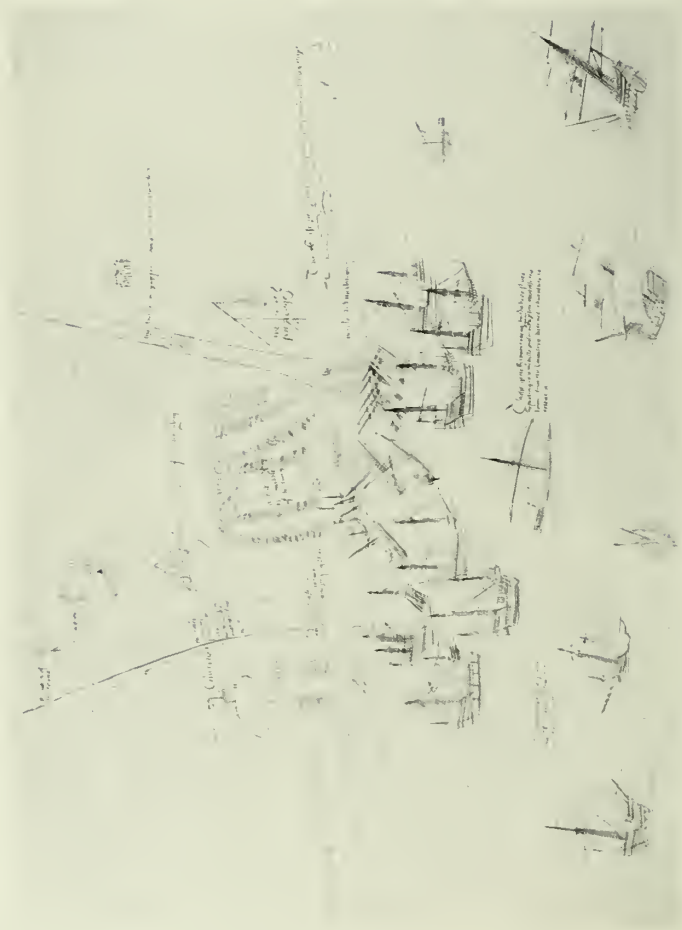
‡ Rev. Edward Turner, “The Early History of Brighton, as illustrated by the ‘Customs of the Ancient Fishermen of the Town’” (*Sussex Archaeological Collections*, 1849, vol. ii. pp. 38–52).

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then one of the principal towns of the country, containing six hundred families," say three thousand inhabitants.

However, owing to a concatenation of unfortunate circumstances, Brighton began to decline in the seventeenth century, not again to hold up its head until the middle of the next century, when it gradually became prominent, not, however, as a fishing village, but first as a resort, and then as a fashionable watering-place. One of the causes of Brighton's downfall was the loss it suffered from the wars in which this country was from time to time engaged. So early as the reign of Edward III. it was severely injured by the French fleet; though it seems to have escaped from the sad fate of most of the towns on the south coast from Portsmouth to Hastings, which in 1377 were plundered and burnt by the enemy. "It is the opinion of the most judicious inhabitants," wrote the authors of "*Magna Britannia*," "that had not Divine Providence in a great measure protected them and their town being built low, and standing on a flat ground, the French would several times have quite demolished it, as they had attempted to do, but the low situation of it prevented their doing any considerable damage, the cannon balls usually flying over the town." When the "*Upper Toun*" was built, however, Brighton was no longer protected from the enemy, and it was partially destroyed by the French Admiral Prégent, commonly called by the English, Prior John, in 1514, Professor Gairdner thinks, and not in 1545 as asserted by

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From a map in the Library of the British Museum.]

BRIGHTON IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

[To face p. 11.]

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earlier historians.* So much damage was done by this attack, that, in consequence of the severity of its losses, the town was exempted from the heavy subsidy of 4s. in the £. imposed by Henry VIII.† It was further deemed essential that Brighton should be given some means of defence against the enemy, and on September 27th, 1558, at a Court-Baron, held for the manor of Brightelmstone, Lewes, the Lords of the Manor granted to the inhabitants a parcel of land on the cliff, between Black Lion Street and Ship Street, to build a storehouse for arms and ammunition. The Block-House, as it was called, was built of “flynte, lyme, and sande in warlyke manner by the fishermen” at their own expense; though the Government seems to have paid for the erection of the gates and the walls, and possibly also to have presented the battery of four guns.

Even now, however, Brighton was not to remain unmolested; and although in 1565 it is named in an official list of seaports of England in which commissions for the different maritime counties and districts are instructed to take measures for the suppression of piracy,‡ ten years later the Mayor

* James Gairdner, “On a Contemporary Drawing of the Burning of Brighton in the Time of Henry VIII.” (*Royal Historical Society's Transactions*, 1907: Third Series, vol. i. pp. 19-31). It is impossible here to enter into an analysis of Professor Gairdner's arguments, but they are based upon direct and indirect evidence so strong that so far no one has attempted to upset them.

† J. S. Brewer, “The Reign of Henry VIII.,” vol. i. p. 481.

‡ James Gairdner, “On a Contemporary Drawing of the Burning of Brighton in the Time of Henry VIII.”

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had to complain to Monsieur Sygrime, Captain of Dieppe, of one Malherbe, whose shallop was confiscated on account of "a notable pyracie she had done on certaine fishermen of Brightelmston in mackerell season last, takinge away their mackerels, throwinge their men overborde, robbing them of their monye, hanginge them upe at the yarde, and cuttinge of some of their eares, a matter very lamentable and not sufferable."* Brighton was alarmed in 1586, when fifty suspicious ships hove-to in the road, and again two years later when the Armada sailed to England; but it seems to have been immune from attack until August, 1782, when a French privateer seized a collier close to the shore, but was unable to get away with her prize.

Even more damaging to the town than piracies, however, was the action of Great Yarmouth, which at the beginning of the seventeenth century passed by-laws to prevent the inhabitants of other towns selling their herrings within a distance of seven miles in any direction from Great Yarmouth market: against this decision Brighton petitioned Parliament in 1609, but there is no record that it obtained any satisfaction.†

An item of general interest connected with Brighton is that it was from that town that Charles II. in 1651 made his escape from England. While the King, early in October of that year, was at Heal,

* "Hist. MSS. Com., MSS. of Rye and Hereford Corporations," p. 44.

† The text of the petition is preserved in the Harleian MSS., 68, 38, 46, 235 (British Museum Library).

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near Salisbury, Colonel Gunter, at the instance of Lord Wilmot, charged himself with the task to find a vessel in which Charles could sail for France. Francis Mansell, a French merchant, introduced Gunter, on October 11th, to one Nicholas Tettersell, who undertook to have his boat, the *Surprise*, in readiness to start at an hour's notice, to take aboard a person of quality. Three days later the King arrived at Brighton. "We went to a place, four miles off Shoreham, called Brighthelmstone, where we were to meet the master of the ship, as thinking it more convenient to meet there than just at Shoreham, where the ship was," Charles subsequently related to Pepys. "So when we came to the inn at Brighthelmstone we met with one, the merchant who had hired the vessel, in company with her master, the merchant only knowing me, as having hired her only to carry over a person of quality that was escaped from the battle of Worcester without seeing anybody."* The King stayed at The George, since demolished, but occupying the ground upon which No. 44, Middle Street, now stands : he did not stay, as some writers have asserted, at the King's Head, in West Street, for that was not even described as an inn until 1754, when it was first called The George.† Though the secret of the identity of the "person of quality" was well kept, at the eleventh hour Charles was recognized. "Here [at the George] also I ran into another very great danger, as being confident

* Pepys, "Diary" (Ed. Wheatley), vol. i. p. 158, note.

† Sawyer, "Old Brighton" (*Journal of the British Archaeological Society*), vol. xcii. pp. 46-56.

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I was known by the master of the inn ;” so runs a passage in the narrative Charles dictated to Pepys in 1680, “for, as I was standing after supper by the fireside, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the company being gone into another room, the master of the inn came in and fell a talking with me, and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he upon a sudden kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, ‘God bless you wheresoever you go! I do not doubt before I die, but to be a lord, and my wife a lady.’ So I laughed, and went away into the next room.”* There were fortunately no ill consequences of this recognition, and the King sailed on October 15th, in the *Surprise*, a vessel of thirty-four tons burden, and was safely conveyed to Fécamp.

Captain Tettersell, after the Restoration, made all the capital he could out of his share in the King’s escape, and he seems to have demanded to be treated at Brighton as a distinguished person. Though the Stuarts were not always ready to acknowledge claims on their gratitude, there is no truth in the story that Tettersell was ignored until he had moored his vessel in the river opposite Whitehall, with a flag bearing

* Pepys, “Diary” (Ed. Wheatley), vol. i. p. 158, note. Pepys, “Diary” (Ed. Wheatley), vol. i. p. 157, gives a slightly different account: “In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going.”

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her name, the *Royal Escape*, conspicuously displayed. On the contrary, soon after Charles returned to England, he granted pensions of £200 a year and £100 a year respectively to Mansell and Tettersell. Nor did the latter's reward end here: in 1660 he was appointed commander of the *Sorlings*, and in the following year was transferred to the *Monk*, which had a crew of two hundred and twelve men. Subsequently, however, Tettersell was reprimanded for misconduct during an engagement, and for a while he held no command;* but in 1671 he was reappointed to the Navy by the Duke of York, then Lord High Admiral, as captain of a fifth-rate ship, the *Royal Escape*, which, according to one authority, was the *Surprise* renamed.† In the previous year he had become High Constable of Brighton, and in that position became notorious as a prosecutor of local Dissenters, the authorities then and later having a strong bias against those Christians who did not conform to the discipline of the Church of England. Tettersell died in 1674, and was buried in the Church of St. Nicholas, where an epitaph on a slab near the chancel door testifies to his virtues:—

“Captain Nicolas Tettersell, through whose prudence, valour, and loyalty, Charles the II^d. King of England, after he had escaped the swords of his merciless rebels, and his forces received a fatal

* Sawyer, “Captain Nicholas Tettersell and the Escape of Charles the Second” (*Sussex Archaeological Collections*, 1882, vol. xxxii. pp. 81–104).

† Erredge, “History of Brighthelmstone,” p. 131.

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overthrow at Worcester, September the 3d, 1651, was faithfully preserved and conveyed to France—departed this life the 26th day of July, 1674.

“Within this marble monvment doth lie
Approved faith, honovr, and loyalty ;
In this cold clay he hath now ta'en vp his station,
Who once preserved the chvrch, the crowne, and nation ;
When Charles the Greate was nothing but a breath,
'This valiant hero stept 'tween him and death ;
Vsvrpers' threats, nor tyrant rebel's frowne,
Could not affright his dvty to the crowne ;
Which gloriovs act of his for chvrch and state,
Eight Princes in one day did gratvlate—
Professing all to him in debt to bee,
As all the world are to his memory.
Since earth could not reward the worth him given,
He now receives it from the King of Heaven.
In this same chest one jewel more yov have,
The partner of his virtves, bed, and grave.”

At the Restoration, Brighton had not recovered from the effects of the Civil War, and about 1666 it sent forth a piteous appeal to Parliament, being the petition “Of the poor distressed and the much-decayed fishing town of Brighthelmstone, in Sussex, in most humble manner complaining, sheweth unto your honourable and worthy assembly, in former time, of long continuance, they were wont to have and employ at sea, in times of peace, the number of sixty fishing barks and boats, which in some years were wont to bring into their town to the value of £7000 or £8000 a year, towards the relief and maintenance of themselves and families. But now, within



From an engraving, 1824.]

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH.

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these three or four years, since the time of war, by the force and rage of their enemies, the Dunkerk and French men-of-war, they have been debarred of their former fishing voyages, and the sea hath, as it were, been shut up from them, so that they have not, nor could not go about their former affairs; but were exposed to extreme peril, of the loss of their lives, liberty, and goods; so that they had kept from their trade of fishing, and thereby had been hindered to the value of £30,000. And to add to these former hindrance and loss of time, they had received main great losses: fourteen of the best barks of their town had been taken and carried away by the enemy, most of them loaden with merchandize, the price or work thereof will equalize, if not surmount the former sum; besides, many others of their poor neighbours have been chased ashore and pillaged by them. . . .”*

Brighton, however, had now to contend against an enemy far more potent than the French or the Dutch: the sea began to encroach upon the shore. Before 1665 it had destroyed twenty-two copyhold tenements under the cliffs, among which were twelve shops, with four *stake-places* and four *capstan-places* attached to them, and three cottages and three parcels of land adjoining. This, however, was but the beginning. On Sunday, December 27, 1703, a great storm raged from midnight until eight in the morning, and demolished, not only all that remained of the “Lower Toun”—one hundred and thirteen tenements, shops, *capstan-places*, *stake-places*, and cottages—damaged the shipping in the harbour and

* Harleian MSS. 46,231 (British Museum Library).

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the nets of the fishermen, but played havoc with the "Upper Toun," entirely destroying several houses and unroofing others. "The town," says Durvan, "looked like a place bombarded by an enemy."* Similar in effect was the storm of 1705, when the great seas literally tore away great pieces of land, and left the Block-House, which was built some little way inland, standing on the edge of the cliffs. Desperate, indeed, was the case of the town, as preserved in a contemporary manuscript account written by John Warburton. "A good mile further (from Hove), going along the beach, I arrived at Brighthelmstead, a large, ill-built, irregular market town, mostly inhabited by sea-faring men, who choose their residence here, as being situated on the main, and convenient for their going on shore, on their passing and repassing in the coasting trade. This town is likely to share the same fate with the last (Hove), the sea having washed away the half of it; whole streets being now deserted, and the beach almost covered with walls of houses almost entire, the lime or cement being strong enough, when thrown down, to resist the violence of the waves."† The condition of the fishing village called for an immediate step, if it was to be preserved. "If," wrote Cox in "Magna Britannia" in 1730—"if some speedy care be not taken to stop the encroachments of the ocean, it is probable the town will in a few years be utterly depopulated; the inhabitants being already diminished one-third less than they were, and those that remain

* Durvan, "History of Lewes and Brighthelmstone."

† Lansdowne MSS. 91,893.

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are many of them widows, orphans, decrepit persons, and all very poor, insomuch that the rates for their relief are at the rackrent of eightpence in the pound."

Eventually the local authorities moved in the matter, deciding to construct embankments, though, so poor were the inhabitants, that to enable them to carry out this purpose they had to obtain a brief to permit them to appeal throughout the country for subscriptions. The sum of seventeen hundred pounds was collected, and a small part of the work, so far as The Steine, was done ; but, unfortunately, owing to defective construction, these embankments were swept away by the sea almost so soon as they were made. In 1748 part of the Block-House was destroyed by a storm ; and in 1761 the sea undermined a battery of twelve 24-pounders, with the ammunition room beneath that had been erected on the side of the East Gate. This fell, and it was looked upon as a miraculous escape for the town that, though there were seventeen barrels of powder in the lower room, they did not explode from the concussion. It is, however, unnecessary further to trace the destruction wrought by the sea, which was at last stayed in 1825 by the building of a sea-wall.

CHAPTER II

THE RISE OF BRIGHTON (1700-1782)

AT the beginning of the eighteenth century Brighton was indeed in so miserable a condition, that a contemporary writer, remarking that it would cost eight thousand pounds to guard against further encroachments of the sea, indicated very clearly his opinion that it would be money wasted to do so, since, he said unkindly, "If one were to look on the town, (this sum) would seem to be more than all the houses are worth." *

It was about 1720 that Defoe visited the town, and placed on record a description of it as it was at that date. "The town stands up on a rising ground, open to the south-east, and sheltered to the north, by hills that are easy of ascent, and command a pleasant prospect," he wrote. "To the west it is bounded by a large cornfield, which forms a gradual descent from the beach to the banks of the sea, and on the east by a fine lawn, called the Steine, which is the resort of the company for walking in an evening, and which runs winding up into the country, among hills, to the distance of some miles." †

* "Tour of Great Britain."

† "Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain," p. 166.

Compare the account of the town in "Magna Britannia,"
20



From the portrait by Zoffany.]

DR. RICHARD RUSSELL.

[To face p. 20.

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Even so early as the date of Defoe's visit, however, the prospects of the town were mending. Already it derived much advantage from the sailing every week from its harbour of packets to Dieppe : "To those," comments Defoe, "who are not afraid of the sea, for the passage is upwards of twenty leagues, it is a nearer and much cheaper route to Paris than by the way of Calais."* It was this circumstance, doubtless, that was originally the cause of the town being brought to the notice of many who otherwise might never have heard of it, and of others to whom it would have been no more than a name. It has been stated by most writers on the history of the town that it first became regarded as a place to visit after the appearance of a treatise published in 1750 by Dr. Richard Russell, advocating the use of sea-water in the diseases of the glands, but, as a matter of fact, nearly a score of years earlier there was a regular season, beginning as early in the summer as the Sussex roads, with any degree of convenience, became passable. At this time, however, there was little provision made for the entertainment or even the comfort

published ten years later. "An indifferent large and populous Town, chiefly inhabited by Fishermen, and having a good Market weekly on Thursday, and Fair yearly. The Situation is very pleasant, and generally accounted healthful ; for though it is bounded on the South side by the *British* Channel, yet it is encompassed on the other Parts with large Corn Fields and fruitful Hills, which feed great Flocks of Sheep, bearing Plenty of Wooll, which is thought by some concern'd in the Woollen Manufacture, to be of the finest sort in *England*."

* "Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain," p. 167.

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of strangers, who might indeed divert themselves with hunting and sailing, and by witnessing or taking part in an occasional horse-race or dance, but had to be content with poor lodgings or very indifferent accommodation at an inn. "We are now sunning ourselves upon the beach at Brighthelmston, and observing what a tempting figure this island must have made formerly in the eyes of those gentlemen who were pleased to civilize and subdue us," wrote, on July 22, 1736, the Rev. William Clarke, Rector of Buxted, and grandfather of the better-known Edward Daniel Clarke, in a letter which gives, so far as can be judged to-day, a very clear and accurate picture of Brighton in the thirties and forties of the eighteenth century. "The place is really pleasant; I have seen nothing in its way that outdoes it: such a tract of sea, such regions of corn, and such an extent of fine carpet, that gives your eye the command of it all. But then the mischief is, that we have little conversation besides the *clamor nauticus*, which is here a sort of treble to the splashing of the waves against the cliffs. My morning business is, bathing in the sea, and then buying fish; the evening is, riding out for air, viewing the remains of old Saxon camps, and counting the ships in the road—and the boats that are trawling. Sometimes we give the imagination leave to expatiate a little—fancy that you are coming down, and that we intend next week to dine one day at Dieppe in Normandy; the price is already fixed, and the wine and lodging there tolerably good. But though we build these castles in the air, I assure you we live here almost under air. I fancy the architects

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here usually take the altitude of the inhabitants, and lose not an inch between the head and the ceiling, and then dropping a step or two below the surface, the second story is finished—something under twelve feet. I suppose this was a necessary precaution against storms, that a man should not be blown out of his bed into New England, Barbary, or God knows where. But, as the lodgings are low, they are cheap: we have two parlours, two bed-chambers, pantry, etc., for five shillings *per* week; and if you really will come down, you need not fear a bed of proper dimensions. And then the coast is safe, the cannons all covered with rust and grass, the ships moored—no enemy apprehended.”*

It was in 1750 that Dr. Richard Russell appeared on the scene. He was the son of a London bookseller, was born in 1687, and educated at Westminster school, studied medicine in London and under Gregorie at Paris, took his degree at Rheims, and in 1742 became Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. He practised at Ware, in Hertfordshire, then at Henley, at Hoddesdon, and eventually at Brighton, where, in 1753, he built a house to which his name was given, south of The Steine, on the site of which was subsequently erected the Albion Hotel. It was not until he was in his sixty-fourth year that he issued his celebrated work, *Dissertatis de Tabæ Glandulari et de Usu Aquæ Marinæ in Morbis Glandularum*, for which in 1752—the year in which appeared an English translation of the

* Nichols, “Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century,” vol. iv. pp. 406-7.

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book*—he was rewarded by being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The beneficial effect upon the town of Dr. Russell's book was soon obvious, and it fully justified those local historians who bestowed upon the physician the title of "The Father of Modern Brighton."

*"Clara per omne ævum Russellii fama manebit,
Dum retinet vires unda marina suas,"*

runs an epigram of Dr. Mannington, of Jevington, which has been rendered—

*"Admiring ages Russell's fame shall know,
Till ocean's healing waters cease to flow."*

Deserting Bath, Tunbridge Wells, Epsom, and the rest of the inland watering-places, now, as a satirical writer of the day put it—

*". . . all with ails in heart or lungs,
In liver or in spine,
Rush'd coastward to be cur'd like tongues,
By dipping into brine."*

To-day such a rush of visitors to any small seaside town would result in the immediate erection of mammoth hotels for the rich and of innumerable rows of lodging-houses for the less well-to-do; but in the middle of the eighteenth century there did not exist the same spirit of enterprise, and the inhabitants, not realising the avenues of wealth that were opening

* "A Dissertation on the Use of Sea-Water in the Diseases of the Glands." . . . By Dr. Richard Russell. Translated from the Latin . . . by an Eminent Physician, 1752.

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to them, were inclined rather to check the flow of guests than to cater for it.

Even after the accession of "Farmer George," the accommodation for visitors had improved but little since the Rev. William Clarke was there in 1736, for "Gilly" Williams, who went to Brighton in August, 1763, for the sea-bathing, and found that "the regimen agrees with me so perfectly well, that as long as the weather will give us leave, I propose to follow it," dissuaded George Selwyn from coming down. "As to the lodgings in this place, the best are most execrable," he warned that fine gentleman, "and what you would find now, I believe, not habitable."* The houses were built of flint stones, collected from the beach, with bricks around the apertures in which the doors and windows were placed. Dr. Anthony Relhan, who succeeded to Dr. Russell's practice, was not unnaturally enthusiastic about the town's progress. "It improves daily," he wrote in 1761, "as the inhabitants, encouraged by the late great resort of company, seem disposed to expend the whole of what they acquire in the erection of new buildings, or making the old ones convenient";† but headway was apparently made very slowly, for in 1787 Mrs. Hill is found complaining of "doors opening direct into the sitting-room," which had the great drawback of preventing the lady of the house denying herself to unwelcome visitors. The doorways, moreover, were low, she added, and there was often a step down into

* Jesse, "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," vol. i. p. 264.

† "Short History of Brighthelmstone," p. 15.

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the parlour, so, that people then lived almost underground.*

The streets were not paved, or lighted or properly cleaned, and, as a matter of fact, the inhabitants, who in 1760 numbered, as appears by the poor-rate book, four hundred families (say, two thousand persons), were for the most part too poor to expend any money in these ways—"there not being any person of fortune in the town," wrote John Warburton, "but one Masters [or Morley?], a gentleman of good birth."† In 1775, however, an Act of Parliament was passed, giving authority to sixty-four Commissioners, to be elected by the inhabitants, to regulate and improve the town: the cost to be defrayed by a duty of sixpence on every cauldron of coal brought within the confines of the town.

The town in 1760 consisted only of six principal streets: East Street, Black Lion Street, Ship Street, Middle Street, and West Street, terminated at one end by the sea, and at the other by North Street. At this time there were no buildings to the north or east of the Steyne, with the solitary exception on the latter side of the old library, and so far as eye could see the land was one wide street of verdant down, extending to the edge of the cliff. In the other direction there was nothing beyond North Street and West Street, save, to the north-west on the hill, the Church of St. Nicholas. The Lewes Road and the London Road were mere thoroughfares, with a few houses here and there. In 1775 a new row of houses was planned, and named after the man to whom

* "Apology."

† Lansdowne MSS., 91,893.

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Brighton owed so much, Russell Street. The town was built on spots and in patches, and for want of regularity did not appear to advantage. In a town where so late as 1778 there was no magistracy—"if there is an affray the parties must go as far as Lewes, which is much the prettier town, to have it settled"—*—there was, of course, no authority that concerned itself with the development of the place, nor was Brighton so fortunate as Bath to attract an architect such as John Wood; so that, when building, every man followed his particular taste. Nor were the inhabitants always anxious to attract desirable residents. "Mr. Alderman Bull, of London, is building a house on the cliff; a semicircular window is in each story," we read in Bew's "Diary" for September 7, 1778. "Am told he meets with many obstacles in the execution of his design. Surely it is to the interest of these people to have such men become resident among them; but he is denied a convenient entrance to his building. A cellar window to the adjoining house projects before his street door." This house was erected on the piece of land now known as No. 35, King's Road; and it is a sign of the times that, though sold in 1730 for £4, and in 1760 for £30, seventeen years later Bull bought it for £100 to build on.

* Bew, "Diary," August 30, 1778 (quoted in Erredge, "History of Brighthelmstone," pp. 223, 224). Bew's "Diary" has not been published in book form, nor are any particulars about him available. Can he have been the father or a relative of that Bew, a dentist, who, with Vining, rented the Brighton Theatre in 1831?

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People then, as now, would suffer much temporary discomfort if they were convinced that at this cost their health would be improved for an indefinite period, and so, in spite of all its drawbacks, invalids in steadily increasing numbers came regularly every summer to the little town. Then, as had been the case at Bath and elsewhere, as some amusement was provided for those who came for the waters, came many merely because others there congregated : until at last the fame of Brighton as a pleasure resort was securely established.

“Your prudent grand-mammas, ye modern belles,
Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge-Wells,
When health requir'd it, would consent to roam,
Else more attach'd to pleasures found at home.
But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
Ingenious to diversify dull life,
In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys,
And all, impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea.”*

Of course before this came to pass many years had elapsed since the publication of Dr. Russell's treatise, and indeed so slowly was the supremacy of Bath and kindred places undermined that Burr, the historian of Tunbridge Wells, writing in 1766, is found advocating a turnpike road from that town to Lewes, because it will be an inducement to the company going and returning from Brighton to pass a few days at Tunbridge, which, he adds, “will be making that place in some respects, as it may be esteemed detrimental in

* Cowper, “Retirement.”

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others. If indeed Brighthelmstone were the superior place, where pleasures abounded in greater perfection than at the Wells, it might be bad policy to open an easier communication between them; but, as Tunbridge has confessedly greatly the advantage of her rival in every respect, she cannot suffer, but must, on the whole, be an infinite gainer by such a close comparison as will, while it sets off her perfections to the greatest advantage, make her adversary's deficiencies but the more conspicuous."* Tunbridge Wells, however, when Burr was writing had, unknown to that chronicler of small beer, reached the zenith of its fame as a fashionable resort, and its decline, in common with that of other inland spas, was rapid: even Bath was strongly affected, and slowly lost its popularity in favour of the erstwhile fishing village of Brighthelmstone.

The growing prosperity of Brighton was celebrated by a ball on January 21, 1751, when twenty-two couples assembled at the "Old Ship"; and the High Sheriff of the county, Robert Bull, of Chichester, to the tune of "The Sow in the Sack," the newest and most fashionable *contre-danse* of the day, opened the proceedings with Miss Treadwell, of Lewes,—“an heiress of £5000,” the *Gentleman's Magazine* stated soon after when recording their marriage. It was not, however, until another ten years had elapsed that fashionable folk in any numbers came to Brighton. From the *Morning Herald* of June 1, 1761, we learn that there have arrived at Brighton, among a host of others, Lord Abergavenny, Lord

* Burr, "History of Tunbridge Wells," pp. 287-8.

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Bruce, Mr. and Lady Jane Evelyn, and Lady Sophia Egerton ; while two years later among the visitors were, besides "Gilly" Williams, Lady Emily Hervey, the Ladies Charlotte and Catherine Taylor, and Miss Frances Pelham. In July, 1765, Brighton welcomed its first royal visitor since Anne of Cleves,* the Duke of Gloucester, who gave a ball at Shergold's to two hundred and fifty people ; and in August of the following year, a few months before his death, came the Duke of York, another of the King's brothers. Now that the town had received the patronage of royalty, every one flocked to it. Lord Bute visited it in the winter of 1769, and Wilkes in the next year (and again in 1773, 1774, and 1782).

It was not until 1771, however, that Brighton was even mentioned in contemporary fiction, and even then it is but a passing reference. "The music and entertainments of Bath are over for the season," Melford writes to Sir Watkin Phillips ; "and all our gay birds of passage have taken their flight to Bristol Wells, Tunbridge, Brighthelmstone, Scarborough, Harrogate, etc."† But this year, for other reasons, marks an epoch in the history of the town. "From the numbers of houses already taken," wrote the Brighton correspondent of the *Morning Herald* on June 3, "we expect to have a fuller season than was ever known here. Provisions are risen ; and mutton and veal are at fourpence

* Henry VIII., on January 20, 1541, granted to Anne of Cleves the manors of Brighthelmstone and Falmer, on her assenting to the invalidity of her marriage with him.

† Smollett, "Humphrey Clinker."



From an old print.]

BRIGHTON IN 1779.

[To face p. 30.]

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halfpenny the pound. Beef and lamb at fivepence. Fresh butter is sold at eightpence the pound. We have likewise plenty of mackerel at twopence a-piece. Garden stuff is to be had tolerably reasonable." The promise of a successful season was justified. The Duke of Marlborough came in June, and purchased, for a summer residence, a house on The Steine, newly built by Shergold, henceforth to be known as Marlborough House.* Then, crowning glory! in September came the Duke of Cumberland, greeted with salutes from the guns of the battery and of the shipping, and in the evening with grand illuminations. His Royal Highness stayed a week, gave a breakfast and a ball, and expressed himself delighted with the town: proving the truth of this compliment by returning in the following June.

The fame of Brighton was now firmly established, and it would be tedious to continue the list of those who came to the fashionable watering-place. It may be mentioned, however, that one person resisted its fascinations, Lady Sarah Lennox, who spent the winter of 1780-1 at Hove, then two miles from

* The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were quiet folk, and their habits were in marked contrast with the majority of fashionable folk who came to Brighton soon after. "The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough pass their time in a very retired manner indeed. His Grace walked for some time yesterday upon the Steyne; the company consisted chiefly of opulent Jews, needy fortune hunters, broken-down Cyprians, fishermen's daughters, and several fat city dowdies, from the environs of Norton Folgate. Her Grace commands the play on Friday evening, which will be her first appearance in public here for this season."—The *Times*, July 13, 1796.

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Brighton, for the benefit of sea-bathing. "Although Brighton has had a tollerable number of people in it continually," she wrote on April 9 to Lady Susan O'Brien, "yet I've never mixed in the society there, and by walking about a great deal I've become perfectly acquainted with a number of *faces* and *names* whom I know no more of."*

Even in those early days of Brighton's history with which this chapter deals, the town, which has always had an attraction for authors, had its literary visitors. The first distinguished man of letters to visit it was Daniel Defoe, who went there in connection with his "Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain"; the next was no less a person than Samuel Johnson, who stayed there through September, 1769. Seven years later he came again, in the hope that sea-bathing might benefit his health. "The place was very dull, and I was not well," he wrote to Boswell on that occasion; but perhaps there was this connection between these remarks, that a sick man of his age would not be likely to take part in any diversions the place afforded. Another celebrated literary visitor was Fanny Burney, who came down in May, 1779, with the 'Thrales and stayed at their house in West Street, opposite the "King's Head," "which is," she mentions, "the court end of the town here as well as in London." She was there again in October, 1782, with the 'Thrales, who also invited Dr. Johnson, who came and behaved shamefully—even for him: his favourite Fanny, who is never

* "Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox," vol. i. p. 319.

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severe in her comments on him, admits that he has been in a "terrible severe humour of late, and has really frightened all the people, till they almost ran away from him." However, he went with Miss Burney and the Thrals to a ball—at seventy-three years of age—because he had found it so dull being quite alone the previous evening that, he said, "it cannot be worse than being alone;"* and he went hare-hunting with Thrale, and was keenly delighted when some one said to his companion, "I am astonished! Johnson rides like a young sportsman of twenty." "I am better pleased with that compliment," said the old man, when it was repeated to him, "than any I have ever received." The doctor, however, detested Brighton, "because," he told Mrs. Thrale, "it is a country so truly desolate, that if one had a mind to hang oneself for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope."

In the previous year (1781) Gibbon (who had just published the third volume of the "Decline and Fall") was there, and expressed his satisfaction with the place. "My house, which is not much bigger than yours, has a full prospect of the sea, and enjoys a temperate climate in the most sultry days. The air gives health, spirits, and a ravenous appetite. I walk sufficiently morning and evening, lounge in the middle of the day on the Steyne, booksellers' shops, etc., and by the help of a pair of horses can make more distant excursions. The society is good and

* Boswell, "Life of Johnson" (ed. Birkbeck Hill), vol. iv. p. 159.

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easy, and though I have a large provision of books for my amusement, I shall not undertake any deep studies or laborious compositions this summer." * So he wrote to his step-mother at the end of July; but when he came again to Brighton in November, he expressed himself to the same correspondent in a different strain. "I returned to this place with Lord and Lady Sheffield, with the design of passing two or three weeks in a situation which has so highly delighted me. But how vain are all sublunary hopes! I had forgot that there is some difference between the sunshine of August and the cold fogs (though we have uncommon good weather) of November. Instead of my beautiful sea-shore, I am confined to a dark lodging in the middle of the town; for the place is still full, and our time is now spent in the dull imitation of a London life. . . ." †

Among minor literary lights, Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, was at Brighton in 1782, and Fanny Burney met him there several times; and George Saville Carey, a long-forgotten poet and playwright, also visited the town. Indeed, he must have been there before any of his literary brethren, except Defoe, for in 1777 he published "A Rural Ramble; to which is annexed a Poetical Tagg, and Brighthelmstone Guide," ‡ with which "Poetical Tagg" this chapter may fitly close.

* "Private Letters," No. 420, vol. ii. p. 3.

† Ibid. No. 423, vol. ii. p. 7.

‡ This "Poetical Tagg" was subsequently reprinted by Carey in *The Balnea* (1801), p. 66.

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“This town, or village of renown,
Like London Bridge, half broken down,
Few years ago was worse than Wapping,
Not fit for human soul to stop in ;
But now, like to a worn-out shoe,
By patching well, the place will do.
You’d wonder much, I’m sure, to see
How it’s becrammed with quality ;
Here Lords and Ladies oft carouse
Together in a tiny house ;
Like Joan and Darby in their cot,
With stool and table, spit and pot ;
And what his valet would despise,
His lordship praises to the skies ;
But such the *ton* is, such the case,
You’ll see the first of rank or place,
With star and riband, all profuse,
Duck at his door-way like a goose :
The humble beam was plac’d so low,
Perhaps to teach some clown to bow.

“The air is pure as pure can be,
And such an aspect of the sea !
As you, perhaps, ne’er saw before,
From off the side of any shore :
On one hand Ceres spreads her plain,
And on the other, o’er the main,
Many a bark majestic laves
Upon the salt and buoyant waves ;
The hills all mantl’d o’er with green,
As friendly shelter to the Steyne,
Whene’er the rugged Boreas blows,
Bemingled with unwelcome snows :
Such is the place and situation,
Such is the reigning seat of fashion.”

CHAPTER III

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE MARINE PAVILION

“WE are all alive here awaiting the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, who are expected here this evening, four houses being taken for them and their suite. The Steine is to be lighted,” the *Morning Herald's* Brighton correspondent wrote in August, 1782. “We are very full; no lodgings to be had for love or money. Lord and Lady Stowell, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lord and Lady Parker, Lady Dartrey, Lady Trafford and daughter, and the Baron and Baroness Nolken, are here. The bells were set a-ringing for the arrival of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, who came in last night. Our Master of the Ceremonies' ball is fixed for Friday next, which is expected to be uncommonly crowded.” This season was, perhaps, the most successful the town had yet experienced. The Princess Amelia, the strong-willed daughter of George II., who had been staying at Stanmer with Lord and Lady Pelham, came for a few days; but the bright particular star of Brighton society was the Duke of Cumberland, who since 1799 had spent the summer months of each year at Grove House, an isolated residence on the cliff, west of The Steine.

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Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, was not, indeed, a desirable inhabitant, since he was a coarse, weak-minded, dissipated man ; but, because he was of the blood royal, society forgave him all his vices, and many who knew him, and more who wished to know him, flocked to the seaside resort. The Duke had a bad record. In 1770 Earl Grosvenor brought an action against him for criminal conversation, and his Royal Highness was cast in damages £10,000, in spite of his counsel's plea—which set all London laughing—"that, however aggravating the circumstances were otherwise, they could not charge his Royal Highness with intriguing merely for the sake of intrigue, as the *incoherency* of his letters plainly proved him to be really a lover." If in his intercourse with Lady Grosvenor he was "really a lover," his affection for her was certainly not lasting, for soon after the lawsuit he devoted himself to the extremely pretty Mrs. Horton,* the wife of Andrew Horton of Catton Hall. He found the lady fond, and, according to Horace Walpole, the husband proud of her powers of attraction. "It was uncertain," Walpole noted with dry humour, "which was the most proud of the honour, the husband or the wife." Mr. Horton, however, did not long have the pleasure of witnessing the amour between the lady of his heart and the Duke, for he died in October, 1771 ; whereupon his Royal Highness, who was greatly enamoured, married his mistress. The happy pair went to Calais for their honeymoon, and

* *Née* Lady Anne Luttrell, daughter of Lord Irnham, afterwards Earl of Carhampton.

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from there the Duke wrote to inform his brother, the King, of the alliance he had contracted. George III. was furious, but, of course, powerless; and his anger was vastly increased when another of his brothers, the Duke of Gloucester, announced that since 1766 he had been married to Maria, widow of the second Earl of Waldegrave and one of the three natural daughters of Sir Edward Walpole by Mrs. Clement, a milliner. The direct result of these unions was the Royal Marriage Act of 1772.

The King had signified his august displeasure with the Duke of Cumberland by intimating that those who visited their Royal Highnesses would not be received at Court, but this threat did not deter those who preferred the gaieties of Cumberland House to the dreary functions at St. James's and at Kew. Cumberland House naturally became the headquarters of the Opposition, and therefore, even though there was some show of reconciliation between George and his brother, the former forbade the Prince of Wales to visit his uncle. The Duke was indignant and sought and found revenge. "He comes to the Queen's House fourteen times a week to my son, the Prince, and passes by my door, but never comes in to me," his Majesty complained; "and if he meets me there, or when we are hunting, he only pulls off his hat, and walks or rides away. I am ashamed to see my brother paying court to my son." So effectively did the Duke pay court to his nephew, that for the time he obtained complete ascendancy over the young man, who, in defiance of his father, paid surreptitious visits to Cumberland



From an engraving after a painting by Richard Cosway, 1787.]

GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES. [To face p. 39.]

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House, there to indulge in the pleasures of the faro-table.

The intimate relations of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland with the Prince of Wales gave rise at Brighton to hopes that the latter might come there to see them. It was rumoured in 1782 that he would visit the town that year;* but he was not yet emancipated from control, and the visit did not take place. On August 12, 1783, however, George came of age, and, being now his own master, on the following September 7, he drove down to stay with his uncle at Grove House. He was welcomed with immense enthusiasm by the residents and the visitors, and it has been recorded that the consumption of candles for the illuminations with which the town did honour to him was so great as to raise the price of tallow.† He remained eleven days, bathing, sailing, hunting, going to the theatre, attending a ball at the "Castle" tavern, thoroughly enjoying himself. To the delight of the inhabitants the Prince returned within twelve months, having been recommended sea-bathing for a swelling of the glands, a malady to which he was always subject, and one which, it may be mentioned, led to his wearing the high collar and stock that consequently became fashionable. He arrived on this occasion between three and four o'clock in the morning of July 23 (1784), and took up his residence, not as a guest of the Duke of Cumberland, but in a house

* Most writers make the mistake of saying that he did visit Brighton in 1782.

† Doran, "Memories of Our Great Cities," p. 298.

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on The Steine that his clerk of the kitchen, Louis Weltjie, had rented from Thomas Kemp—a house to which Samuel Rogers, who had dined there as a boy, referred contemptuously as “a respectable farmhouse.”

The one thing wanting to give the final touch to Brighton's prosperity was to secure the Prince of Wales as a resident; and this last boon was not withheld. Weltjie had obtained from Mr. Kemp a lease of his house at the rental of £150, with the option to purchase the freehold for £3000: this option he soon exercised, and in 1787 granted the Prince a twenty-one years' lease. George, however, did not wait until that year to make alterations and additions to the house, and, indeed, he had no sooner taken up his residence there than he summoned Henry Holland, the architect, to suggest improvements. Holland had to submit plan after plan before he hit upon a design that caught the fancy of his client, and it was not until 1787 that the Marine Pavilion, as it was originally called, was completed—in its first state. It consisted then of a circular building, attached by semicircular projections to two adjoining buildings, forming wings. The south wing was merely altered from the original structure, but the north wing was entirely new, and the central part, which was crowned by a dome or cupola, and fronted by an Ionic colonnade and entablature, supporting statues. In one wing of the ground floor was the drawing-room, and in the other the dining-room. The ventilation of the latter was so defective that the Prince's associates complained bitterly of the heat;

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but of the discomfort caused his Royal Highness seemed oblivious. "There are four pillars in *Scagliola*, in a sort of oven where the Prince dines; and when the fire is lighted, the room is so hot that the parties are nearly baked and encrusted," "Anthony Pasquin" noted in the "New Brighton Guide"; and it was when dining in this room that Sheridan asked George Hanger, "How do you feel yourself?" "Hot, hot, hot as h—l," the major answered; and Sheridan, nodding in sympathy, reflected, "It is quite right that we should be prepared in this world for that which we know will be our lot in another." The ceiling of the dining-room was sky-blue, the panels dark maroon, and the decoration yellow; in the entrance-hall the newels and skirting-boards were made to imitate wainscot, the walls were painted bright green, and the ceiling of the staircase grey and white; while all the corridors were painted French blue. Truly a feast of colour! On the first floor were the Prince's apartments, and in his bedroom reflecting glasses were so arranged that without rising he could see all that was happening on The Steine.

The Prince had an unquenchable passion for building, and after 1787 ordered several additions to be made to the premises. It was not until five years later, however, that George set to work in grim earnest. In 1802 some very handsome China wall-paper was presented to him, and after much consultation with E. P. Robinson (who, in Holland's absence, took charge of the building operations at the Pavilion), it was decided to throw into one the

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dining-room and library, which were between the saloon and the north wing, and were no longer required for their original purposes, and form a Chinese gallery. Here the paper was hung, the apartment appropriately painted and decorated, and a passage leading from it to the south end of the building formed entirely of stained glass, of an Oriental character, and exhibiting the peculiar insects, fruits, and flowers of China, presenting, as "Peter Pindar" unkindly expressed it—

". . . A China view,
Where neither genius, taste, nor fancy dwells :
Monkeys, mandarins, a motley crew,
Bridges, pagodas, swings, and tinkling bells."*

It is not proposed to trace in detail the growth of the Pavilion, † but the main additions may briefly be summarised. The Prince's income was increased by Parliament in 1803, and thereupon he began to lavish money upon his hobby with a free hand. To carry out his plans it was necessary to secure additional ground, and during the next twenty years he made many purchases: in 1804 he bought a house in Church Street, in 1810 some shops in Castle Square,

* "The Carlton House Fête," Elegy IV.

"In Kew Gardens some experiments in this peculiar architectural taste had already been made, but the marvellous growth of domes and minarets that rose in the vicinity of Castle Square threw the King's pagodas and temples quite in the shade"—Grantley Berkeley, "My Life and Recollections," vol. i. p. 50.

† Those who desire particulars are referred to Mr. J. G. Bishop's excellent book on "The Brighton Pavilion and its Royal Association."



From an engraving after a painting by Charles Mitchell, 1788.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PAVILION AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

[*To face p. 42.*

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John Wilson Croker. "The kitchens and larders are admirable," he wrote enthusiastically, "such contrivances for roasting, boiling, baking, stewing, frying, steaming, and heating; hot plates, hot closets, hot air, and hot hearth, with all manner of cocks for hot water and cold water, and warm water and steam, and twenty saucepans, all ticketed and labelled, placed up to their necks in a vapour bottle."

The public was admitted in 1820 to see the interior of the Pavilion, and it was thought that the building operations were now at an end. This optimistic view was soon disproved, though two years later, "The Pavilion is finished," Creevey wrote. "The King had a subterranean passage made from the house to the stables, which is said to have cost three thousand to five thousand pounds. There is also a bath in his apartment with pipes to conduct water into the sea; these pipes cost six hundred pounds. The King has not taken a sea-bath for sixteen years." Further additions were still to be made, however, though into these it is unnecessary here to enter.*

The expense incurred by the Prince in connection with his palace at Brighton was enormous. The cost of the land upon which the Pavilion stood was only a fraction of the total; but no one knows how much was spent on architects' fees, on building, and on furniture. Apparently no accounts were kept; indeed, the greatest carelessness in financial matters was rife, coupled with an utter disregard of money. It has been said that many workmen were paid

* A description of the Pavilion, written by order of George IV., is printed in the Appendix to this volume.

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sixteen days' wages in a week, and "Anthony Pasquin" recorded—though he is not, it must be confessed, a very reliable authority—that one brick-layer, who was despatched to Italy "to gather something equal to the required magnificence," charged £2000 for the expenses of his journey. The whole country, then recovering from the cost of the Napoleonic wars, must have echoed the sentiment Byron expressed in "Don Juan":—

"O Wilberforce ! thou man of black renown,
Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
Thou hast struck one immense Colossus down,
'Thou moral Washington of Africa !
But there's another little thing I own
Which you shall perpetrate some summer's day,
And set the other half of earth to rights ;
You have freed the *blacks*—now pray shut up the whites.
Shut up the bald-coot bully, Alexander !
Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal ;
Teach them that 'sauce for goose is sauce for gander,'
And ask them how *they* like to be in thrall ?
Shut up each high heroic Salamander,
Who eats fire gratis (since the pay's but small) ;
Shut up—no, not the King, but the Pavilion,
Or else 'twill cost us all another million."

For all this vast expenditure what was there to show ? A palace the tastelessness of which is so remarkable that the humorists of two centuries have sharpened their wits upon it. The criticisms are, for the most part, highly amusing ; and, for that reason, excerpts from a few shall be given.

"It is a nondescript monster in building," wrote "Anthony Pasquin," "and appears like a madhouse,

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or a house run mad, as it hath neither beginning, middle, nor end." *

"When you see the thing from a distance," says William Cobbett, "you think you see a parcel of *cradle-spits*, of various dimensions, sticking up out of the mouths of so many enormous squat decanters. Take a square box, the sides of which are three feet and a half and the height a foot and a half. Take a large Norfolk turnip, cut off the green of the leaves, leaving the stalks nine inches long, tie these round with a string three inches from the top, and put the turnip on the middle of the top of the box. Then take four turnips of half the size, treat them in the same way, and put them on the corners of the box. Then take a considerable number of bulbs of the crown imperial, the narcissus, the hyacinth, the tulip, the crocus, and others; let the leaves of each have sprouted to about an inch more or less according to the size of the bulb; put all these pretty promiscuously, but pretty thickly, on the top of the box. Then stand off and look at your architecture. There! That's à *Kremlin*! Only you must cut some church-looking windows in the sides of the box." †

A rigid economist like Cobbett might be expected to look with disfavour on such a costly toy, but not a word of praise was forthcoming even from the ultra-loyal Walter Scott. "Set fire to the Chinese stables," quoth he, "and if it embrace the whole of the Pavilion, it will rid me of a great eyesore." Against this, however, it is only fair to set the

* "New Brighton Guide."

† "Rural Rides."



From a drawing by Pugin, 1838.]

THE WEST FRONT OF THE PAVILION.

[To face p. 46.]

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opinion of Samuel Rogers, who saw the stables when they were nearly finished, and thought them “exactly like one of those Indian mausoleums in Daniel’s views. They are really very pretty.”* Almost alone with Rogers, Parry, the author of “The Coast of Sussex,” has a good word to say for the building ; and he can see in it nothing of frivolity or gaudiness, nor indeed any lack of taste or want of beauty. “The Pavilion,” he says, “is enriched with the most magnificent ornaments and the gayest and most splendid colours ; yet all is in keeping, and well relieved. There is positively nothing glaring or gaudy, and the person who would quarrel with its richness might as reasonably do so with the flowers of the parterre—the lively carnation or painted tulip. It is true that the architectural taste of some may be averse to the adoption of the Chinese and Oriental style, yet by us, who have ‘some little turn that way,’ it has been deemed on inspection to possess capabilities of beauty not inferior to the graceful Ionic, stately Corinthian, or elaborate florid Gothic. And whilst the King of Saxony has his *Japanese Palace*, the Emperor of Austria his *Favorita*, and he of Russia his fanciful palaces of heterogeneous outline, whilst the sovereign of England has in addition the noble and regular Gothic pile of Windsor, and the Roman palaces of London, we do not see why, if only for the sake of variety, he should not have his *Oriental Marine Pavilion*. . . . The King of England is almost

* Letter to Sarah Rogers, dated, Brighton, October 26, 1808.—Clayden, “Rogers and his Contemporaries,” vol. ii. p. 54.

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de facto King of India ; and therefore, may we not say without fanciful exaggeration, that an Eastern palace, placed on the shores of that element by the ancient and continual sovereignty of which England wields such a powerful sceptre, presents an idea to the mind, full, interesting and effective ? ” * This is all very pretty, but no English sovereign has yet reigned over China.

Mary Berry, in company with Lady Charlotte Lindsay, in 1811, inspected the apartments of the Pavilion and duly recorded her impressions. “ All is Chinese,” she noted in her Journal, “ quite overloaded with china of all sorts and of all possible forms, many beautiful in themselves, but so overloaded one upon the other, that the effect is more like a china shop baroquement arranged than the abode of a Prince. All is gaudy without looking gay ; and all is crowded with ornaments without being magnificent.” † “ The Pavilion at Brighton,” Hazlitt thought, “ is like a collection of stone pumpkins and pepper-boxes. It seems as if the genius of architecture had at once the dropsy and the *megrims*. Anything more fantastical, with a greater dearth of invention, was never seen. The King’s horses (if they were horses of taste) would petition against so irrational a lodging.” ‡ A person of small literary ability but no mean observer, Charley Molloy Westmacott, began his account of “ the thing,” by referring to “ the singular appearance

* “ The Coast of Sussex,” pp. 115–116.

† “ Journal,” vol. ii. p. 490.

‡ “ Notes of a Journey through France and Italy,” p. 3.

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the front of this building presents," and then continued—

"If minarets, rising together, provoke
From the lips of the vulgar the old-fashioned joke,
'*De gustibus non est (I think) disputandum*'
The taste is plebeian that quizzes at random.

"There is really something very romantic in the style of its architecture, and by no means inelegant; perhaps it is better suited for the peculiar situation of this marine palace than a more classical or accredited order would be. It has been likened, on its first appearance, to a chessboard; but, in my thinking, it more nearly resembles that soul-inspiring scene, the splendid banquet table, decorated in the best style of modern grandeur, and covered with the usual plate and glass enrichments: for instance, the central dome represents the water magnum, the towers right and left, with their pointed spires, champagne bottles, the square compartments on each side are exactly like the form of our fashionable *liqueur* stands, the clock tower resembles the centre ornament of a *plateau*, the various small spires so many enriched *candelabra*, the glass dome a superb dessert dish; but

"Don't expect, my dear boy, I can similes find
For a heap of similitudes so undefined.
And why should I censure tastes not my concern?
'Tis as well for the arts that all tastes have their turn."*

A few years after Westmacott, an anonymous versifier, whose lines are remembered to-day only

* "The English Spy," vol. i. p. 293.

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because of the illustrations of Robert Cruikshank that accompany them, further insulted the structure.

“ Well, Cockney, may you drawl, ‘ what’s there ? ’

’Tis the Pavilion,—see !

The architecture’s worth a stare,

The order Cherokee !

“ And it displays a deal of nous,

A *monstrous* deal of taste,

And then within the bauble house,

All is so very *chaste*.

“ Such ‘ *bells* and *tassels*,’ would their hap

Had been the head t’have deck’d,

Well mounted on a fitting cap,

Of the sage architect.” *

‘To-day the same opinion of the Palace at Brighton is entertained as at the beginning of the last century, and the remarks of the latest writer on Brighton, Mrs. John Lane, are but an echo of the unkind comments of her predecessors. “ Why a kind of imitation Moorish architecture carried out in stucco should have been planted on British soil George and goodness only know ! ” she wrote recently. “ The awful Pavilion which he created and in which he rioted has now the shabby, worn-out appearance of an old, impecunious rake who drinks gin in place of the champagne of his youth. That awful Pavilion with its countless little onion domes, its gimerack ornamentation done in painted wood, and the usual tendency of stucco to look damp on the slightest provocation ! ”

* “ Brighton !! A Comic Sketch.”

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But the best remark on the Pavilion came appropriately from Sydney Smith, who glanced at the building, and then, turning to his companion, said, "One would think that St. Paul's Cathedral had come to Brighton, and pupped!"

CHAPTER IV

THE COMPANY AT BRIGHTON—I. A RAKE- HELLY SET

WHEN the Prince paid his first visit to Brighton he had just attained his majority, and, like many another high-spirited lad whose indulgence in legitimate pleasures had been unduly restricted by narrow-minded parents, he proceeded with gusto to kick over the traces. Indeed, before this, by the connivance of complaisant attendants hopeful of favours to come, he had been enabled to take some share, albeit surreptitiously, in the pleasures of the town. He made his *début* as a man of the world through the medium of an intrigue with handsome "Perdita" Robinson. Her he deserted for Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliot, by whom, in or about 1782, he had, or believed he had, a daughter; it is only doing justice to the charms as well as the frailty of "Dolly the Tall," as Mrs. Elliot was called, to state that, not only George, but also George Selwyn, Charles Windham, and Lord Cholmondeley, claimed the girl as their offspring.

Now, however, there was no one who could say the Prince nay, and he became a byword among all classes for dissipation and extravagance. Of the doings at Carlton House it is not necessary here to



From a drawing by Thomas Rowlandson, 1788.

THE STEYNE, BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

[*To face p. 52.*]

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speaking ; but of his conduct at Brighton it must be said that it was restrained by no considerations of decency ; if there, as in London, he did not deliberately outrage public opinion, at least he made no concessions to it. "The visit of a certain gay, illustrious character at Brighton has frightened away a number of old maids, who used constantly to frequent that place. The history of the gallantries of the last season, which is in constant circulation, has something in it so voluminous, and tremendous to boot, that the old tabbies shake in their shoes whenever his R—l H—ss is mentioned." So runs a paragraph in the *Morning Herald* for June 28, 1785 ; but it was not only "the old tabbies," to use the discourteous phrase of the writer, who deserted Brighton in consequence of the scandalous behaviour of the heir-apparent, but, indeed, most respectable families, who went elsewhere for their diversion.'

En passant, the outspokenness of the press of that day must be noted. It has often been said that Edmund Yates was the founder of personal journalism, but not the most scurrilous paper of the Victorian era or of the present day would have dared to insert such paragraphs as appeared during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century in the *Morning Herald* or the *Morning Post*. As an example of this, take the following extract from a letter of the Brighton correspondent of the latter paper, wherein it appeared on August 9, 1788 :—"The Prince of Wales gains many hearts by his great affability and good humour. His company is much better than it used to be, and he is certainly more sparing of his libations to Bacchus.

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“Mrs. F——t looks more elegant than ever, one can, indeed, hardly help exclaiming with the army of Mahomet the Second, when he showed them his Irene —‘ Such a woman is worth a kingdom !’

“The Prince of Wales has won money on the races —more money than one would wish a Prince of Wales to win.”

It would be unfair to represent Brighton before the advent of the Prince as a happy hunting-ground of the good and virtuous, for we read two years before he appeared on the scene that, “This place is, at last, as full as an egg, but the company is a motley group, I assure you. The Duke of Cumberland is at the head of the whole, and condescendingly associates with all, from the Baron down to the Blackleg. Play runs high, particularly at whist ; his Royal Highness has touched a few hundreds, by betting adverse to Major B——gs, who, apparently, is not like to make a very profitable campaign of it. We have every kind of amusement that fancy can desire for the train of folly and dissipation ; and all are crowded beyond measure.”* This state of affairs, however, was much intensified when the Prince came upon the scene ; and when it became known that his Royal Highness intended to spend there some months every year, the town became the headquarters of half the scoundrels, male and female, in the south of England. Indeed, Brighton at the end of the eighteenth century, according to the venomous satirist who wrote over the name of “Anthony

* Letter from the Brighton correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, September 26, 1782.

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Pasquin," was "one of those numerous watering-places which beskirt this polluted island, and operate as apologies for idleness, sensuality, and nearly all the ramifications of social imposture: where the barren seek a stimulus for fecundity; the voluptuary to wash the cobwebs from the interstices of his flaccid anatomy, the rancid adhesion of old cheese, Irish butter, junk, assa-foetida, tallow, mundungus, and train-oil."* Though the indictment is severe, it cannot be denied that there is much truth in it, and it is a fact that a contemporary wag declared that the visitors fell naturally into the two categories of Silken Folly and Bloated Disease. Of course many respectable folk came to the town, not only for the bathing, but also to partake in the innocent amusements; but the presence of the *viveurs* who surrounded the Prince attracted half the demireps of the metropolis, and brought the place into bad odour. "Anthony Pasquin" could always be relied upon to make the worst of a bad reputation, but, as we shall see, in this instance he was guilty of little exaggeration, for such a place was Brighton even many years later that there was then an anonymous versifier crying from his heart:

"Enough! thou place of great renown!
The *Devil* much must like
To have so flourishing a town
So handy to his Dyke."†

In the train of the Prince of Wales came those wild fellows with whom he associated in London; a

* "The New Brighton Guide," p. 5, note.

† "Brighton!! A Comic Sketch."

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band of choice spirits, including Sir John Lade, the Earl of Barrymore and his brothers, and George Hanger. Of their amorous adventures nothing can be said in this genteel age, and this part of their amusement may be dismissed in a couple of lines taken from a private diary: "The Cyprian Corps have much increased in number. We have now *little French Milliners* in every part of the town."*

The Prince's *entourage* made up a most rake-helly set, delighting in practical jokes of the roughest kind: no one was safe, not even George was spared by his intimates. One night Hanger and the Barrymores nearly frightened him to death, by inducing into his darkened bedroom a donkey, on whose head had been fixed a pair of horns. Another time, at three in the morning, Barrymore, dressed as a woman, sang to the accompaniment of Henry Angelo's guitar, "Ma chère amie," under the windows of Mrs. Fitzherbert's house, to the annoyance of the Prince, who the next day told Barrymore, "You make yourself a fool as much as you please; but if I had known it was Angelo, I would have horsewhipped him into the sea." This, however, was a mere *façon de parler*, for George was more given to talking of his pugilistic feats than to indulgence in fisticuffs, though he so frequently repeated stories of his prowess as actually to believe in them. Grantley Berkeley has told an amusing instance of the Prince's self-deception relating to the time when he used to hunt at Brighton. "I was out one day, ma'am, with my harriers; we found a hare, but the scent was catching and

* Quoted in Erredge, "History of Brighthelmstone," p. 186.

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uncertain, so that we could go no continuous pace at all. There was a butcher out, G—d d— me, ma'am, a great big fellow, fifteen stone, six feet two inches without his shoes, and the bully of all Brighton. He overrode my hounds several times, and I had spoken to him to hold hard in vain. At last, G—d d— me, ma'am, he rode slap over my favourite bitch, 'Ruby.' I could stand it no longer, but jumping off my horse, said, 'Get down, you d—— rascal, pull off your coat, none shall interfere with us, but you or I shall go back to Brighton more dead than alive!' G—d d— me, ma'am, I threw off my coat, and the big ruffian, nothing loth, did the same by his. By G—d, ma'am, we fought for an hour and twenty minutes, my hunting field forming a ring around us, no one interfering, and at the end of it, the big bully butcher of Brighton was carried away senseless, while I had hardly a scratch." The Prince then turned to a foreigner high in his favour for corroboration, "G—d d— me, you remember it?" only to receive the reply, "By G—d, your Royal Highness, I do forget." These delusions became more and more frequent as the year passed. He believed he had led the Heavy Dragoons at Salamanca, ridden Fleur de Lys for the Cup at Goodwood, and commanded a division at Waterloo. "That is all well enough," said Sheridan, one day when the matter was being discussed, "but what 'Prinney' most particularly piques himself upon, is the last productive harvest."

If George was sometimes the victim of practical jokes, those who played them on him had for excuse the fact that he was prone to indulge in them.

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One day he, who was, it is said, an excellent shot, took his gun on The Steine, and began ostensibly to shoot doves, but actually to lower the tops of the chimneys of an adjacent house, in which design he was singularly successful. Another time he played a trick on Admiral Nagle, who had frequently admired his cream-coloured Hanoverian horses. He presented him with an animal, with the assurance that it was one of the famous breed. Delighted with the gift, the Admiral rode away proudly on his new mount, but, caught in a heavy shower, returned crestfallen on a piebald—the whitewash with which a dark horse had been smeared having been partly removed by the rain. It is only fair to relate that George soon after presented the victim with the genuine article.

The royal humour was good-nature itself when compared with the jokes of his intimates. The Barrys were the worst offenders, and some of their amusements were very far from amusing to the victims. One night they procured a coffin, and put in it a dummy corpse. This they stood in front of a tradesman's door, at which they knocked, and then hid themselves. The maid who opened the door, seeing the figure in the dim light shown by her candle, shrieked and fainted. Her cry brought the other inmates of the house, who were also terror-stricken, and shouted, "Help! Help!" Neighbours hastened to their assistance, but before these arrived the perpetrators of this vile joke had seized the ropes attached to the coffin, and run away with it, so that, there being apparently nothing to be frightened at,

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the inmates of the house became the laughingstock of the neighbourhood for their credulity. The joke was repeated, and this time a fatal result was escaped only by the barest chance: the Barrys, desirous to improve upon their design, had put a footman, clothed in white and with powdered face, in the coffin. Again a servant's shriek brought her master to the door, but the man brought a blunderbuss, which he discharged, and the bullet passed within an inch of the head of the footman, who contrived to unstrap himself and fly for dear life before the gun was reloaded.

The Barrys were, indeed, ne'er-do-wells, and were known in society by various uncomplimentary nicknames: Richard, the seventh Earl Barrymore, was "Hell-gate"; Henry, the eighth Earl, because of his club foot, "Cripple-gate"; Augustus, "New-gate," because, it was said, he had been imprisoned in every gaol in the kingdom with that solitary exception; and Lady Caroline, "Billings-gate," because of her command of obscene language—in which accomplishment she was, however, eclipsed by the wife of Sir John Lade. "He swears like Letty Lade," the Prince would say of a particularly foul-mouthed man. Gillray christened the brothers "Les Trois Magots" ("The Three Scamps"), and sent them down to posterity in a caricature, to which is attached this verse:

"To whip a top, to knock down at taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle!

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Whilst a most blessed union rogue and w——,
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out *encore*,
With midnight howl to bay the affrighted moon,
To walk with torches through the streets at noon,
To enforce plain nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day."

Not too severe was this attack, though in extenuation of their follies may be pleaded their youth: which excuse, however, cannot be offered for Hanger and "Jehu" Lade, who were certainly old enough to comport themselves intelligently and decently. Still older was "Jockey of Norfolk," the eleventh Duke, whose excesses with wine and women were notorious even in an age when indulgence in both was general. Captain Morris, the Bard of the Beefsteak Society, of which the Prince was a member, was also to be seen on The Steine, but the worst that could be said of him was that he was a confirmed toper, though his copious libations did not interfere with the flow of his muse, for he composed many very creditable sets of verses. Of a very different character was his Royal Highness, the Duc de Chartres, subsequently Duc d'Orleans, and infamous for all time as *Egalité*, a frequent visitor to the Pavilion, the main pillar of the French turf, and perhaps the first Parisian Anglomaniac, surrounding himself with English grooms and jockeys, and dressing in an exaggerated fashion *à l'Anglaise*. A young prince of great promise, which promise, it is a matter of history, he did not fulfil; sacrificing everything to his vicious propensities, and before middle-age, to quote Carlyle's famous denunciation, "his hair is all falling out, his blood is quite spoiled—by early

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transcendation of debauchery. Carbuncles stud his face; dark spots on a ground of burnished copper. A most signal failure, this young Prince! The stuff prematurely burnt out of him; little left but foul smoke and ashes of expiring sensualities."*

There were some who would not condone the wild frolics of the Prince, nor tolerate the company he kept. When his Royal Highness, accompanied by Lord Barrymore and Sir John Lade, met Thurlow on The Steine, "Why, Thurlow, how is it you have not been to see me?" he said, surprised, being ignorant that the other was in the town. "You must name a day to come and dine with me." "I cannot do so," said the Chancellor, "until your Royal Highness keeps better company." During this or another visit to Brighton Thurlow did accept an invitation to dine at the Pavilion, and on his arrival was greeted by his host with the tidings that the party would be larger than he had intended. "Lade arrived unexpectedly," he explained, somewhat embarrassed, "and as an old friend I could not refrain from asking him to dinner." "I have no objection to Sir John Lade in his proper place," said the other, "which I take to be your Royal Highness's coach-box, not your table." Thurlow was not the only person who showed a proper spirit. Lady Lade, Sir John's wife, had been a servant in a house of doubtful reputation in St. Giles's, and was generally credited with the distinction of having been the mistress of Jack Rann, *alias* "Sixteen-string Jack," a notorious highwayman who was executed at Tyburn in 1774. A society that would not countenance

* "French Revolution," Book II. Chapter VI.

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that Lady Webster who, after her husband divorced her, became Lady Holland, of course entirely ignored the existence of such a person as Lady Lade; but the latter was desirous to be recognized, and thought to secure her object by inducing the Prince to dance with her at a ball at the "Castle." This the *grandes dames* present regarded as an insult, and the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, and Lady Charlotte Bertie, among others, ostentatiously left the room during the dance, and as a further protest against the Prince's action they and their friends cut short their stay at Brighton, and departed the next day without paying a farewell call at the Pavilion.

So disgracefully did the Prince's intimates behave that they were the terror of all law-abiding citizens, and, after observing their conduct when he was at Brighton in company with Lord Barrymore, whose stock dramatist he was, "Anthony Pasquin" put forth the following satire that should have induced them at least to consider the question of amending their conduct.

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF DISTINCTION, TO BE OBSERVED AT BRIGHTON FOR THE YEAR 1796.

FIRST.—Young and inexperienced officers must confederate with several of their mess as young as themselves, and reel into the theatre during the performance in a state of assumed intoxication, and be sure to disturb the audience in the most interesting

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part of the drama, by taking liberties with any of those Cyprian nymphs who harbour in the green boxes, and are unhappily devoted to insult: by this manœuvre, if dexterously managed, they will gain three important points:—the first is, the credit of having consumed more wine than their income will allow; the second is, a disposition for unlimited intrigue; and the third is, an opportunity of displaying their contempt of good manners without any hazard of personal danger.—This behaviour will be totally out of character if any of the parties have seen service, or arrived at the years of discretion.

N.B.—All descendants or members of the tribes of Israel must neither mention lottery tickets, *omnium*, *bonus*, scrip, navy, nor exchequer bills: they must pay their tradesmen on Saturdays, laugh at the paschal, eat swine, and shave every day.

SECONDLY.—It is necessary at the assembly to make their homage to the *arbiter de liciarum dragon rouge*, or master of the ceremonies, square with their local condition; as a trader or curate must nearly prostrate himself, to gain those civilities which a peer can command by an inclination of that part of his anatomy which *he* calls a head.

THIRDLY.—All persons who are conscious of their insufficiency in personal merit, must seize every possible opportunity of prating and vaunting about their antiquity of blood and magnificence of consanguinity; and whether the account be true or otherwise, the attempt is justifiable, as those who

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have not dignity to support their own reputations should assuredly rely upon those who have.

FOURTHLY.—The conduct of all, during the race week, should be systematic ; and those who can keep coaches, phaetons, curricles, tandems, desobligeants, buggies, gigs, geldings, or taxed carts, have a privilege to murder all those pedestrians who cannot—as it is the saturnalia of Folly, he who gets to the goal first is unquestionably the best man. When on the course, it is supremely vulgar to be suspected of seeing three yards without a glass. As they pass the Prince, it will be *stylish* to salute him with an air of familiarity, which he will respectfully return, as his affability was never doubted ; by this incident the buckeens from the city may be enabled to *cut a swell* with their associates, and appear the intimates of the Heir-Apparent, without the presumed requisites of wisdom, morality, erudition, or honour.

FIFTHLY.—As there are no prescribed and marked roads in the purlieus of Brighton, or on the downs, for the jockey or the charioteer, they may indulge themselves in riding over an old woman, a walking philosopher, or a *trading quiz*, with impunity ; and if the unfortunate scoundrel should die, a *genteel* jury may not only cover their lives, but protect them even from the inconveniences of a *deodand* : if, on examining the corpse of the *bourgeois*, it should prove to have been a creditor of the party, it will make the frolic immortal.

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SIXTHLY.—All pensioners at the boarding-houses must approach the head of the table by seniority. A considerable forfeit must be imposed if one gentleman cuts another's fingers in the avidity of carving for himself. No one to commence a discourse on politics or religion, but under the penalty of a pot of coffee. All blunders to be explained by the president of the *table d'hôte*, unless they come from an Irishman, who is permitted to speak twice: and that person must be ignominiously expelled from the establishment who is caught in the act of pocketing the fruit. If any take an emetic to eat again, they shall suffer death without the *benefit* of clergy.

SEVENTHLY.—If any are known to take pride in the ignoble science of carving, *id est*, to *embrace* a duck, *rear* a goose, *wing* a partridge, *thigh* a woodcock, *allay* a pheasant, *rump* a pigeon, *unlace* a rabbit, *reduce* a chicken, *elevate* a capon, *unjoint* a bustard, *display* a lark, *dissect* an ortolan, or *dismember* an heron, they shall be compelled to help the company before they eat any themselves.

N.B.—It is necessary to observe, that the ladies must be accommodated first.

EIGHTHLY.—All persons who sleep, sojourn, or masticate, at the Hotel, Castle or Ship Tavern, must take especial care to make the profits of the waiters greater than those of their masters; which, it must be admitted, is no easy matter: the reason for this apparently prodigal measure is, that all importance at watering-places is *reflected*, and he to whom the

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waiters are most obedient, is considered as the greater personage.

N.B.—This rule does not extend to those who never pay their bills at sight.

NINTHLY.—In the mode of communicating their desires they must punctually adhere to the following progressive statement:—if a Duke, he must address that portion of the community, whom it is habitual to call *his* inferiors, by the style and title of *honest man*, or *honest woman*; if a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Baron, or Bishop, by the unornamented term of *man* or *woman*; if a Baronet, Knight, Civilian, Physician, or any of that multitudinous order which are denominated *small gentry*, they must use the plain epithet *friend*; but this must be marked by a strong emphasis, and accompanied with a certain talismanic and disdainful toss of the head, lest the poor credulous devils might imagine the parties were sincere.

N.B.—This rule must be equally and pertinaciously observed by the several graduations of ladies correspondent with the gentlemen.

TENTHLY.—All must know, that the keeper of a boarding-house has the following rights:—if a *two-pounder*, or *gourmand*, should happen to mingle in the circle, the purveyor may endeavour to get rid of him by persuading him that the air is too sharp for his lungs; if that mode fails, the chambermaid is ordered to leave his bed unmade, take away the *commodité*, damp the sheets, and hide his night cap; if that expedient is passed over, he is sent to

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Coventry ; and if that is unpropitious, he is openly denied a chair, a plate, a knife, a fork, and a welcome ; and if that is unsuccessful, he is advertised, described, and pounded as a stray cormorant, who will be sent to his parish upon paying the expenses.

ELEVENTHLY.—All who are married must exhibit a public contempt for their wives in proportion to their rank in life, or what is termed quality ; as it would be a species of petty treason for a trader to be as negligent of the legal partner of his bed as a patrician, who, in various instances, may be considered as elevated far above duty, thought, and character. None, of any condition superior to the *mob*, must exhibit symptoms of conjugal fondness, as that would imply a privation of taste and sentiment : whenever the names of their wives occur in dialogue, they must affect deafness, to avoid a participation in the colloquy, as a declaration of any interest in their favour might excite the wonder of the *beau monde*, and the sneers of their *cicisbei*.

TWELFTHLY.—All bachelors must consider the spinsters as their destined prey ; and if they cannot enjoy their persons, they may make free with their reputations, which is nearly an universal case.—If they would be considered as fellows of spirit, they must signify, by some irregular gesticulation, that they have been well with every celebrated impure, or demirep, who is existing, or has existed in their time ; but this capital manœuvre must not be carried beyond an insinuation, as, should they swear to the

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event, there are none will believe them. When walking in the Assembly, Grove, Steyne, or sitting at the Prince's Chapel (for it is supremely vulgar to be seen at the parish church), they must occasionally nod at the most dignified women, the first fortune, or the greatest beauty, in the circle ; as that will give them an undescribable air of fashion and *ton* : but they must take especial care to do it while the parties are looking in another direction, as otherwise their responsibility may be rendered very awkward. If chance should throw a blushing, humble, tremulous female, or *implumis bipes*, in their way, they may cross her path, and stare at, and deride her into convulsions, as there is a *charming brutality* admissible in what is termed polished life, which would deserve chastisement in any other.—In their commerce with the fair they must never use the term *old*, but as applying to wine or friendships ; nor neglect that sweetening epithet *handsome*, if they wish for the salvation of their own credit ; yet in no instance must they suppose them *perfect*, as it is not yet ascertained by the magi, whether a woman was ever finished by the Creator or not. With these premises we close the dogmatic placard for young gentlemen.

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES FOR YOUNG LADIES OF DISTINCTION IN THE YEAR 1796.

FIRST.—We recommend to them, to avoid all actions that are vulgar ; that is, such as prevail among the mob, and to conduct themselves, in a

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general sense, in such a manner as to deserve the title of being vastly singular; as whoever is *not* singular in this refined age, will be inevitably classed as vulgar.

SECONDLY.—We recommend to them, in order to effect this desirable purpose, to walk like a grenadier at a review, and to strut with their arms a-kimbo, as by those means they will be enabled to make their abdominal projections the more noticeable. It should be observed, that this attitude is the *sine quâ non* of a female of distinction, as the vulgar dare not assume this becoming privilege without a forfeiture of their reputation for virtue.

THIRDLY.—We recommend to them, whether near-sighted or not, to make an unlimited use of optical glasses, but particularly at church during divine service, where, by an adroit and skilful management of these modish instruments, they may be lucky enough to stare the churchwarden and his family out of countenance, and happily draw an oblique reproof from the parson which cannot fail in its operations to make them exceedingly notorious. Our male insects of distinction have in some degree forestalled this practice, but their bungling manner of abashing modesty will be quickly superseded by the ladies.

FOURTHLY.—We recommend to them, to whisper and giggle when any person of either sex comes into a company with a trembling and humble demeanour,

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as this measure will increase the confusion of the visitors, and show their own superiority and firmness of nerve : to appear confused in any situation argues vulgarity in the extreme.

FIFTHLY.—We recommend to them, to manifest a strong predilection in favour of coxcombs and fools of every description, and to sneer at men of sense and science. Some persons, whose discernment is imperfect, may be inclined to question the wisdom and expediency of this rule ; but we trust that all opposition to this injunction will be done away, when it is recollected how great a saving of time and money it will cause, by rendering the ordeal of the classics, and the ceremonies of an university, utterly nugatory and despicable.

SIXTHLY.—We recommend to them, to be as loose in their drapery as possible, and to adhere to the present very laudable custom of fixing the cestus within three inches of their shoulders, until they are driven out of it by an Act of Parliament, enforced by violence. And our reason for this urgent desire is, that it gives an air of graceful playfulness to our fair country women, and removes those barriers of restraint which formerly kept our young bucks at bay ; the old-fashioned and absurd habits of wearing stays operating as a sort of armour, which checked and alarmed them on their approaching to the duties of a salute ; whereas the present negligent manner inspires them with an additional glow of confidence to clasp their beauteous persons, and fills them with

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ideal ecstasies. And surely none but the churlish or the prudish would hesitate to render others happy, and especially when it can be effected on such easy and advantageous terms to both parties.

SEVENTHLY.—We recommend to them, to make as much noise and as great a flutter as will be borne, upon their entering the boxes in a theatre: this is perfectly fashionable, and will assuredly make them stared at by the vulgar order of the audience, who *dare not* imitate them in their low sphere, as *they* would be stigmatised for such freedom as impertinent, or something more harsh and chilling: and if they should be seated in the green boxes, and cannot attract notice by laughing, talking in a high key, or abrupt gesticulations with the fan, we recommend them to drop their cloak or shawl, as by accident, into the pit, where John Bull, who is an honest, credulous, stupid beast, will eagerly labour to restore it to its owner *above* him, while the ladies all around will envy such an impressive instance of notoriety. If the cloak should be caught in its declension by a chandelier, and publicly burned, it will prove uncommonly interesting and charming, and will probably be mentioned in all the newspapers, and some magazines; verses will be made upon the unfortunate belle, and the lady, by such means, gets into prodigious notice.

EIGHTHLY.—We recommend to those ladies, who may unhappily possess that delicate tone of nerve which constitutes eventually the *mauvaise honte*, to

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wear veils upon all ordinary occasions, as there is nothing in the wide and long catalogue of human distresses so vulgar as even the appearance of shame. We recommend to them, to imitate the French ladies of the late Court at Versailles by alluring all the fashionable, indolent men to join them in parties of cards, and to preconcert the measures so neatly, as to ease their stupid companions of a few bank notes : such steps as these are considered as the more warrantable by the discreet, inasmuch as there is no awkward responsibility attached to the sex, for such venial sportiveness : besides, it is surely doing what ought to be, in transferring cash from folly to beauty—as the more you bleed a fool of his money, the fewer opportunities he will have of exposing himself, which is undoubtedly preserving a remnant of his character, obliging his family, and supporting the dignity of human nature.

NINTHLY.—We recommend to them, to be the first in getting into a carriage, if there be men in company, that they may have a complete occasion of showing a well-turned ancle ; or if they should be proportioned like the Medicean Venus, they should effect a hoyden air, and in jumping into the phaeton or curricie, contrive to stumble upon their knee, as by that method it is an hundred to one, but the whole of one, or both limbs, is exposed to the searching eyes of the accompanying beaus, who will not fail to communicate to all they know, as a great secret, that Miss Such-a-one has a d——d handsome leg. This is a sure trap to win a lover, if not a husband ; but

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as husbands are so seldom lovers, that is not much to be regretted. We have insinuated nothing as to those ladies who may have thick or crooked legs, as they uniformly ascend the last, upon all events, and are never seen abroad in a windy day.

TENTHLY.—We recommend to them, to seize every decent pretence to expose the charms of the neck and bosom ; this is satisfying the curiosity of admiration ; and to render those comfortable who are around us, is one of the first principles of good breeding. They must affect to speak in a low, monotonous, nasal tone, and as wholly independent of passion or principle ; they must write illegibly, and be sure to spell ill ; they must not be seen at any public place three times without fainting ; they must wash their mouths after dinner, and spit the cleansings in the glass, unless there should be a Turkey carpet ; they must, in that case, disgorge upon that, to show their elegant contempt of economy.

ELEVENTHLY.—We recommend to them, to assume some attractive infirmity, notwithstanding the providence and beneficence of nature may have given them a perfect organization ; and they must not, on any account whatever, admit they are in good health, as that is vulgar and abominable. The advantages resulting from an affectation of ill health and infirmity are incalculable ; it opens a timely door for a retreat from company they may either envy or hate ; and to lisp, limp, and seem half blind, have the glory of novelty with the million, who will regard them

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with astonishment; but they must not remain long among them, lest their ideas should concentrate in pity, and to be pitied is the next stage to being despised! When a saturnine uncle, or a maiden aunt, chides them for irregularity, they may reply good-humouredly with the end of a modern song, unless the first has land and beeves, and the latter money in the funds; in that case, they should make a low curtsey, and sneeringly promise the old folks to be gothic in future,

TWELFTHLY.—We recommend to them, to support and add to the privileges of the sex upon all occasions, and, if possible, to expunge the words *honor* and *obey* from the matrimonial ceremonies. If they have any species of conveyance, they must incessantly prate of *our carriage*; and if this point is discreetly managed, there may be as much credit got with a *tilt-cart* as a *sociable*. They must encourage the addresses of every male creature who has any pretension to *ton*; and if it is in the gift of chance to produce a duel between any of the suitors, they will be envied by all their sex; it will prove a matter wholly unimportant, whether the blockhead who falls is the *offender* or the *offendee*; as it is the *éclat* of the thing, and not its propriety, that will be seriously considered! When they bathe they must tie the flannel shift so close to their necks that the sea-water may not be too intrusive upon their fair bodies, as that might brace them into much rigidity of fibre; when they descend from the machines with the guide, they must wet their lower extremities by

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degrees, so that, if there be any humour floating in the system, it may be driven up to the head ; and it is assuredly better to have a foe infest the capital only, than every province of the state. With these premises we close the dogmatic placard for young ladies.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

Given at our Court of Observation,
this 9th day of August, 1796. *

* The "New Brighton Guide."

CHAPTER V

THE INCREASING POPULARITY OF BRIGHTON

THE Prince, who took the keenest personal interest in the building of his pleasure-house, was frequently at Brighton during the progress of the operations. He was there in June, 1785, arriving again in the small hours of the morning; and in the following year when, having greatly exceeded his income, as a protest against his father's refusals to pay his debts or invite Parliament to do so, he shut up Carlton House, reduced his household, sold his racing stud and his carriage and saddle horses, and in July came to Brighton to live quietly and economically.

Rarely, indeed, did the Prince miss a season at Brighton, and, for all practical purposes, the period of his residence during any year constituted the season. When he was there the town was so crowded as to give point to the lines:—

“The caprices of Fashion are wondrous indeed,
And the wriggings of Folly oft make my heart bleed:
Though not so old as the hills, I remember the day
When St. James's Park was the scene to display
All the beauty of Britain. . . .

The metropolis now an excrescence is grown;
It is spread like the evil—'tis gone out of town.”*

* Anthony Pasquin, “New Brighton Guide,” pp. 41-42.



From an engraving by Peter Mazell, 1788.]

A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE STEYNE AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE, TAKEN FROM THE SOUTH END.

[To face p. 76.]

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During the season London merchants came down to the circular range of shops in North Street, called Prince's Place, erected especially for their accommodation, and there exhibited their various wares; and the price of lodgings rose higher and higher. Eight guineas a week was the charge for a house on The Steine even in 1785, though for one faced with blue and buff two guineas more was demanded—"for which," adds the chronicler slyly, "you may have the credit of being a member of that party"; a dining-room or parlour with two bedrooms could be had for three guineas, and for one guinea an apartment for a single gentleman. In 1811, when Brighton was the most fashionable resort in England, lodgings were so greatly in request that, we are told, for the only houses unlet fourteen guineas a week was asked and given. There was at Brighton, as at all fashionable resorts where the inhabitants have to make a year's income in a short season, a tendency to raise prices in all directions; and the exorbitant demands of landladies and tradesmen provided a rhymster with these lines, inspired by some one remarking that a gilt arrow vane on the old church looked like a shark:—

“Say, why on Brighton's church we see
A golden shark displayed,
But that 'twas aptly meant to be
An emblem of its trade?”

“Nor could the thing so well be told
In any other way;
The town's a Shark that lives on gold,
The Company's its prey.”

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Crowded when the Prince was there, when his Royal Highness was absent the town was deserted, even in August, which was the height of the season. "Scarce a person of fashion remains," complained a resident in that month of the year 1788; "the whole company now consists of antiquated virgins, emaciated *beaux*, and wealthy citizens with their wives and daughters; the latter of whom have some weight in continuing a few needy adventurers, who are as watchful as lynxes, for an opportunity of carrying off the golden prizes." * Drearier still was Brighton in the off-season, and we have a graphic description of the place in February: "This is a dead time with us—nothing going on—not a soul in the place, except a few invalids, who crawl out in the sunshine, along the cliffs. The Steyne looks quite forlorn, though, now and then, when a flight of sea-gulls come *screaming* across, one might almost imagine Mr. Cobham and his *spoil'd* child—'the infant Catalani,' were here. The libraries, instead of exhibiting all the charms of fashion, are deserted except by a few sentimental maid-servants, and gossiping town's-people, who sometimes subscribe for a toasting-fork or tea-caddy, by way of *keeping it up*. A club of three meets now and then, at Ragget's, and plays at *dummy* for a supper. Within this week, we have had a gleam of gaiety by the 10th Dragoons passing through, but they are gone, and have taken with them a few dozens of the Castle port, and *two milliners' apprentices*.

"Those London tradesmen who favour us with their

* *Morning Herald*, August 21, 1788.

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company every season, are mostly gone. A celebrated tailor set off yesterday, and had, it is said, two coaches loaded with *spring cabbage*. Several hair-dressers, who make a point to have more *irons* than one *in the fire*, and who have made a very successful and *wig-orous* campaign, have departed 'very much benefited by the Brighton *hair*.' No milliners remain except one, who carries on the *toy* business, and is patronised by the South Gloucester."*

Any number of individuals might voice their objections to the Prince's behaviour, but the inhabitants were prepared to forgive the outrageous joking and rowdyism of the Pavilion set because of the many advantages they derived from the residence of the Prince of Wales in their town. George, indeed, was the hero of Brighton, and it seemed that nothing he could do would alienate its affection. Anxious at all times to do honour to him, on his birthdays its enthusiasm knew no bounds. There was usually a ball and supper at the "Castle," at which his Royal Highness condescended to put in an appearance, when he was cheered to the echo; an ox was roasted in The Steine, and distributed to the populace, with a plentiful supply of old ale; and there were fireworks and illuminations. "Brighton was never so joyous or gay before," says a contemporary writer of the royal birthday in 1789, on which occasion a special tribute was paid:—"A very military and striking procession was presented by the javelin men, headed by Sir Ferdinando Poole, the sheriff. This order, which

* "The Satirist," vol. iv. p. 917: "Personal Intelligence," Brighton, February 5, 1809.

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smacks so truly of feudal times, consists of the chief tradesmen of Lewes, from whence they proceeded to pay their respects to the Prince. Their uniform is a superfine blue coat, buff waistcoat, and buckskin breeches, with other appendages, the effect of which was striking. Their swords were sustained by blue belts over the shoulder with crested plates. Their horses had blue and buff girths and breast-plates, and the head-dresses of the horses were also of corresponding decoration. The trumpeters, which preceded the procession, were dressed at the expense of Sir F. Poole; their coats were buff, with blue collars and cuffs, and blue waistcoats; they had silk banners to their trumpets, with heraldic bearings. The ordering of this procession depended in a considerable degree on Colonel Pelham; and it was observable that blue and buff cockades were assumed by all the country." Blue and buff were, of course, the colours of the Whigs, with which political party at this time the Prince had thrown in his lot; and it was thought a delicate compliment to his Royal Highness when the builders of a row of houses in The Steine used blue and buff bricks.

A further compliment paid by the town to its principal patron was, in 1802, to erect in front of the recently built Royal Crescent a plaster statue, by Rossi, of his Royal Highness in regimentals, seven feet high, on an eleven-foot pedestal, at a cost of three hundred pounds. This, however, was in course of time damaged by some wanton persons, who first broke off the fingers of the extended hand, and later knocked away the other arm, with a portion of the cloak. The mutilated figure was subsequently

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removed, and a subscription set on foot by the tradesmen of the town at the time of George's accession, with the proceeds of which—about three thousand pounds—Chantrey was commissioned to execute a bronze statue of his Majesty. This, in 1828, was placed within the railings of The Steine, and it still stands there, more appropriately situated than most monuments of the kind.

It would be doing less than justice to Brighton to attribute its liking for George solely to the benefit it derived from his residence there. He was, indeed, in many respects, the *beau ideal* of a Prince—in appearance, tall, well made, and handsome. With the *bel air* and a gracious manner, he won hearts wherever he went. Who could resist him when attired in the height of that florid fashion that he affected in the pre-Brummell days, and that suited him so well? “His coat was pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat was white silk, embroidered with various coloured foil, and adorned with a profusion of French paste; and his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, five thousand in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a new military style.” Thus attired he made his bow at his first Court ball, and he looked, we are told, every inch a prince. Not less gorgeously apparelled was he at a Brighton ball in 1790: “A most beautiful cut velvet gala suit of a dark colour, with green stripes, and superbly embroidered down the front and seams with a broad embroidery of silver flowers, intermixed with foil stones. Waistcoat, white and silver tissue, embroidered like the coat: the garter

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fastened with a shoulder-knot of brilliants, star, George, etc." Only Lord Paget rivalled him on that occasion, dressed in striped and spotted velvet, embroidered with gold and silver, and silk and precious stones, over point lace.

George, in his youth, was most affable, and, at least at Brighton, in those days whenever it was possible dispensed with the parade of royalty. Samuel Rogers, who remembered the town before the Pavilion was built, has recorded that in those days he had seen the Prince of Wales drinking tea in a public room of what was then the chief inn (the "Castle"?), "just as other people did." The Prince behaved, indeed, like any other private gentleman. He walked every day on The Steine, attended concerts, went regularly to the theatre, frequented the Promenade Grove, and often went to the "Castle" balls. It is related that at one of these balls only a dozen persons were present, when George, instead of retiring, remarked, "We are not numerous, but we will supply numbers by merri-ment," and invited each lady in turn to dance with him. Though he ruined scores of tradesmen, he was good-natured, and did kind actions that endeared him to the populace. When "Smoaker" Miles, the bathing man, died, he made a present of money to the widow; and he bestowed a pension on Phœbe Hessel.* One day he noticed the absence of a lad

* This woman is a Brighton celebrity who, in any record of the town, may not rightly be passed over without notice. Born at Stepney in 1713, at the age of fifteen Phœbe Smith fell in love with one of "Kirke's Lambs," Sam Golding. When Golding's regiment was in 1728 ordered to the West Indies,

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employed in the Pavilion stables, and on making inquiries, learnt he had been dismissed for stealing oats. Told that it was a first offence, he sent for the culprit. "Tom," he said to the trembling lad, "if you are taken back to my stables again, can I trust you?" The answer need not be given. "Go back. Be diligent, be honest, make me your friend, and, hark'ee, Tom, I will take care that no one shall ever taunt you with what is passed." We may smile at the advice to "be diligent, be honest," coming from

she disguised herself as a boy, and enlisted in the Fifth Foot, also *en route* for that colony. No suspicion of her sex was entertained, and it was not until after Fontenoy, where she was wounded, that she confided her story to General Pearce's wife, who obtained her discharge, and so enabled her to return to England, and nurse her lover, who had been invalided home and lay in Plymouth hospital. Golding was retired from the Army on account of his wounds, and given a pension when the devoted couple married. Golding died some years after, and then Phœbe married one Thomas Hessel, who departed this life in 1792, when his wife became an itinerant vendor of fish and vegetables.

Subsequently she entered the Brighton poor-house, but quitted it in 1808, when the Prince of Wales settled on her a small annuity. She obtained leave to sit at the corner of The Steine and the Marine Parade with a little basket containing sweets, pincushions, and toys. "Her appearanee as she sat there was very quaint," so runs a contemporary account, "and the long wash-leather mittens that covered her arms, her knitted woollen tippet, and the old bonnet from which appeared the frill of a thick, comfortable-looking eap, ealled to her the attention of passers by." It was a point of honour among most visitors to patronise the old woman; and when a grand *fête* was organised at Brighton to celebrate the victory at Waterloo, the ex-soldier, then one hundred and two years old, was seated, as the town's oldest inhabitant, at the Vicar's right hand. She

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one of the most indolent and dishonest men of the day ; but it was meant well, and is here recorded to the credit of a Prince about whom there is not so much good to be related that any such incident may be omitted.

Whether it was self-interest or affection that secured the forbearance of Brighton towards its principal resident, at least there is no doubt that the building of the Pavilion gave a great impetus to the town, as is shown in the table opposite.

This table shows a steady increase in the number of houses between 1761 and 1770, in which latter year the population was about twenty-five hundred. The first census was taken in 1801, by which time the number of houses was more than doubled, and the population had risen to over seven thousand ; in 1821 the town boasted no less than four thousand houses and twenty-four thousand inhabitants ; and

died six years later, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Nicholas. The epitaph runs :—

PHÆE HESSEL,

Who was born at Stepney, in the Year 1713.

She served for many years as a Private Soldier in the Fifth Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Fontenoy, Where she received a Bayonet Wound in her Arm.

Her long life, which commenced in the Reign of Queen ANNE, extended to that of King GEORGE IV., By whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter days. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12th, 1821, aged 108.

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LIST OF STREETS AND SQUARES IN BRIGHTHELMISTONE.

	1761.	1770.	1801.
North Street	88	88	150
Bond Street	—	—	32
Church Street	—	—	34
King Street	—	—	51
Air Street	—	6	17
East Street, including Castle Square	90	90	117
Poole and Stein	—	12	80
Stein Street	—	—	15
Manchester Street	—	—	6
Charles Street	—	—	19
Broad Street	—	—	22
York Street	—	—	20
Margaret Street	—	—	12
Mount Street	—	—	9
New Steine	—	—	17
Rock Buildings	—	—	5
East Cliff and Lane	—	58	77
Bartholomews	—	6	10
Knap	—	44	56
Blacklyon Street	62	62	77
Ship Street	70	70	74
Middle Street	67	67	80
West Street	95	95	146
Russell Street	—	—	78
Battery Place	—	—	17
Jew Street	—	—	12
Total .	472	598	1233 *

in 1831, the year after the death of George IV., these figures had grown to seven thousand seven hundred and forty thousand respectively.

It has already been stated that in 1760 the town consisted of six principal streets: East Street, Black Lion Street, Ship Street, Middle Street, and West Street, all of which ran at right angles to the sea, and were terminated at the other end by North

* Compiled from Durvan: "History of Brighton," p. 553; and Horsfield: "History of Sussex," vol. i. p. 136.

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Street. The list of streets forty years later is preserved in an old guide, and is interesting as showing the development of the town. To the west of the Steine were North Street, East Street, Ship Street, and West Streets, the main thoroughfares; the smaller ones were Middle Street, Little East Street, Black Lion Street, Market Street, Nile Street, Duke Street, Russell Street, Little Russell Street, New Street, Queen Street, King Street, and Church Street; Boyse's Lane, Ship Street Lane, Steyn Lane, Poole Lane, Golden Lion Lane, Mercer's Buildings, Warden's Buildings, Kent's Buildings, Brighton Square, Castle Square, Little Castle Square; and, facing the sea, East Cliff, Middle Cliff, West Cliff, Artillery Place, and Bellevue. The town, which when the Prince of Wales came to Brighton terminated on the east side at The Steine, had now (in 1800) many streets beyond it: Steyne Street, Manchester Street, Charles Street, Broad Street, Margaret Street, New Steyne Street, George Street, Princes Street, Craven Buildings, Prospect Row, German Place, and, facing the sea, Marine Parade, New Steyne, Rock Buildings and Rock-House.* Ten years later, we have it on the authority of Miss Berry, the extent along the cliff to the Crescent, the furthest houses on the East Cliff, was not much less than two miles. Strangely enough, for a while the town did not extend to the west, and even in 1830 the boundary on that side was still Adelaide Crescent and Palmyra Square; Hove

* "Brighton New Guide, or, A Description of Brighton and the Adjacent County. . . . 1800," pp. 7, 8, and 10.

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being still a small village close to the sea, with a few lodging-houses, some bathing-machines, and a good tavern, a pleasant mile walk from Brighton. Eastward, however, Brighton's progress was rapid, for, with sound judgment, Thomas Read Kemp, for many years member of Parliament for Lewes, decided to develop his property, and built thereon Kemp Town, securing among the original settlers the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Bristol, and Lawrence (brother of Sir Robert) Peel. The last house in Arundel Terrace, Kemp Town, then the *ultima Thule* of eastern Brighton, was opened as the "Bush Hotel," but, being in a very exposed situation and in an unfrequented spot, it was rarely visited even by a passing stranger, and soon had to close its doors.

That the Prince of Wales's presence at Brighton was the principal cause of the town's popularity there can be no doubt; but it is probable that the military camps formed there attracted a large number of people. It certainly was the fascinations of "the officers" that made Lydia Bennet persuade her parents to allow her to accept an invitation to the town from Colonel Forster's wife, whose kindness she repaid by eloping with the exceedingly ineligible Wickham. "In Lydia's imagination," Miss Austen tells her readers, "a visit to Brighton comprised every possibility of earthly happiness. She saw, with the creative eye of fancy, the streets of that gay bathing-place covered with officers. She saw herself the object of attention to tens and scores of them at present unknown. She saw all the glories of the camp—its tents stretched forth in beauteous

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uniformity of lines, crowded with the young and gay, and dazzling with scarlet ; and, to complete the view, she saw herself seated beneath a tent, tenderly flirting with at least six officers at once.”* Although the term “ Brighton Camp ” is always used, it must be understood that several camps were held there. The first military force in recent times assembled in the neighbourhood of the town was in 1758, when the south coast was thought to be in danger of invasion ; but the first Brighton Camp so-called was formed in 1793. The troops composing it struck their tents on Ashdown Forest at three o'clock in the morning of August 12, and marched to Chailey Forest, which they reached eight and a half hours later. There they pitched their tents for the night. The following morning at four o'clock they were again on the march, and at noon they arrived on the hills over Brighton, and soon after the camp formed in the presence of the Prince of Wales. The left of the encampment of the seven (subsequently ten) thousand men of which this army corps was composed was close to the town, in Bellevue Fields (now Regency Square), and it stretched in a direct line along the coast. The second Brighton Camp was formed early in the summer of the following year, about a mile and a half to the west of the town, and there were brought together seven thousand troops—a number that was increased to fifteen thousand when

* “ Pride and Prejudice,” chap. xli. Though this novel was not published until 1813, it was written in 1796, and the passage quoted is therefore a direct allusion to the Brighton Camp.

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the Militia, which then consisted mainly of agricultural labourers, was called out after the harvest had been gathered. There were later camps, but there is no general interest in them, and the name itself is probably known to most living men and women by the words of the song once called "Brighton Camp," but now always referred to by its sub-title, "The Girl I left behind Me."

"Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gaily lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vowed to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp,
Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me."

When the camp of 1796 broke up, several regiments remained in barracks in West Street, North Street, and Church Street; and "the military" became a feature of the place, though, it must be confessed, their behaviour was not always such as to endear them to the quieter inhabitants. "The officers of the Blues are the great dashers of the place," we read in the *Times*, July 13, 1796. "They associate with no one but their own corps. The most of them keep their blood horses, their curricles and their girls. At one o'clock they appear on the parade to hear the word of command given to the Subaltern Guard; afterwards they toss off their goes of brandy, dine about five, and come about eight to the theatre. *Vivent l'Amour et Bacchus.*"

CHAPTER VI

THE COMPANY AT BRIGHTON—II. PRIVATE LIFE AT THE PAVILION

THOUGH it is by the childish and vicious doings mentioned in an earlier chapter that George's residence at Brighton is to-day best remembered, it is but fair to state that his life there was not, as one critic at least declared it to be, an invariable round of "morning rides, champagne, dessepatisation, noise and nonsense." He had in his youth some few healthy tastes: he was fond of driving and hunting, and occasionally played cricket; and in later years he wasted his time in ways not in themselves objectionable. He usually stayed in his private apartments until three o'clock, transacting there such business as he personally had to attend to; and then he would ride for an hour, and dismount at Mrs. Fitzherbert's in The Steine, or, when she was no longer in favour, at Lady Hertford's, who lived in a house in the Pavilion, connected by a covered way with the palace. There he would remain until it was time for him to return to dress for dinner.

As Heir-Apparent the Prince had to entertain, not only respectable but also intellectual society; and, indeed, in turn, every distinguished resident and visitor was invited to the Pavilion. Among the



From an engraving after a painting by Richard Cosway, 1792.]

MRS. FITZHERBERT.

[*To face p. 90.*

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Prince's favourite guests were the great dandies, a quieter set, though not less vicious than the boon companions of his earlier days; and these came to Brighton in such numbers that Ragget, the proprietor of White's Club in London, thought it worth while to open a club-house on The Steine for the accommodation of the members of that institution and of Brooks's. Brummell, the prince among the *beaux*, occasionally visited Brighton, and William, Lord Alvanley: an amusing conversation between these famous folk has been recorded.

"How long do you stay here?" Brummell asked the witty peer.

"Five-and-thirty pounds," was the strange reply.

"Five-and-thirty pounds!" the other repeated, bewildered.

"What I mean by five-and-thirty pounds is that, after allotting ten pounds for posting from London here and back, I have a 'pony' to spend here, and as long as that lasts I shall remain," explained Alvanley, perhaps the greatest *gourmet* of his day. "I think two more dinners and breakfast at the York Hotel will clear me out."

Minor lights of the fashionable world came also. Ball Hughes, commonly known as "Golden Ball," delighted to drive from the metropolis to Castle Square; and there came, too, "Pea-Green" Haynes, known also as "Silver Ball";* and William Pole

* "We've another rich fellow that's rather notorious at Brighton, which we distinguish by the name of the *Silver Ball*, only he's a bit of a *screw*, and has lately got himself into a scrape about a pretty actress, from which circumstance they have

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Wellesley, afterwards Earl of Mornington, who married the "Pocket Venus," Miss Tylney Long, and was henceforth known as Long-Wellesley and "The Wanstead Lucullus," after a satire by the brothers Smith in "Horace in London," which began:—

"If we don't make manure of our money,
And spread it that others may thrive,
'Tis useless as ungathered honey
Neglected to rot in the hive."

Two unsuccessful suitors of the wealthy Miss Tylney Long also visited Brighton, the first to stay at the Pavilion, the celebrated Baron de Géramb—

" . . . whisker'd Géramb who veracity braves
In boasting of princely delights" ;

and to the theatre, that dull, purse-proud, foolish amateur actor from the West Indies, known as "Romeo" Coates, whose performance in 1810 of the hero in the play that gave him a *soubriquet*, according to a contemporary report, "astonished the aquatics and submarines of the Sussex Coast." Coates subsequently was present at a ball at the "Castle," when he attracted much attention by wearing a coat blazing with diamonds. It was Coates, Géramb, and the like, who inspired these verses :

"Dandies throng here of every hue,
Oh, for a Cuvier's pen !
For some look white, some black, some blue,
And some have beards like men."

changed his name to the *Foote Ball*."—Westmacott: "The English Spy."

The pretty actress was Maria Foote, who married the Marquis of Harrington, a well-known man about town.

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“Alack! to see their stupid stare,
As down the Steyne they take,
Like things with broadcloth souls, the fair,
As fair as paint can make.” *

One other eccentric calls for passing mention as a Brighton celebrity, the notorious Green Man, who was “the gaze of Brighton.” An artist took a sketch of Brighton, and made him and Martha Gunn the prominent figures on the canvas. He presented himself as a study in green: he dressed in green pantaloons, green waistcoat, green frock, green cravat, and powdered with green his ears, whiskers, eyebrows, and chin, so that his face appeared green. He had his rooms painted green and, of course, his furniture. His liveries were green, and his gig and his whip; and, to crown all, in a day when vegetarianism was not even thought of, he ate only green vegetables and fruit. “With a green silk handkerchief in his hand, and a large watch chain with green seals fastened to the green buttons of his green waistcoat,” he walked every day upon The Steyne, until one morning, October 25, 1806, finding himself at the edge of the cliff, he threw himself over.† The “Green Man” was Henry Cope, a man of good family.

“A spruce little man in a doublet of *green*,
Perambulates daily the streets and the Steyne,
Green striped is his waistcoat, his small clothes are *green*,
And oft round his neck a *green* ’kerchief is seen.

* “Brighton!! A Comic Sketch.”

† “Annual Register,” 1806.

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Green watch string, *green* seals, and for certain I've heard,
(Tho' they're powdered) *green* whiskers and eke a *green* beard ;
Green garters, *green* hose, and deny it who can,
The Brains too are *green* of this little *green* man ! " *

Life at the Pavilion became more respectable when Mrs. Fitzherbert rented a house at Brighton.† Mrs. Fitzherbert was the queen of society in this seaside town, and to obtain the *entrée* to the private entertainments it was necessary to pay your respects to the lady whom the Prince delighted to honour. Mrs. Fitzherbert's position was peculiar. Though generally suspected, it was not known—indeed, in Parliament it was officially denied—that the Prince had been through a ceremony of marriage with her. It is true that this denial was by most people regarded as a blind, dictated by the absolute necessity to disavow a marriage between the Heir-Apparent and a Roman Catholic ; but even if there had been a ceremony, though the union might be held good and true by the canon law of the Church, it was legally null and void in England by virtue of the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act. It followed, therefore, that the very existence of Mrs. Fitzherbert was an inconvenience to society, which could not please the Prince without recognising her, and could not recognise her without offending the King and Queen. Since she was not received at Court, those who held official positions could not visit her, and the

* Martin : " History of Brighton."

† " Some have it, though there is no proof, that the Prince of Wales first met Mrs. Fitzherbert at Brighton."—W. H. Wilkins : " Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.," vol. i. p. 167.

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Duke of Rutland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, writing from Dublin in 1787 to his wife, offered the timely counsel, "If you go to bathe in the sea, do not go to Brighthelmstone, because you will be under a difficulty about Mrs. Fitzherbert." When the Duchess, this advice notwithstanding, announced her intention to go to Brighton, the Duke wrote again to her, saying the Prince would be sure to ask her to visit Mrs. Fitzherbert, "which I would have you avoid, but I hear it is indispensable with him, so you had better be silent on that head until he asks you—if he should do so at all—and then I think your health will be a good excuse." The Duchess realised, however, that if the state of her health prevented her calling on Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Prince would assume that she was not well enough to attend any entertainments at the Pavilion, and that, consequently, she would be debarred from indulgence in the gaieties of the season. This, to the pleasure-loving dame, was unthinkable, and without hesitation she went to see Mrs. Fitzherbert immediately on her arrival. Mrs. Fitzherbert, indeed, was never in want of visitors, for the Pavilion set came to her, such *grandes dames* as the Duchess of Devonshire and the Duchess of Gordon, and all the leading Whigs and their wives, always excepting Charles James Fox, with whom she had quarrelled for opposing her marriage to the Prince, and to whom she would never be reconciled.

The influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert over the Prince made for good, and it was exercised to restrain him from excess in wine, and from coarse debaucheries—not always successfully, it must be admitted. It was

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not in George, however, to be faithful to any one woman, and in the early nineties he was living with Mrs. Anna Maria Crouch, who had separated from her husband in 1791, and was the *chère amie* of Michael Kelly, whose pupil she had been.* Mrs. Fitzherbert, however, was complaisant in these matters, pretended to regard them as beneath her notice, but was wise enough to coquet on her side, which piqued George's vanity and brought him again to her side. After the *liaison* with Mrs. Crouch, the Prince appeared to be more under Mrs. Fitzherbert's influence than ever before; but there were breakers ahead. In June, 1792, George had poured out his financial troubles to Lord Malmesbury, telling him in what straits he was:

* Mrs. Crouch died at Brighton, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, where Kelly erected a stone to her memory, with the following inscription:—

THE REMAINS OF

ANNA MARIA CROUCH,

During many Years a Performer at Drury Lane Theatre.
She combined with the purest Taste as a Singer the most
elegant Simplicity as an Actress: beautiful almost beyond
parallel in her Person, she was equally distinguished
by the Powers of her Mind.

They enabled her
when she quitted the Stage
to gladden Life by the Charms of her Conversation, and
refine it by her Manners.

She was born April 20th, 1763, and
died October 2nd, 1805.

THIS STONE

is Inscribed to her beloved Memory, by him whom she
esteemed the most faithful of her Friends.

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how there had been more than one execution in his house ; how his debts amounted to the enormous sum of £370,000, and how he was endeavouring, through the Lord Chancellor, to prevail on the King to apply to Parliament to increase his income, when he would, he promised, establish a sinking fund for the benefit of his creditors. Not until two years later did his Majesty undertake to move in the matter, and then only on the conditions that his son repudiated Mrs. Fitzherbert, and consented to marry. His Royal Highness was not eager to marry, but he had the less hesitation to throw over Mrs. Fitzherbert, because he was in love, or fancied himself in love, with Lady Jersey. Having made his decision, he made it known to Mrs. Fitzherbert in a brutal manner by sending her a note containing the intelligence, instead of meeting her at dinner as he had engaged to do. He married the ill-fated Princess Caroline, of Brunswick, on March 8, 1795 ; brought her to Brighton in June and kept her there until November, making her the butt of his coarse wit, and in the following January, after the birth of their daughter, the Princess Charlotte, intimated to her that it was no longer his intention to live under the same roof with her. Fortunately, it is unnecessary to enter further into the disagreeable story of the married life of this royal couple.

Lady Jersey retained her hold on the Prince's affections during the first years of his married life, and she was often at Brighton, where, unlike Mrs. Fitzherbert, she was not a favourite. Indeed, she was insulted there, and George, in a rage, threatened to

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leave the town for ever and turn the Pavilion into a barracks.

“Lord, cousin, I’m frighten’d much worse than before ;
His H——, enraged at our ingrates here, swore
That he’d make me a *Barrack* ;—oh heaven and earth,
Why was I created ?—why had I a birth ?
And shall my perfum’d body be made such a den ?
Pray what lady could please a whole reg’ment of men ?
Must I live like a strumpet—my name be revil’d ?
Great God ! Should I prove in the issue with child,
Who would foster the babe ? Neither Holland nor Wyatt ;” * . . .

To these lines the author attached a footnote :—
“This instance of the aggrieved gentlewoman’s alarm was well founded, as it was commonly believed at Brighton, at the period when this letter was written, that the P—— had expressed himself to that effect, in consequence of a figurative procession having occurred, which implied an unmerited insult to a lady, whom it was his duty, as a gentleman, to respect.”

In an age that was not squeamish, Lady Jersey’s conduct to the Princess of Wales, to whom by Queen Charlotte she had been appointed lady-in-waiting, was such as to disgust all ; and when she came with her complaisant husband and family, to stay at a house opposite the Pavilion for the Brighton races of 1797, she was ostracised by all decent people. “I am told,” wrote Lady Newdegate to her husband on July 28, “that Lady Jersey was with all her beautiful children at ye fireworks ye other night, not amongst ye Great but seated on a bench amongst ye Vulgar,

* Anthony Pasquin, “New Brighton Guide,” p. 30.

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who made 2 attempts to Hiss her, but were not joyn'd by Townspeople and Company as last year They will undoubtedly let her stay but she lives for ye P. alone, for nobody, a few young Men excepted, go to her house or are seen with her." *

The Prince, who wearied of all his numerous mistresses, in time wearied of Lady Jersey, and eventually, in spite of her efforts to retain him as her lover, he dismissed her. He was then desirous to live again with Mrs. Fitzherbert, who he vowed was the only woman he ever loved. Presumably he was able to persuade Mrs. Fitzherbert of the truth of his protestations, for in July, 1799, they came together again, and remained on the best of terms until Lady Hertford attracted him. When Mrs. Fitzherbert first came to Brighton she rented a house on the west side of Castle Square, staying there for some months in each year until her breach with the Prince, since when she had not visited the place. When she returned in 1801 she went to her old residence, but two years later she purchased a plot of ground on The Steine upon which she built "Steine House," which remained in her possession until her death.† The Prince was often seen on the balcony of Steine House, but how he got there is a mystery that has never been cleared up. He was rarely seen to go to or from the Pavilion, and it was surmised that there existed an underground passage between the two residences. So far, however, no secret way has been discovered.

* "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor," p. 198.

† It is now occupied by a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

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When Mrs. Fitzherbert was at Brighton, the company at the Pavilion was chosen with more regard for decorum than at other times. The Prince's *entourage* included John, Lord Hutchinson, who lived in a house in the Pavilion grounds, and John McMahon, who had apartments in the Pavilion itself. Lord Hutchinson, a brother of the Earl of Donoughmore, was a distinguished soldier; he had succeeded Sir Ralph Abercromby in command of the army in Egypt, and had been raised to the peerage in 1801, with a pension of £200. McMahon, on the other hand, may be said to have risen from the ranks, and to have won George's favour by pandering to his pleasures. The Prince, who was grateful for such services, endeavoured when he became Regent to appoint McMahon to a sinecure, but the "job" was too much for Parliament, which vetoed all his Royal Highness's proposals in this matter. The Prince, determined not to be beaten in the struggle to provide for his boon companion, then appointed him his Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse.

"What news to-day?—Oh, worse and worse!—

Mac is the Prince's Privy Purse!

The Prince's *Purse*! No, no, you fool,

You mean the Prince's *Ridicule*."

So wrote Tom Moore, and the lines evoked a roar of laughter from all but the two persons principally concerned. McMahon held this post in the Prince Regent's household until his death in 1817, when he was succeeded in his master's confidence by Benjamin Bloomfield.

Bloomfield, who had distinguished himself as a

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soldier, was in 1806 quartered at Brighton as captain of a troop of horse-artillery doing duty with the Tenth Hussars. There he was introduced by Colonel Slade to the Prince, to whom his musical gifts were an attraction. George soon appointed him as a gentleman-in-waiting, and not long after made him his chief equerry. Thereafter Bloomfield's rise was rapid. He was *aide-de-camp* to his Royal Highness in 1811, was knighted four years later, and on the death of McMahon in 1817 succeeded him as Private Secretary. He was the Regent's confidential adviser in the following years, and retained his master's confidence until 1822, when he was asked to call upon Lord Liverpool, who informed him that he had received the King's orders to dismiss him from all his offices and to desire him to vacate his apartments at Carlton House and to leave the Stud House at Hampton Court that had been assigned him as a residence since his wife was appointed Ranger of the Park. Several accounts have been given of the circumstances that brought him into disfavour. The Duke of Buckingham thought it was because at an inquiry in connection with a sum spent on diamonds that figured in the Coronation expenses, he answered that the King had instructed him to place the item in these accounts, but that whether the money was expended in this way he could not say.* Others said he was removed at the instance of Lady Conyngham to make way for her son Francis, but Creevey gives another explanation: that when Bloomfield went to Ireland in 1821 to see that all was prepared for the royal visit,

* "Memoirs of the Court of George IV."

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when a Dublin theatre audience sang "God save the King," he was kind enough to step to the front of the box, and to express by his bows and gestures his deep sense of gratitude for this distinction, which act of folly, duly reported to his Majesty, was the immediate cause of his downfall. "Bloomfield was ruined from that moment," Creevey adds, "if you can call a man ruined who, in our recollection twenty years back, was little better than a common footman, and who, having made himself a fortune by palpable cheating and robbery in every department he had to do with, demands and obtains an Irish peerage, the Order of the Bath, and an embassy to a crowned head . . . this, in truth, being the price of keeping his master's secrets.* When Bloomfield had to surrender his appointments at Court, a disposition was shown to shelve him, but this he would not tolerate, and the knowledge of the many secrets he had acquired made it necessary for George to do something for him. Bloomfield went as minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Sweden, in May was raised to the (Irish) peerage, and on his return to England was given an important military appointment. He died in 1846.

A frequent visitor to the Pavilion was Sheridan, whom age could not sober. At fifty-five he was as full of the joy of living as he had been a quarter of a century earlier, and there was no fun proposed in which he would not take a hand : on one occasion, disguised as a police-officer, he entered the royal drawing-room and arrested the Dowager Lady Sefton for playing at some unlawful game. It is related that

* "Creevey Papers," vol ii. p. 105.

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when Warren Hastings and his wife dined at the Pavilion, the Prince, either forgetful of the relations between his guest and Sheridan, or desirous to bring about a reconciliation, introduced Sheridan to the man whose reputation his brilliant speeches had done so much to blast. Creevey was present when this incident occurred, and he heard Sheridan assure the old man that "any part he had ever taken against him was purely political, and that no one had a greater respect for him than himself, etc., etc." Hastings listened courteously, and then remarked dryly that, "it would be a great consolation to him in his declining days if Mr. Sheridan would make that sentence more public": whereupon Sheridan retreated nonplussed.

Another man of letters who came to Brighton was the banker-poet, Sam Rogers, who apparently did not greatly enjoy himself. "I have been here a fortnight to-morrow," he wrote to Sarah Rogers on October 26, 1808, "and have a very small house in a street leading from the Marine Parade, which last is very expensive, and which is very gay on a fine day. Before our old house there now stands a group of asses and ponies for the idle and luxurious. . . . I sometimes go to the music on the Parade, but, as you remember, it is a very cold place. Brighton at present is very full. The warmest place is the front of the Marine Library, and a never-failing scene of entertainment. The scarlet cloaks are innumerable. . . . The Prince is not here this season. . . . Here is hunting, but I am now too old for even such a part as I used to take in it. We have had a most miserable supply of fish, but this place is now a town,

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shooting out in all directions but one, where the sea presents a small obstacle." Rogers, of course, mixed in such society as the place afforded ; not so Mary and Charles Lamb, who visited the town eight years later, and were ignored by the fashionable folk, and certainly had no desire to be known to them. They led there a solitary life, to their exceeding satisfaction, and, it is a curious thing, in the following letter there is mention for the first time in any letter about Brighton of the pleasure to be derived from the sight of the sea. Visitors to Brighton were too much occupied in the pursuit of amusement to take any notice of that element or to indulge in country walks. "When I was at Brighton last summer, the first week I never took my eyes off the sea, not even to look in a book. I had not seen the sea for sixteen years," Mary Lamb wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth, November 21, 1817. "Charles and I played truant and wandered among the hills, which we magnified into little mountains, and *almost as good as* Westmoreland scenery. Certainly we made discoveries of many pleasant walks which few of the Brighton visitors have ever dreamed of—for like as is the case in the neighbourhood of London, after the first two or three miles we were sure to find ourselves in a perfect solitude." *

Most of the prominent politicians of the day came to Brighton at one time or another. William Pitt was there in 1783 ; and the fact that he and Fox arrived on the same day in the following year led to a rumour that they were about to form a coalition

* Charles and Mary Lamb : "Works and Letters" (ed. Lucas), vol. vi. p. 506.

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ministry—a scheme that George III., who hated Fox, would never have entertained. Burke came there, and stayed with Lord Mansfield, who had a house on The Steine ; and “Single-speech Hamilton” ; and among other visitors at a later date were Wellington and Brougham—the latter, owing to his attitude at the trial of Queen Caroline, being an object of hatred to George IV. Canning had a house at Brighton—No. 100, Marine Parade—and he built an arch under the road, to which access was made by a subterranean passage. This arch furnished a room, octagonal in shape, thickly padded, and lined with green baize, and there the statesman rehearsed his speeches, and received visitors whose calls it was not desirable should be generally known. Amongst these was the Prince, who often consulted Canning on matters of which he did not wish the public to know.* Another resident was Sir Philip Francis, who lived in one of the blue and buff houses on The Steine, and was often at the Pavilion, where, however, his aggressive manner did not make him popular. His host was given to the telling of stories that seemed interminable, and Sir Philip could not endure these lengthy, meandering narratives. “Well, Sir! Well, Sir! And what then, Sir, what then?” he would interject, and George would always say in astonishment, “Why, what is the matter with you? What do you want?” “Want, Sir, want?” the interrupter would snap. “What’s the matter with me? Sir, I want a *result*!” The Rev. Thomas Cannon, who held the living of

* Mrs. Pitt Byrne : “Gossip of the Century,” vol. i. p. 60.

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the neighbouring parish of Patcham, made himself no more agreeable than Sir Philip Francis. Cannon was really a charming man, but he had been spoiled by being made much of. He was proud of his voice, and delighted to sing an old English ballad describing the adventures of a Bishop of Hereford : if not called upon to perform, he became irritable and rude. "Accompany me, Cannon," said the Prince one evening, "in that exquisite air of Storeace, that suits my voice so well." There was nothing to do but obey ; but "the Dean of Patcham," as his friend Theodore Hook called him, showed his displeasure by beating time with his foot to indicate that his Royal Highness was singing too slowly or too fast, and interrupting with such remarks as "Piano ! Piano !" The Prince exhibited great patience, and when the song was finished turned to the accompanist and asked, "Did I not sing that well?" "Excuse me, your Royal Highness," replied Cannon, "but I have never heard it so indifferently rendered."

The Prince had a small dinner-party at the Pavilion every evening, the average number of covers being about sixteen ; and it was the custom at the royal table that the course of each dinner was the same. Mrs. Fitzherbert always dined there until her final rupture with the Prince, and there was always invited at least one other lady—it might be Lady Downshire, Lady Clare, Mrs. Creevey, Lady Nagle, Lady Clermont, Lady Haggerstone, Lady Berkeley, or Lady Aldborough. The Countess of Aldborough, who had deserted Bath for Brighton, was a great friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert : the good-natured old



From a drawing by Thomas Rowlandson, 1788.

SALOON AT THE MARINE PAVILION.

[To face p. 106.]

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lady was a melancholy caricature of youth, affecting a juvenile style of dress, a hoydenish manner, and many eccentricities more suitable to a girl in her teens. Lady Clermont is best remembered by an oft-told anecdote. She was fond of strong drink, and took advantage of her doctor's orders to put a small spoonful of brandy into her tea. With an absent air she would invariably pour the brandy over the back of the spoon; with a start she would presently become aware of her mistake, and would then turn the spoon the right way, and carefully measure the quantity to which she had been restricted. Lady Haggerstone was celebrated for her entertainments, and there has been recorded some particulars of a rural *fête* she gave in honour of the Prince. She received her royal guest attired as a milkmaid, ready to concoct a syllabub. She wore a characteristic hat, with long cherry-coloured ribbons, and a milkmaid's apron, the lace on which was worth hundreds of pounds; in one hand she carried a silver pail, in the other a most ornate milking-stool. But, somehow, in spite of these elaborate preparations, the syllabub was never accomplished. Lady Berkeley's chequered career is epitomised in the "Jerningham Letters":—"She was a Housemaid, but always a Virtuous Woman. Lord Berkeley's Fancy for Her was so imperious that He resolved upon regular Matrimony. After a time, Repenting of this measure, he prevailed on the Clergyman to tear the Leaf out of the Register that witnessed his being a married man. But then again Regret came, as a Child had arrived every year, so He married the said *Maid* again; and the

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fourth Son was supposed to be the inheritor of his title. But soon after, the Clergyman who had first tied Him in Wedlock dyeing, He then declared the date of his previous Marriage, and proclaimed that his first Born Son was Lord Dursley—He Could not Say this during the Clergyman's Life, as the tearing the Register is Felony. So all this made a sad work, but Lord Thurlow declared there is not a doubt but that the first marriage was Legal, and the Eldest Son is accordingly Stiled Lord Dursley. There are nine Sons, and two daughters.”*

Dinner was served at six o'clock; and the meal was always accompanied by a band of musicians playing horns and other noisy instruments, which to the majority of the company seemed a maddening performance, though the host delighted in it, and often joined in, beating time on the dinner-gong! If the Prince did not take his party to the theatre or to a ball at the “Ship” or the “Castle,” as sometimes happened, other guests were invited for the evening. Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was a great card-player, immediately after dinner made up her table, and remained at it until the company departed. The Prince, however, had entirely abandoned gambling, and never touched a card in these later days. He talked to his guests and listened to the music until twelve o'clock, when, as a rule, the band stopped, sandwiches and wine were handed round, and, shortly after, the guests were dismissed.

Creevey tells us that though he had heard a great

* “Jerningham Letters,” p. 287—Lady Jerningham to Lady Bedingfield, Brighton, July 26, 1806.

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deal of the Prince's drinking, he never saw him drunk but once, in spite of the fact that his Royal Highness imbibed great quantities of wine at dinner, and had the playful habit "of making any newcomer drunk by drinking wine with him very frequently, always recommending his strongest wines, and at last some remarkably strong old brandy which he called Diabolino." The Prince, however, was not always so well-conducted as Creevey found him, and Mrs. Creevey's account of an evening at the Pavilion, when her husband was not there, probably gives a better picture of the doings at that palace. "Oh, this wicked Pavillion!" she wrote to Creevey, October 19, 1805. "We were there till $\frac{1}{2}$ past one this morn'g., and it has kept me in bed with the headache till 12 to-day. . . . The invitation did not come to us till 9 o'clock: we went in Lord Thurlow's carriage, and were in fear of being too late; but the Prince did not come out of the dining-room till 11. Till then our only companions were Lady Downshire and Mr. and Miss Johnstone—the former very good-natured and amiable. . . . When the Prince appeared, I instantly saw he had got more wine than usual, and it was still more evident that the German Baron was extremely drunk. The Prince came up and sat by me, introduced McMahon to me, and talked a great deal about Mrs. Fitzherbert—said she had been 'delighted' with my note, and wished much to see me. He asked her 'When?'—and he said her answer was—'Not till *you* are gone, and I can see her *comfortably*.' I suppose this might be correct, for Mac[Mahon] told me he had been 'worrying her to death' all the

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morning. . . . Afterwards the Prince led all the party to the tables where the maps lie, to see him shoot with an air-gun at a target placed at the end of the room. He did it very skilfully, and wanted all the ladies to attempt it. The girls and I excused ourselves on account of our short sight; but Lady Downshire hit a fiddler in the dining-room, Miss Johnstone a door, and Bloomfield the ceiling. . . . I soon had enough of this, and retired to the fire with Mac. . . . At last a waltz was played by the band, and the Prince offered to waltz with Miss Johnstone, but very quickly, and once round the table made him giddy, so of course it was proper for his partner to be giddy too; but he cruelly only thought of supporting himself, so she reclined on the Baron.”*

This account of an evening at the Pavilion is corroborated by a passage in the *Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne*, written when Lady Hertford had taken Mrs. Fitzherbert's place in the Prince's affections. “About eleven o'clock the Prince went into a drawing-room where a little cold supper had been laid. Here he was followed only by those whom he specially invited, ladies staying in the house and two or three intimate male friends, and then it was that the Prince threw off all reserve. He sat on a sofa between the Marchioness of Hertford and some other lady to whom he wished to show special politeness, and monopolised the conversation. He had a marvellous knowledge of all the stories of gallantry of the Court of Louis XVI., as well as those of England, and related them at length. His

* “Creevey Papers,” vol. i. p. 65.

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stories were often interspersed with little madrigals, and more often with obscenities. The Marchioness assumed a dignified air, and the Prince passed the matter off with a jest not always in the best of taste. Upon the whole these evening parties, which went on until two and three o'clock in the morning, would have seemed desperately wearisome, had they been given by a private individual. But the enchantment of the crown kept the whole company awake, and sent the guests away delighted with the condescension of the Prince."*

Occasionally the Prince entertained members of his family. The Royal Dukes, especially York and Clarence, were frequently there and were welcome visitors, having many tastes in common with their host; and, it has already been mentioned, the Princess of Wales came in 1797 for the first and only time. In 1814 the Regent had as guests the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia and his sons, and then came Queen Charlotte to visit her son, bringing in her train the Dukes of Clarence and Kent, and the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary. She was welcomed at Patcham by a mounted deputation from Brighton, which formed itself into a guard of honour and cantered both sides and behind and in front of the royal carriage. During this visit the informality that was usual at the Pavilion was, of course, abandoned in place of vigorous etiquette, to which the Queen was a slave; and, though George had little or no liking for his mother, her Majesty found the visit so agreeable, that, no doubt to her son's consternation, she repeated it in the following year,

* Vol. ii. p. 249.

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and again in 1816. On this last occasion she was accompanied by Princess Charlotte of Wales, and at the same time came Prince Leopold, to whom the self-willed young lady, who would have nothing to say to the Prince of Orange, was eager to be betrothed.

CHAPTER VII

THE BRIGHTON ROAD

IN the eighteenth century travelling was unpleasant for the wealthy and misery to the poor. Even the journey from London to Brighton, little more than fifty miles, was far from agreeable unless you travelled in your own carriage, when, in the ordinary way, in those few months when the road was in fair condition, you might hope to arrive some time in the evening of the day you started: otherwise the journey occupied two days.

When Dr. Russell came to Brighton, that place communicated with the metropolis by means of a carrier's waggon, and the earliest intelligence from thence reached it usually on the evening of the second day. Then, the usual mode of travelling was by packhorse, and, Erredge tells us, "the lanes and bye-ways being then very narrow, recesses in the hedge-rows were made in certain places to permit of the laden animals standing aside that they might be passed, as their packs, which extended considerably on each side of the animals, would otherwise frequently come in unpleasant contact with the fair sex, who on pillions occupied similar positions to merchandise when on horseback."*

* "History of Brighthelmston," p. 302.

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roads were terrible, and in winter often impassable. When Charles II. paid a visit to the Duke of Northumberland at Petworth Hall, his vehicle capsized a dozen times, and had to be supported on each side by peasants. The inhabitants of Brighton regarded the state of the roads as a kind of security, and when a proposal was made for improving them, they petitioned Parliament to refuse its sanction, as, if communication was easier, the town would be filled with London cut-throats and pickpockets.

Presently were put upon the road eight-horse fly-coaches, which carried both goods and passengers. There has been preserved an early advertisement of these, dated May 12, 1756 :—

“NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the LEWES ONE DAY STAGE COACH OR CHAISE sets out from the Talbot Inn in the Borough, on Saturday next, the 19th instant.

“When likewise the Brighthelmstone Stage begins.

“Performed (*if God permit*) by

“JAMES BATCHELOR.”

For a while Batchelor seems to have had the monopoly, but in 1762 appeared a rival firm, issuing this announcement in the *Sussex Weekly Advertiser* :

“LEWES and BRIGHTHELMSTON new FLYING MACHINE (by Uckfield), hung on steel springs, very neat and commodious, to carry FOUR PASSENGERS, sets out from the Golden Cross Inn, Charing Cross, on Monday, the 7th of June, at six o'clock in the morning, and will continue MONDAY'S, WEDNESDAY'S,

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and FRIDAY's to the White Hart, at Lewes, and the Castle, at Brighthelmston, where regular books are kept for entering passengers and parcels ; will return to London TUESDAY's, THURSDAY's, and SATURDAY's. Each inside passenger to Lewes, Thirteen Shillings ; to Brighthelmston, sixteen ; to be allowed Fourteen Pound Weight for Luggage, all above to pay One Penny per Pound ; half the fare to be paid at Booking, the other at entering the machine. Children in Lap, and Outside Passengers to pay half price.

“ Performed by { J. TUBB.
S. BRAWNE.” *

Batchelor, however, was willing, and able, to fight these competitors, and there ensued a war of advertisements, followed by the cutting of rates and attempts by each coach to do the journey in better time than the other—by which rivalry the public greatly benefited.

The earliest account of stage-coaches at Brighton is in 1798, when the Princess of Wales pair-horse or post-coach was put on the road to London by way of Steyning and Horsham, the route usually taken by the fly-coaches ; but with the next two or three years many coaches had been put on the road. A list of those running to and from London in 1800 has fortunately been preserved.

London Post Coaches,

by Messrs. Boulton, Tilt, Hicks, Bauleomb, and Co., to the Golden-Cross, Charing-Cross, Old White-horse

* Quoted in Bishop : “ A Peep into the Past,” pp. 243-4.

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Cellar, Gloucester Coffee-house, Piccadilly, and Swan with Two Necks, Lad-lane, every morning, at seven, eight, and nine o'clock, during the summer, from the General Coach-office, corner of North Street, passing through Cuckfield, Ryegate, etc., etc., reach London between five and six in the evening.

London Post Coaches,

by Messrs. Boulton, Tilt, Hicks, Baulcomb, and Co., from the General Coach-office, corner of North-Street, for the same inns in London, by way of Lewes, Uckfield, East Grinstead, Croydon, etc., every morning at seven o'clock, and reach town between five and six in the evening.

London Post Coaches,

by Messrs. Henwood, Crossweller, Pockney, Cud-dington, Harding, and Vallance: set out every morning in the summer at seven, eight, and nine o'clock, from the Coach-office, No. 44, in East-Street, to the Blossoms Inn, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside; and Hatchett's, White-horse Cellar, Piccadilly, through Cuckfield, Ryegate, etc., etc., and reach London between five and six o'clock in the evening.

London Post (Night-Coach)

alternately from the Office in East-Street, and corner of North-Street, every night in the summer season, at ten o'clock, and get to London about seven in the morning.

London Coach

from the Gun Inn, on the East Cliff, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at seven o'clock,

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during the summer season, to the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-Street, through Henfield, Horsham, Dorking, Leatherhead, Epsom, etc., and returns thence every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, at seven o'clock.

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London Stage-Waggon,

from the Waggon-office, No. 17, East Street, by William Bradford; sets off every Monday evening for London, through Cuckfield, Ryegate, etc., to the Nag's Head Inn, Borough; returns from thence Wednesday noon, and arrives at Brighton Friday evening.

London Stage-Waggon,

by Messrs. Crossweller, Richardson and Co., from the General Waggon-office, No. 22, Little East Street, to Hatchett's, New White-horse Cellar, Piccadilly; Swan-Inn, Holborn-bridge; and George-Inn, Borough; Monday and Thursday evenings: and returns from the White-horse Cellar, Piccadilly, and the Swan Inn, Holborn-bridge, every Wednesday, and from the George-Inn, Borough, every Saturday evening.

London Stage-Waggon,

by John Dairs, through Cuckfield, Ryegate, etc., etc., every Tuesday and Saturday evening, from the

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General Waggon-office, No. 52, Middle Street, to the 'Talbot Inn, Borough, and Harrison's Old White-horse Cellar, Piccadilly, where they arrive every Monday and Wednesday noon; return from Harrison's every Monday and Wednesday noon, and from the 'Talbot Inn every Tuesday and Thursday morning, and reach Brighton every Wednesday and Friday evening.*

In 1801 two pair-horse coaches ran between London and Brighton on alternate days, one up, one down, and these were driven by Crossweller and Hine. These coaches from London started at seven o'clock in the morning from the Blossoms Inn, Laurence Lane, where, so as to be ready at that early hour, most passengers stayed overnight. Though it may be taken for granted that the travellers did not start without partaking of a meal, breakfast was served at the Cock at Sutton at nine o'clock. Later, there was a halt for refreshment, which usually took the form of elderberry wine, at the Tangier tavern on Banstead Downs; luncheon was served at Reigate, and dinner at Staplefield Common, at an inn celebrated for hot rabbit-pudding. Barring accidents, the next stopping-place was Handcross, famous for gingerbread and (smuggled) Hollands; and then came Clayton Hill, at the foot of which, to save the horses, the passengers alighted and walked up the steep incline. Often there was a few minutes' delay at Patcham—for drinks; and Brighton was reached about seven o'clock in the evening. The distance was fifty-four miles:—

* "Brighton New Guide for 1800," p. 96.

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					Miles.	Miles.
Preston	—	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Patcham	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Clayton	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	7
Cuckfield	7	14
Hand-Cross	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$
Crawley	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	23
Horley	4	27
Reigate	6	33
Sutton	10	43
Mitcham	3	46
Lower Tooting	2	48
Upper Tooting	$\frac{1}{2}$	48 $\frac{1}{2}$
Balham	1	49 $\frac{1}{2}$
London	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	54

This was a new road and the most direct; and, before the cutting of Clayton Hill, ran close to the east side of Piecombe Church. Subsequently, in June, 1810, was opened another road from Piecombe, through Albourne and Hickshead, which had the double advantage of avoiding hills, and saving two miles—thus reducing the distance from Brighton to London to fifty-two miles.

The Cuckfield *route* was, of course, but one of many. Some coaches, before the road to Falmer and Lewes was made, went *viâ* Elm Grove, crossing the hills above Bevenden and Falmer, then proceeding by way of Lewes, Offham, Chailey, Witch Cross, East Grinstead, Godstone, and Croydon, a distance of fifty-seven miles; but from Lewes, in spite of its being two miles longer, a more frequented road was that going through Uckfield and Forest Row, and joining the other at East Grinstead.

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				Miles.	Miles.
Falmer	—	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Lewes	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	8
Uckfield	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	16 $\frac{1}{4}$
Mansfield	2	18 $\frac{1}{4}$
Nutley	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	22
Nitch Cross	3	25
Forest-Row	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$
East Grinstead	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	30
Fell Bridge	2	32
New Chapel	2	34
Godstone	6	40
Croydon	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	49 $\frac{1}{2}$
Streatham	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	54
London	5	59

Some coaches went by way of Ditching Hill to Lindfield into the main road at Reigate, and others *viâ* Saddlescombe, Poynings, Henfield, and Horsham ; but the most popular *route* was by the upper road leading to Old Shoreham, passing Goldstone Bottom, over Bramber Bridge, through Steyning, Horsham, Dorking, and Epsom.

				Miles.	Miles.
Henfield	—	10
Cowfold	5	15
Horsham	6	21
Capel	7	28
Dorking	6	34
Mickleham	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	36 $\frac{1}{2}$
Leatherhead	2	38 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ashted	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	40
Epsom	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	42 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ewell	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	44
Morden	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	47 $\frac{3}{4}$
Merton Abbey	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	50
London	7	57

THE BRIGHTON ROAD

Competition between the proprietors of the coaches made it imperative for the drivers to do the journey in the shortest time possible, and we read how in the spring of 1816, a coach was started to do the journey in six hours, with a pledge that if this was not accomplished fares would be refunded. To accomplish this feat it was necessary to gallop all the way, with the result that fifteen horses died in one week, when the authorities interfered on the grounds of the safety of the passengers and cruelty to the animals. Yet six hours was not too little to do the journey, which was the regulation time some ten years later when the road had been improved. "I set out for Brighton this morning in a light coach, which performed the distance in six hours," wrote Sir Walter Scott in his "Journal," May 20, 1828. "Otherwise the journey was uncomfortable. Three women, the very specimens of womankind—I mean trumpery—a child who was sick, but afterwards looked and smiled, and was the only thing like company. The road is pleasant enough until it gets into the Weald of Sussex, a huge succession of green downs, which swept along the sea coast for many miles."

The record for the single journey was held from 1784 by George IV., who drove a three-horse tandem to Brighton in four and a half hours, until February, 1834, when the "Criterion" coach brought down in three hours forty minutes a report of the speech with which William IV. opened Parliament. This coach was unfortunate, for four months later it overturned, and injured many passengers, while Sir William Cosway, who endeavoured to escape by climbing on

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the roof, was thrown to the ground and killed. Under its original name of "Quicksilver," in the previous year the horses had become unmanageable, and had dashed into the railings on the New Steyne. The driving record for the double journey was made on July 14, 1888, when London was left at ten o'clock in the morning, the "Old Ship" was reached four minutes before two, and the coach pulled up at the "White Horse Cellars" at ten minutes to six. This trip arose out of a wager, and the coach was driven by the professional "whip," James Selby, who died in December of this year, when his guard, Walter Godden, composed some memorial verses:—

"The last ride that our old friend had was on the Brighton
road,

Whilst he with favourite anecdote amused his sporting load ;
But now he's left us all to mourn for him, so kind and true,
Respected both by rich and poor, in fact, by all he knew.

"Ne'er shall I ride another stage with him I loved so well,
Or tootle on his favourite horn the tunes to me he'd tell ;
For now he's gone to realms above, all pleasure here is
marred ;

A good old master and a friend was he to me, his Guard."

There were in 1811 twenty-eight coaches on the road, and eleven years later no less than sixty, thirty going each way ; on October 25, 1833, the coaches took down four hundred and eighty passengers. Many amateur coachmen took the reins, some more or less regularly for a period. The Marquis of Worcester frequently drove the "Beaufort," and the

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Hon. Frederick Jerningham "tooted" the day-mail ; * while the prince of amateur "whips," Sir St. Vincent Cotton, had his own coach, the "Age," with splendid horses and magnificent fittings, even the horse-cloths being edged with broad silver lace. The Cambridge-shire baronet, a descendant of Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, the antiquary, was as particular about the half-crown "tip" as his professional brethren ; and there is told an amusing story that when two old ladies objected to hand him the coin, protesting that "they had known his mother, and he ought to be ashamed of asking for a fee," he retorted, "that if his mamma or his great grandmamma had ever patronised his coach, he should most assuredly have expected the usual 'tip' from them."

Those who did not care to travel by the public coaches could come in their own, or a hired carriage, and the road, at certain seasons of the year, was alive with private vehicles, from phaetons, curricles, and gigs, to the Prince of Wales's long travelling carriage, so constructed that in a few moments its interior could be converted into a bedroom, with a couch and every convenience for passing the night. Private travelling was, of course, a luxury. Joseph Jekyll mentions that when he went to Brighton in 1775 he had to pay the postboy ninepence a mile in addition to the charges for horses ; and the expense was not less as the years passed, for old Robert Smith, driving from London to see his son Horace, found that the expense of the journey there and back was not less than twenty guineas.

* The first mail coach ran on May 21, 1810.

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The opening of the railway to Brighton in September, 1843, sounded the death-knell of professional coaching: from this time those who went by road did so no longer from necessity, but from desire of a pleasure trip.

CHAPTER VIII

SEA-BATHING AND THE BATHS

TO-DAY sea-bathing is such a popular amusement that it is difficult to remember that in the middle of the eighteenth century, so far from being a recognised pleasure, it was probably not indulged in by one person in a thousand in this country. It has already been mentioned that Dr. Richard Russell was the first physician to recommend sea-bathing in the case of certain maladies, and Dr. Awsiter, one of Russell's disciples, preaching the same doctrine, was careful to lay stress on the fact that Brighton was the ideal spot for indulgence in this duty—for as pleasure it was not yet recognised. "Bathing in the sea for pleasure, arises from two motives, the love of cleanliness, and the refreshment that cold bathing affords the body, by bracing and cooling it," he wrote in 1768. "To this a bold, sandy shore contributes, where the water is clear, and free from the mixture of muddy fresh waters, which always deposite a quantity of filth; where the descent of the shore is gradual, not rocky; and where the tides do not suddenly rise, to make bathing dangerous. Such a shore for sea-bathing is to be preferred, and the perfection of such a shore Brighthelmston can boast. But with all these advantages, there are inconveniences which attend

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sea-bathing here ; yet none but what may be easily remedied, by a proper attention of the inhabitants. The coast of Brighthelmston being open to the main sea, there is no shelter to the bathers from the wind, which sets in to this shore almost constantly ; and, if the weather is not very serene, the great agitation of the water occasioned thereby makes the bathing oftentimes disagreeable, not to say dangerous, more especially to the ladies. This inconvenience may be remedied by a different position of the bathing machines while in use.”* Those who controlled the bathing accepted the hint of Dr. Awsiter, conveyed in the last lines of the above quotation ; and soon after bathing could be indulged in both to the east and the west of the town.

Bathing was then, and for many years to come, such a novelty that no book on Brighton omitted to mention the manner in which the plunge was taken—a manner which suggests that swimming was an almost unknown accomplishment in those days. “By means of a hook-ladder the bather ascends the machine, which is formed of wood, and raised on high wheels,” so runs one account. “They are drawn to a proper distance from the shore, and then plunge into the sea, the guides attending on each side to assist them in recovering the machine ; which being accomplished, they are drawn back to shore. The guides are strong, active, and careful ; and in every respect adapted to their employment.”† Of

* “Thoughts on Brighthelmstone.”

† “Brighton New Guide,” 1800.



From a caricature by Thomas Rowlandson, 1788.

BATHING MACHINES AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

[To face p. 126,



From a painting by John Russell. (By permission of Dr. George C. Williamson.)

JOHN ("SMOAKER") MILES. [To face p. 127.

SEA-BATHING AND THE BATHS

these guides, two have come down to fame, and both are celebrated in the following verses :—

“ There’s plenty of dippers and jokers,
And salt-water rigs for your fun ;
The King of them all is ‘ Old Smoaker,’
The Queen of them ‘ Old Martha Gunn.’

“ The ladies walk out in the morn,
To taste of the salt-water breeze ;
They ask if the water is warm,
Says Martha, ‘ Yes, Ma’am, if you please.’

“ Then away to the machines they run,
’Tis surprising how soon they get stript ;
I oft wish myself Martha Gunn,
Just to see the young ladies get dipt.”

“ Old Smoaker ” was in private life John Miles, and he is best remembered for the story of how, when the Prince of Wales ventured further out than was prudent and would take no notice of the bathing man’s warnings, he seized his Royal Highness by the ear, and so conducted him, willy-nilly, to the shore. “ I ar’n’t agoen’ to let the King hang me for lettin’ the Prince of Wales drown hisself ; not I, to please nobody, I can tell’e,” was the only answer he made to the remonstrances of the young man, who soon let his sense of humour get the better of his indignation. Subsequently, George appointed “ Old Smoaker ” Royal Bather, and established the Smoaker Stakes, which were run for at the Brighton Race Meeting in July, 1806, and won by his Royal Highness’s horse, Albion. “ Smoaker ” died in 1794, and was buried near the west boundary wall of the

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old churchyard, immediately opposite Upper North Street.

There is a portrait extant of Martha Gunn, the bathing woman, with a child in her arms that she has been dipping in the sea, and this child was said to be the Prince of Wales, a supposition apparently supported by the verse :—

“To Brighton came he,
Came George the Third's son,
To be dipped in the sea
By the famed Martha Gunn.”

The legend is, however, without foundation, since George's first visit to Brighton took place when he was twenty-one years of age. Then and afterwards, however, he saw Martha not infrequently, and would sometimes send for her to the Pavilion, where her quaint conversation delighted him and amused “Mrs. Prince,” as the “dipper” persisted in calling Mrs. Fitzherbert. Martha had the entry to the royal kitchens, where she was a favourite with the servants. One day a cook had given her a pound of butter, when the Prince entered, and Martha, not knowing what view of the gift he would take, hastily put it in a pocket. George, however, had seen this, but gave no sign he had done so. He entered into conversation with her as usual, but maliciously contrived to edge her closer and closer to the great kitchen fire. Poor Martha not only got very hot, but was also in terror lest the butter should melt. The butter did melt, and when it ran down the old woman's clothes and formed a stream on the floor the Prince, laughing heartily, retired.

SEA-BATHING AND THE BATHS

Martha Gunn was, indeed, an institution, but her position and that of her fellow dippers had once been challenged, as the following advertisements show:—

“BRIGHTHELMSTON. SEA BATHING.

“This is to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and others resorting to Brighthelmston, that MARTHA TUTT, MARY GUILDFORD, SUSANNAH GUILDFORD, ELIZABETH WINGHAM, and ANN SMITH, five strong Women, all used to the Sea, have completely fitted up a set of NEW MACHINES, with a Careful Man and Horse to conduct them in and out of the Water, for the purpose of BATHING LADIES AND CHILDREN, the Ladies at One Shilling each, and Children Sixpence.—Attendance will be given every morning.

“N.B.—Orders received at “THE RISING SUN,” near the Bathing.

“March 27th, 1780.” *

“BRIGHTHELMSTON. SEA BATHING.

“THE OLD BATHERS FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS PAST.

“This is to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and others resorting to Brighthelmston, that MARY HOWELL, MARY COBBY, MARTHA GUNN, ABIGAIL MILES, SUSANNAH PATCHING, ANN LANGLEY, ANN SMITH (late Ann Cherry), and MARTHA JOHNSON, CONTINUE TO BATHE THE LADIES as usual; with James Johnson, a Careful Man, with

* “Lewes Journal,” April 3, 1780. †

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good horses, to conduct the machines in and out of the Sea.

“Attendance given every morning.

“N.B.—ORDERS RECEIVED AT MARY HOWELL’S,
No. 3, East Street.

“April 5th, 1780.”*

Whether the new-comers were driven from the town, or whether eventually the opposition cooled, history sayeth not; of them all only Martha Gunn has come down to posterity. We read in the *Morning Herald* for July 15, 1805, that, “The veteran Priestess of the Bath, Martha Gunn, was busily employed this morning,” and elsewhere, “Many of our lovely belles took *ducks* for breakfast this morning, purchased of their cateress, Martha Gunn, who boasts that from the fair profits she gains by the sale of her *ducks* she is often enabled to purchase a *goose* for dinner.” The last glimpse of the old woman vouchsafed to us is in a long-forgotten book, “The Observant Pedestrian Mounted, or, A Donkey Trip to Brighton,” published in 1815, in May of which year Martha died.

“‘What, my old friend Martha,’ said I, ‘still queen of the ocean, still industrious, and busy as ever, and how do you find yourself?’

“‘Well and hearty, thank God, Sir,’ replied she, ‘but rather hobbling; I don’t bathe, because I ain’t so strong as I used to be, so I superintend on the beach, for I’m up before any of ’em; you may always

* “Lewes Journal,” April 10, 1780. These quaint advertisements are quoted in Bishop: “A Peep into the Past,” p. 229.



From an old engraving.]

MARTHA GUNN.

[To face p. 130.

SEA-BATHING AND THE BATHS

find me and my pitcher, at one exact spot, every morning by six o'clock !'

" ' You wear vastly well, my old friend, pray what age may you be ? ' "

" ' Only eighty-eight, Sir, eighty-nine next Christmas pudding ; aye, and though I've lost my teeth, I can mumble it with as good relish and hearty appetite as anybody. ' "

" ' I'm glad to hear it ; Brighton would not look like itself without you, Martha, ' said I.

" ' Oh, I don't know, it's like to do without me some day, ' answered she, ' but while I've health and life, I must be bustling amongst my old friends and benefactors ; I think I ought to be proud, for I've as many bows from man, woman, and child, as the Prince himself ; aye, I do believe, the very dogs in the town know me. ' "

" ' And your son, how is he ? ' said I.

" ' Brave and charming ; he lives in East Street ; if your honour wants any prime pickled salmon, or oysters, there you have 'em. ' "

" I promised her I'd be a customer ; she made me a low curtsy, and I left her hobbling to the side of the London coach, to deliver cards from the repository of her poor withered, sea-freckled bosom ; for, like a woman of fashion, her bosom was her pocket. "

The drawbacks to bathing at Brighton then were numerous. Even in the nineties of the eighteenth century the bathing-machines, for women as for men, had no awning or covering, as at Weymouth, Margate, and Scarborough : " consequently they are all severely

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inspected by the aid of telescopes, not only as they confusedly ascend from the sea, but as they kick and sprawl and flounder about its muddy margin, like so many mad Naiads in flannel smocks.”* Publicity, however, was not apparently regarded as a very serious evil, for so early as 1763 “Gilly” Williams, writing to George Selwyn, says it would astonish the latter “to see the mixture of sexes at this place, and with what a coolness and indifference half a dozen Irishmen will bathe close to those whom we call prudes elsewhere, such as [Lady] Charlotte Tupton, etc.”† Bathing from the beach came into fashion, but not as now from tents; and the authorities, after many warnings, had to take steps to check it. That their interference was called for is shown by the following incident: “The greatest novelty, however, that this part of the coast exhibited this morning, was a gentleman undressing himself on the beach for the purpose of a ducking, in front of the town, attended by his lady, who, *sans diffidence*, supplied him with napkins, and even assisted him in wiping the humid effects of his exercise from his brawny limbs, as he returned from the water to dress.”‡ A few fines of five pounds each had a satisfactory result.

It was far from easy, when the season was at its height, to secure a machine—which, in the first instance, may have driven some enthusiastic would-be bathers to undress on the beach. Indeed, at times, even so

* “Anthony Pasquin”: “New Brighton Guide,” p. 5 note.

† Jesse: “George Selwyn and his Contemporaries,” vol. i. p. 265.

‡ *Morning Herald*, August 28, 1806.

SEA-BATHING AND THE BATHS

early as 1779, the struggle seems to have been as severe as at the gallery door of a theatre where a popular success was being played in the days before the *queue* system was introduced. "Each man runs to a machine-ladder as it is dragging out of the sea, and scuffles who shall first set foot thereon," Bew has recorded; "some send their footmen, and contend by proxy; others go in boats, or on horseback, to meet the machines:—so that a tolerably modest man, on a busy morning, has generally an hour and a half, perhaps two hours, for contemplation on the sands, to the detriment of his shoes, as well as the diminution of his patience."* Even when a machine was secured the woman bather's troubles were not always at an end, for the place set apart for their bathing was between West Street and Middle Street, and at that spot it was customary in fine weather for coal brigs to discharge their cargoes, with the result that frequently the surface of the water was covered with fine coal dust. Yet apparently nothing daunted the intrepid bathers, and we may read how Miss Burney, with Mrs. and the three Miss Thrals, all arose at six o'clock on a morning late in November, 1782, "and 'by the pale blink of the moon' . . . into the ocean we plunged."†

* "Diary," September 9, 1779 (quoted in Erredge: "History of Brighthelmstone," p. 227).

† "Anthony Pasquin" in "The New Brighton Guide" asserts that the bathing was dangerous. "The shore is so disastrously imperfect," he wrote, "that those beginners who paddle in are injured by the shocking repulsion of the juices to the brain; and of those who are enabled to plunge in, and swim beyond the surge, it is somewhat less than an even bet that many never

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Several authorities, including the compiler of the "Brighton New Guide for 1800" and the usually accurate Erredge, state that the foundation stone of the first baths in Brighton, which were designed by a Mr. Golden, was laid in 1759. The date, however, is wrong by no less than ten years. Dr. Awsiter, in 1768, in his pamphlet, "Thoughts on Brighthelmstone, concerning Sea-bathing and drinking Sea-water," advocated the erection of a bathing establishment. "The utility of these baths is obvious," he wrote in that work; "they may be used either for hot or cold bathing. There are some individuals to whom cold bathing would be serviceable, could they be able to bear the fatigue of being dipt in the sea, and (what is more material) to be exposed to the cold air. If the weather happens to be stormy, and the sea so rough, as not to admit of bathing in it, recourse may be had to the baths: by this means bathing would become more universal, be unattended with terror, and no cure protracted. Moreover, invalids would have the advantage of this bathing remedy all the year round; whereas, on account of the variableness of our climate, it is denied them at present, except in the summer months, and then only in calm weather." Dr. Awsiter was unable to persuade the local authorities to move in the matter, and eventually himself in 1769 built a set of baths at the spot called The Pool, at the south-west corner of The Steine, close by the sea, from which water was conveyed direct to the return—in truth, the loss of lives here every season would make any society miserable, who were not congregating in the mart of noisy folly."



From an old engraving.

MAHOMED'S BATHS.

[To face p. 135.]

SEA-BATHING AND THE BATHS

baths, at first seven in number. Eventually the Doctor disposed of the building to one Woods, who subsequently sold it to Brill.

There were subsequently established other baths, by Smith, who claimed to have discovered a method of curing the gout by means of an air-pump, and by Williams, whose establishment was on the site subsequently occupied by Lion Mansion. Better known, however, were the baths of Sake Deen Mahomed, a native of India, who, having been educated as a surgeon, had entered the East India Company's service in that capacity. In 1780, having been transferred from the medical to the military side, he became captain; but four years later left the service, and came to England, and settled at Brighton, in the King's Road. There, on the site occupied by Markwell's Hotel since 1870, he introduced the Vapour Bath and Shampooing, but with little success, until he effected some gratuitous cures, which brought him into fashion, and secured him the novel appointment of Shampooing Surgeon to George IV., and afterwards to William IV. Mahomed became a noted character, and as such duly received notice at the hands of "Bernard Blackmantle": "A dingy empiric has invented a new system of *humbug*," wrote that unkindly censor of his age, "which is in great dispute here, and is called Shampooing; a sort of stewing alive by steam, sweetened by being forced through odoriferous herbs, and undergoing the pleasant sensation of being dabbed all the while with pads of flannels through holes in the wet blankets that surround you, until the cartilaginous substances of your joints are

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made as pliable as the ligaments of boiled calves' feet, your whole system relaxed and unnerved, and your trembling legs as useless in supporting your body as a pair of boots would be without the usual quantity of flesh and bone within them."* George Augustus Sala remembered Mahomed, who, indeed, survived until 1851, when he died at the age of one hundred and two. Mahomed claimed, and doubtless rightly, that his baths cured rheumatism, and, Sala related, "the vestibule of the establishment was hung with the crutches of former martyrs to rheumatism, sciatica, and lumbago," the erstwhile owners of which had been restored to health by the Vapour Bath and the Shampooing.† "To put you in good humour again," Horace Smith wrote to Charles Mathews in 1828, "I must tell you that Mahomed, yesterday, pointed out to a friend of mine a suspended crutch, which he averred to have been yours, and that he had enabled you to throw it away by shampooing you."‡ The Smiths were much amused by the Indian, and while Horace wrote of him in prose, James composed an *Ode to Mahomed, the Brighton Shampooer*, and thus addressed him:—

"O thou dark sage, whose vapour bath
Makes muscular as his of Gath,
Limbs erst relax'd and limber;
Whose herbs, like those of Jason's mate,
The wither'd leg of seventy-eight —
Convert to stout *knee* timber.

* "The English Spy," vol. i. p. 306.

† Sala: "Life and Adventures," vol. i. p. 202.

‡ Beavan, "James and Horace Smith," p. 280.

SEA-BATHING AND THE BATHS

“Sprung, doubtless, from Abdallah’s son,
Thy miracles thy sire’s outrun,
Thy cures his deaths outnumber;
His coffin soars ’twixt heav’n and earth,
But thou, within that narrow berth,
Immortal, ne’er shall slumber.” *

* “Comic Miscellanies.”

CHAPTER IX

A DAY AT BRIGHTON—I. THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES' BALLS AND ASSEMBLIES

MANY of the customs that prevailed at Bath and other inland watering places were adopted by Brighton. The bells were set ringing when distinguished visitors came to the town, and all who had any pretensions to fashion were visited by the Master of the Ceremonies and invited to contribute a guinea to the Assembly Rooms. A custom, of course, peculiar to the sea-side town, was for the bathing women to present their cards to strangers arriving by coach at Castle Square.

The public balls were started in Brighton so early as 1758, for from that year they were regularly announced in the *Sussex Weekly Advertiser*: "This is to acquaint the nobility and gentry that the BALLS at BRIGHTHELMSTON for the present season will be on Mondays and Tuesdays"*; but in spite of these and other entertainments the social history of the town may be said to begin with the appointment of a Master of the Ceremonies. The first Master of the Ceremonies was "Captain"—it is doubtful if he had any claim to this title—William Wade (a nephew of Field-Marshal George Wade), who had succeeded

* Bishop: "A Peep into the Past," p. 29.



From a caricature by Robert Dighton.]

CAPTAIN WADE, M.C.

[To face p. 138.]

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Samuel Derrick in that office at Bath in 1769, but had retired—under pressure, it seems—eight years later, in favour of Major Brereton. Wade must have gone to Brighton without delay, for in the same year as he left Bath there were balls given at the “Ship” and at the “Castle” for the benefit of the Master of the Ceremonies. Though no man in this position could hope to obtain the influence that, elsewhere, *Beau Nash* had wielded for so long, even at Brighton a Master of the Ceremonies was not without honour, for in “The Brighthelmstone Directory for 1800” the name of “W. Wade, Esq., Master of the Ceremonies, No. 53, East Street,”* is inserted immediately after the titled residents, and before the “Magistrates acting for the County of Sussex,” and other important officials.

The principal duty of the Master of the Ceremonies was to control the public entertainments given at the two leading hotels, but apparently, to judge from the following notice, he had some power over the promenades.

“THE STEINE, BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

“NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that if any Person or Persons run any Foot, or other Race, on this Place, or *Fight*, Play at Cricket, Trap, or Ball, or any other Game or Games thereon, or in any manner disturb the Company resorting thereto, *he or they will be prosecuted.*”

“The STEINE is enclosed, there is a *fine turf*,

* When Wade first came to Brighton he rented a house in Black Lion Street. The date of his removal to East Street is unknown. He resided in Brighton only during the season.

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which is kept constantly mowed and swept every day, where Ladies and Gentlemen and their Children may walk with the greatest Safety and Pleasure ; and care is taken to keep off all Beggars and Disorderly Persons.

“ There will be BALLS at the Public Rooms during the Races at Brighthelmstone.

“ Wm. Wade, Master of the Ceremonies.” *

The arrangements for the balls and assemblies, however, presumably occupied Wade more than anything else he deemed within his province ; and in connection with such matters his word was law, for we read how in obedience to his instructions a concert at the Promenade Grove was postponed because it clashed with one of the functions under his control to be given either at the “ Castle ” or the “ Ship ” (since the opening of the “ New Ship ” in 1650 known as the “ Old Ship ”).

The “ Old Ship,” which still stands at the corner of Ship Street and King’s Road, in 1735 came into possession of William Hicks, who managed it until his death thirty years later, when his son John became the proprietor. The “ Castle,” on the west side of The Steine, near the Marine Parade, was a more modern building, and was opened in 1755 by Samuel Shergold, who six years later added an Assembly Room, a description of which has been preserved. “ The plan of the Ball-Room forms a rectangle of eighty feet by forty, with recesses at each end and side, sixteen feet by four, decorated with columns

* Bishop : “ A Peep into the Past,” p. 30.

A DAY AT BRIGHTON

corresponding with the pilasters, which are continued round the room, dividing the sides and ends into a variety of compartments, ornamented with paintings from the *Admirander of the Vatican*, representing part of the story of Cupid and Psyche, and the *Aldrobrandini marriage*; with air nymphs, and divers other figures, in the ancient grotesque style. The ceiling, which is curved, forms an arch of one-fifth of the height of the room, which is thirty-five feet, and it is finished plain, excepting that it has three compartments of stucco ornaments, from which the chandeliers depend. Over the entablature, at each end of the room, there is a large painting; one is a representation of *Aurora*, and the other is a figure of *Nox*. These pieces are universally allowed to be finely executed.* This venture of Shergold (who had now taken into partnership Thomas Tilt and Thomas Best) was crowned with success, for, as the “*Old Ship*” did not boast an apartment large enough for balls, the “*Castle*” secured the monopoly of all the larger assemblies: it was at the “*Castle*” that the Duke of Gloucester gave a ball in 1765 to the principal visitors and inhabitants, and there three years later was held the largest gathering Brighton had ever witnessed, the company numbering four hundred and fifty.

* “*Brighton New Guide for 1800*,” p. 13. The same authority states that the “*Castle*” possessed an ante-room, thirty feet by twenty, communicating with the Tea-Room, but seldom used except when the company was too numerous to be accommodated in other apartments. The Tea-Room, fifty-six feet by thirty, in its turn communicated with the Card-Room, forty feet by twenty-five.

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John Hicks, more energetic than his father, determined, however, to have his share in these profitable proceedings. It is probable that the "Old Ship" boasted some apartment devoted to dancing, for we read in an account of Brighton in 1761 that, "here are two public rooms, the one convenient, the other not only so, but elegant; not excelled perhaps by any public room in England, that of York excepted,"* but this was doubtless thrown into the shade by the "Castle" ball-room. In 1767 Hicks added to the "Old Ship" not only an assembly room, but also a capacious dining-room, the wainscot of which exhibited part of the story of Telemachus, painted in bronze on a blue ground. For a time, however, Shergold maintained the lead he had secured, but in the end the patronage was more or less evenly divided. Under the auspices of the Master of the Ceremonies, the "Castle" had its ball on Mondays, and card-assemblies on Wednesdays and Fridays during the season, and the "Old Ship" had its ball on Thursdays, and its card-assemblies on Tuesdays and Saturdays. This arrangement served until the season of 1788, when the lessee of the theatre obtained a licence to perform plays on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and alteration was made in the programme of the rooms, which henceforth was:—Sunday: Public Tea and Promenade, at Shergold's; Monday: A Ball, at Shergold's; Tuesday: A Card-Assembly, at Hicks's; Wednesday: A Card-Assembly, at Shergold's; Thursday: A Card-Assembly, at Hicks's; Friday: A Ball, at

* Relhan: "History of Brighthelmston," p. 15.

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Hicks's; Saturday: A Card-Assembly, at Shergold's. The admission to these entertainments was by subscription, but non-subscribers were permitted to attend under certain conditions.*

With more or less success, Wade controlled the pleasures of Brighton until his death in (May?) 1808, when William S. Forth was elected to the vacant position. Forth's term of office was not destined to be so peaceful as that of his predecessor, for, now Wade's influence was gone, the long smouldering jealousies of the managers of the two rival establishments became so acute that it was impossible for one man to direct the entertainments of both places to the satisfaction of his employers. For a while the activities of Forth were confined to the "Castle" functions, and Shuckard, who had acquired Hicks's interest in the "Old Ship," appointed his own Master of the Ceremonies. On the death of Tilt in 1814, Shergold leased the "Castle" to Messrs. Guilburd and Haryett, but the establishment was now to fall on evil days: in 1815 the Assemblies were discontinued, there being no more than a score of subscribers, and then came a dispute with the Master of the Ceremonies, which resulted in the closing of the Rooms. A reconciliation was brought about, and Forth gave

* "The masters of the respective inns receive the profits, except on those nights appointed for the benefit of the Master of the Ceremonies; to whom all who wish to be arranged as people of distinction subscribe one guinea—and who would not purchase distinction at so cheap a rate? Independently of this vain *douceur*, they must pay most liberally for their tickets! The card-assemblies are on Wednesdays and Fridays."—"Anthony Pasquin": "New Brighton Guide," p. 5 note.

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his benefit ball at the "Castle," when five hundred persons attended; but this tavern had had its day, and in 1819 the principal events of the season, the Race Ball and the Regent's Birthday Ball, were held at the "Old Ship," under the direction of Forth, the other Master of the Ceremonies having disappeared from the scene. Eventually, in 1822, the "Castle" was purchased by George IV.,* thrown into the Pavilion grounds, and the ball-room converted into a Chapel Royal, which henceforth was a fashionable place of worship, taking the place of the Chapel Royal in Prince's Place, that had been erected in 1793. "There is a parish church where the canaille go to pray," wrote "Anthony Pasquin," soon after the latter structure was opened, "but as that is on a hill, and the *gentry* found their Sabbath visit to the Almighty very troublesome, the amiable and accommodating *master* priest has consigned the care of his common *parish mutton* to his *journeyman*, the curate, and has kindly raised a Chapel Royal for the *lambs of fashion*, where a certain sum is paid for every seat; and this, it must be admitted, is as it should be; as a well-bred Deity will assuredly be more attentive to a reclining Duchess, parrying the assaults of the devil behind her fan, than the vulgar piety of a plebeian on his knees. There were books open in the circulating libraries, where you were requested to contribute your mite of charity to the

* When this happened, an enterprising person purchased several houses in Steyne Place, and, after making structural alterations, opened the block of buildings as an hotel, called, by permission of the Duke of York, the "Royal York."



From an engraving, 1824.

THE "OLD SHIP" HOTEL.

[To face p. 144.]

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support of the rector, as his income is somewhat less than seven hundred pounds a year; the last incumbent died worth thirty thousand pounds." *

William Forth resigned the office of Master of the Ceremonies in March, 1828, and then Lieutenant-Colonel Eld reigned in his stead at the "Old Ship," with a salary of £1000 a year, retaining the post until his death, at the age of seventy-five, in December, 1855, when it was abolished. Long before this, however, a Master of the Ceremonies had become an anomaly, and, but for Eld's personal influence, it would doubtless have been done away with. Eld, like his predecessors, used to keep a book at the libraries, in which visitors and residents who moved, or desired to move, in fashionable circles, inscribed their names and paid their guinea, when, if the Master of the Ceremonies was satisfied with their social standing, they were given the *entrée* to the entertainments over which he presided. This custom received its first blow when, as at Almack's, lady patronesses began to give balls, admission to which was to be obtained only by vouchers from one of them; then came the railway from London in 1841, bringing so large and continual a stream of visitors that no Master of the Ceremonies could cope with it, even if the strangers had condescended to acknowledge his existence. Eld—"no fop," Sala has recorded, "but a gentleman of rather dignified manners"—was not the man to let himself be treated with disrespect, and this he showed in 1835 when the Duchess of Canizzaro, a *grande dame* who led

* "New Brighton Guide," p. 5.

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Brighton society at that time, gave her tickets for the Master of the Ceremonies' annual ball to a Mr. Davis, at one time an auctioneer in London, and son of one of the officers of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. Eld, who was receiving the company, promptly led the bailiff's son to the door.*

To the end of his days Eld might be seen on the parade, in spite of the decline of his office, a still prominent feature of the Brighton season, looking, said one who saw him, "Master" not only "of the Ceremonies," but of all Brighton. He survives for all time in a delightful letter of Sydney Smith:—"A gentleman attired *point device* walking down the parade, like Agag, 'delicately.' He pointed out his toes like a dancing-master ; but carried his head like a potentate. As he passed the stand of flies, he nodded approval, as if he owned them all. As he approached the little goat carriages, he looked askance over the edge of his starched neckcloth and blandly smiled encouragement. Sure that in following him, I was treading in the steps of greatness, I went on to the pier, and there I was confirmed in my conviction of his eminence ; for I observed him look first over the right side, and then over the left, with an expression of serene satisfaction spreading over his countenance, which said, as plainly as if he had spoken to the sea aloud, 'That is right. You are low-tide at present ; but never mind, in a couple of hours I shall make you high-tide again.'"

* Sala, "Life and Adventures," vol. i. p. 32.

CHAPTER X

A DAY AT BRIGHTON—II. MINOR AMUSEMENTS

“Of our amusements ask you?—We amuse
Ourselves and friends with seaside walks and views,
Or take a morning ride, a novel, or the news;
Or, seeking nothing, glide about the street,
And so engaged with various parties meet;
Awhile we stop, discourse of wind and tide,
Bathing and books, the raffle, and the ride:
Thus, with the aid which shops and saling give,
Life passes on: ’tis labour, but we live.
When evening comes, our invalids awake,
Nerves cease to tremble, heads forbear to ache;
Then cheerful meals the sunken spirits raise,
Cards or the dance, wine, visiting, or plays.”*

None of the amusements enumerated by Crabbe were unobtainable at Brighton, and, indeed, there were additional attractions that made strong appeal to many:

“Amusements here for him who craves,
For all who are not churls;
At sea, there are such curling waves,
On shore, such waving curls.

“Pay well, and in good things you’ll dine,
With good bread, white or brown;
Good beer, good mutton, and good wine,
And famous fish—from Town.”†

* Crabbe: “The Borough,” Letter XI.

† “Brighton!! A Comic Sketch.”

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The pleasures of the table have always been carefully studied by shrewd Brighton tradesmen, and, while other departments of commerce were not always developed, from the earliest days special care was taken to provide the best food-stuffs. "There is tempting fruit which you know I cannot withstand though I give 1s. 6d. a pottle for strawberries, and as much for a pound of cherries," Lady Newdegate wrote to her husband from Brighton in July, 1797. "The fish is excellent, but I daresay too dear; we gave 1s. 6d. for a pair of fine soles yesterday, and 1s. 3d. for 4 fine whittings to-day. At Bognor we seldom got any fish at all. You will judge by the subject I write upon that I now am hungry. Indeed I am, and shall play my part with an excellent dinner, viz. Fish, Roast Mutton, Cold Beef, Sallad, Tart, Potatoes, Cheese, and a Desert. Brava, you will say; and I am sure you do not give your guests a better Dinner *except* that ye strawberries come from Swanland." * Lady Newdegate's letters from Brighton are interesting because they show that it was possible even for persons of consequence to visit the town, and yet hold aloof from the whirl of gaiety that was going on all around; yet it must be admitted that no records exist of any one else, with the exception of Lady Sarah Lennox, showing a desire to live quietly. "I think you will like to know *how to think* of us through ye Day so I will give you our General plan," she wrote to Sir Roger. "Rise at 7, Bathe or Walk from eight to nine, then Breakfast; from ten till 12 or one drive upon ye

* "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor," p. 182.

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Downs; sit in our Bow Windows to ye Sea till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3, then Dine, drink Tea at Six, drive again till near 8 and then Lounge upon ye Beach or Steyne till 9 when we Sup and go to Bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten. These are ye rules we have laid down, and I don't think it will be in ye P. of W—ses power when he comes to alter them.”* The Prince did come, but Lady Newdegate adhered to her programme. She was much distressed to learn that the races would take place during her stay, and, though one of her companions enjoyed the thought of the bustle and looked forward to going to the course and to the balls, she desired to make an excursion to Worthing or to Stansted for the three days. Eventually, however, a compromise was effected; her companion found another chaperon, and Lady Newdegate walked on the cliff and on The Steine, and then sat on the “beach upon a Marine Stool which I have treated myself with,” to her great satisfaction. “Very delightful indeed! I envy not the Mad World upon ye Race ground.” She says she was that day a Solitary Being, and of this there can be no doubt, for the races attracted all Brighton, residents and visitors as well as the great crowd that came especially to be present; on these days, we read, “The Steine was depopulated of all save a few living caricatures, consisting of antique females and balloonified squires from the City, too awkward and unwieldy to wear boots or venture on horse-back.”† The town, during the race week, was *en*

* “The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor,” p. 182.

† *Morning Herald*, August 10, 1784.

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fête, the Pavilion was crowded with guests, and all society folk who owned or rented houses entertained large parties. The Prince invariably attended at least one of the balls at the "Castle" or the "Old Ship," where, at each hotel alternately, there was a ball every evening during the week.

The earliest record of racing at Brighton that has been preserved does not go further back than March, 1770, when, for a stake of ten guineas a side, a four mile race on the Downs was arranged between horses of Shergold of the "Castle" and Dr. Kipping, and was won by the latter. This, apparently, was a solitary episode, but from 1774 a Brighthelmstone Plate of £50 was run for at Lewes every year until 1783, when several ardent sportsmen, headed by the Duke of Cumberland, "Old Q.," and Sir Charles Bunbury, decided to inaugurate races at Brighton. They found a suitable place for their purpose about a mile and a half from the town, on the horse-shoe shaped ridge of the eastern Down, better known as White Hawk Hill, which was once a Roman station. A two-mile course was prepared, and the first races were run in August, 1783, a few days before the Prince of Wales paid his first visit to Brighton. The Prince came, however, in subsequent years, usually in his German Waggon driven by himself or Sir John Lade, and with Townsend of Bow Street in attendance—the latter a precaution not altogether unnecessary, for the immense crowd was frequently unruly. At first the horses entered were the property of the officers of militia regiments quartered in the town, but subsequently racing men from all parts of

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England attended the meeting, which had to conclude on the Friday, so as to allow the White Hawk Fair, a most disreputable carnival, to be held on the course on the following Sunday. Lord Foley and Lord Cholmondeley were regular visitors, and "Old Q.," too, who on one occasion paid marked attention to the Princess de Lamballe.

The races came but once a year, and though such excitement as they evoked could not be had every day, yet during the season there were but few diversions that could not be had. In the morning, after a dip in the sea or a bath at one or other of the establishments on shore, you might indulge in the pleasure of breakfasting in public in the Promenade Grove to the accompaniment of a band. It is true that after having partaken of this meal you could not, as you might have done at Bath, spend the rest of the morning dancing, but there was no end to the things you might do: you might watch or take part in the odd diversions on The Steine, usually promoted by one or other of the Pavilion set; or you might play cricket on the Level, an open space just north of The Steine: Lord Darnley and George Hanger were the best bats, Bob the postillion an excellent wicket-keeper, his Royal Highness, a poor player, is kindly dismissed in contemporary records as "a young cricketer."* You might sail, or hunt, or drive, or ride to the Devil's Dyke, or to Lewes or

* The Prince's ground, partly on the Level and partly on what is now Park Crescent, was laid out in 1791. In 1823 this became Ireland's Gardens, and there the game was played until 1848, when the Brunswick ground at Hove was opened.

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Rottingdean, or watch the coaches arrive and start in Castle Square; but most probably, if you were a woman, you would go to one of the libraries, and, if you were a man, you would go to the billiard subscription room in Broad Street, or be attracted by some such advertisements as the following:—

COCKING.

To be fought at the Cock Pit

WHITE LION

North Street, Brighton,

on

THURSDAY,

The 18th April, 1811.

A main of Cocks for TWENTY GUINEAS a Battle, and FIFTY GUINEAS the Main; between Gentlemen of the Isle of Wight and the Gentlemen of Sussex.

Feeders { Pollard, Isle of Wight.
Holden, Sussex.

N.B.—A pair of Cocks to be on the Pit at Eleven o'clock.

A BULL BAIT AT HOVE

on

MONDAY

June 11th, 1810.

A DINNER will be provided, and on Table at Two o'clock.

If you were exceptionally fortunate you might have the opportunity to witness a military review or a prize-fight. The Prince was fond of witnessing pugilistic encounters, and, in company with Egalité, saw the fight between Humphries and Martin at Newmarket in May, 1786. He was present also when Tyne met Earl on the Brighton race-course two years later, when Earl, as the consequence of a

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tremendous blow on the temple, fell dead ; and then and there George settled an annuity upon Mrs. Earl and her family, and vowed that he would never witness another contest of this kind.

In the evening there were the balls and card-assemblies, and also probably a concert or a play at the theatre, and, of course, the promenade on The Steine : if you desired a reputation for eccentricity, or were indifferent to it, you could stay at home and read.

Regarded among the amusements at Brighton as next only in importance to the balls and card-assemblies at the “ Castle ” and the “ Old Ship ” was the promenade on The Steine. In earlier days The Steine formerly extended a considerable way beyond the lower end of East Street : in Godwyn’s Rental, the common pound of Brighthelmston Manor, together with a cottage adjacent to the pound, are mentioned as situated on The Steine, on the *west* side of East Street. Its boundary was in course of time removed more to the east, and thus it remained still beyond the limits of the town, though about the middle of the eighteenth century a few houses were built, mostly on the south side. It was remarked in a previous chapter that The Steine was used by the fishermen as a drying-ground for their nets, and this privilege seems to have grown, by custom, into a right, for it was exercised so late as the beginning of the nineteenth century. “ There is a nuisance which ought long ago to have been removed, from a proper respect to the elegant society that visit here,” George Savile Carey complained in 1801. “ This nuisance is

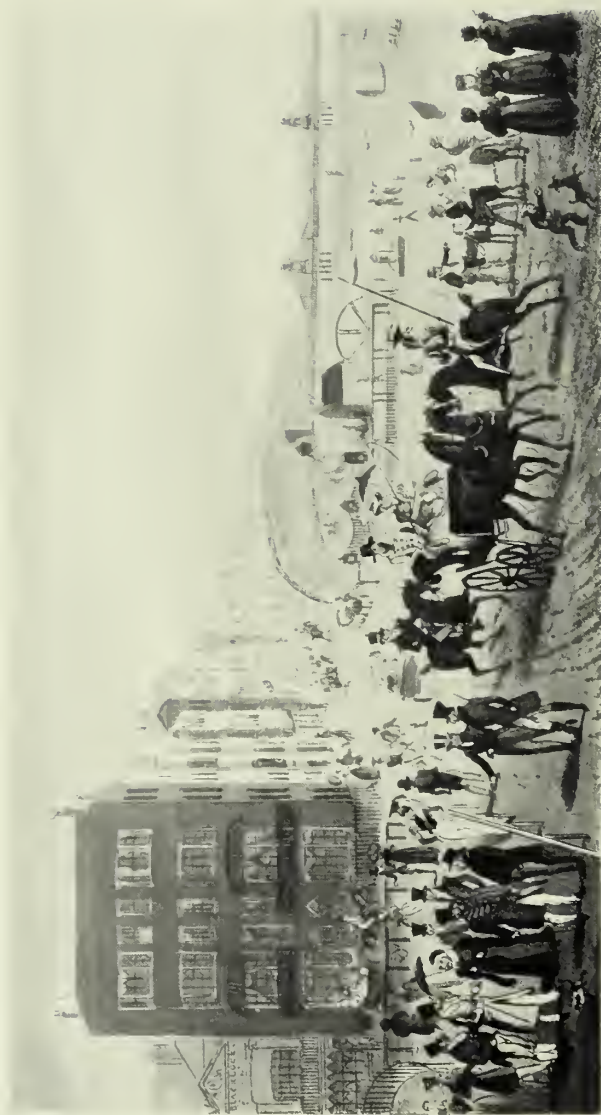
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the fishing nets, which are daily spread from one end of The Stein to the other, so that the company, while walking, are frequently tripped up by entangling their feet, and, if any of the barbarians to whom the nets belong should be standing by, you are sure to be reprobated and insulted for what you cannot avoid." *

Few people, apparently, were so sensitive to the inconvenience or the abuse as the minor poet whose complaint has been voiced, for from the earliest days of Brighton's social history The Steine was the rendezvous of the visitors. "The place in which the company walk in the evening is a large field, near the sea, called the Stean, whereon several shops with piazzas and benches therein are erected, as is also a building for the music to perform in when the weather will permit," Dr. Coe wrote in 1766; and after that date many improvements were made. About ten years later it was enclosed by common hurdles; and in 1793 the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Marlborough made an arched sewer to carry off the stream that rose at Patcham, and, on its way to discharge itself into the sea, occasionally overflowed on The Steine: in consideration of carrying out this improvement at their own expense, the Lords of the Manor gave the Prince and the Duke permission to enclose a certain portion of The Steine adjoining their houses, though they were expressly debarred from building on it or in any way obstructing the views. †

* "The Balnea," p. 57.

† Dunvan: "History of Lewes and Brighthelmstone," p. 527.



From a drawing by Robert Cruikshank, 1825.]

CHARACTERS ON THE STEYNE.

[*To face p. 155.*]

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The hurdles eventually gave way to iron railings, but it was not until 1834 that a carriage road was made across and around it. Before this date, vehicles from Castle Square to Prince's Street had to drive by the west side of The Steine and Pool Valley, along the back of the Royal York Hotel, along the east side of The Steine, and down St. James's Street, and the east side of the North Steine: the posts erected from the "Castle" to The Steine railings allowing only pedestrians to pass. The coaches to London and Lewes went from Castle Square, by way of North Street, New Road, Church Street, etc. The inconvenience was great, but for a long time nothing was done owing to the strenuous opposition of landlords and shop-keepers, who feared that the new route would send down the value of property in the thoroughfares from which the traffic would be diverted. At last, however, when it was apparent that the interested parties would never be induced to yield the point, the Commissioners of the town made a bold stroke. They passed a resolution to make the new road, secretly effected arrangements for the work, and on Easter Monday, March 31, 1834, the alteration was made. The opposition, when it became aware of the *coup d'état*, hastened to London to secure an injunction from the Lord Chancellor, but that dignitary had left town for the Easter vacation, and when at last he was found the alterations had been completed.

The fashionable hour to promenade on The Steine was not, as might be imagined, the morning, but the evening. "We went down to ye Steyne last

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night at ye Genteel hour which is 9 o'clock to see ye Illuminations at ye Booksellers in honour of ye Prince's arrival and to hear his Band of Musick wch played delightfully and is to play from 8 till 10 every Night," wrote Lady Newdegate on July 26, 1797, for once having departed from the rules she had composed to regulate her day. "Ye scene was comical and pretty, very like Vauxhall, only without Trees; ye Company still more mixt. We heard that ye Duchess of Marlborough and numbers more of ye very great were there but except just about ye Illuminations it was too dark to distinguish anybody's face. One thing pleased me which was that as soon as '*Long live the Prince*' appear'd in shining Lamps ye Nobility made ye Band strike up, 'God save the King' and wd not let them change ye tune till even *I* was tired of it. 2 or 3 turns satisfy'd us and we came home to our Boil'd Artichokes at $\frac{1}{2}$ pst 9."* That the visitors should choose to walk on The Steine in the evening rather than in the hours of daylight aroused the ire of "Anthony Pasquin," who fulminated against the custom in his usual angry strain:—

"This place is so changed, from its manners and mirth,
That I scarce can believe 'tis the spot gave me birth:
Half the houses are lanterns, much brick and much glass;
Half the ladies are tinder; the men lead or brass.
'Tis the rage but to walk on the Steine in the eve,
When the dew falls as rapid as sand through a sieve;
Till their clothes hang dependent, absorbing a damp,
More fatal than steams from an African swamp:

* "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor," p. 195.

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When the blast's south or east the spray rides in the gale,
Till you're crusted with salt like Dutch herrings for sale ;
And when north or east, the impertinent wind
Incessantly cuts, like a razor behind :
If the nerves are too fine, the pedestrian decays ;
If not, he's lumbago'd the rest of his days.
The cold humid sod will provoke a disease,
And catarrhs ride in ambush in every breeze.
Can a station be fitter to make Death elate,
Or suppress an incumbent who clogs an estate ;
Take a shrew from a cuckold whom Hymen has given,
Or remove a fond spouse from his deary to Heaven ?
Sure all nature is twisting, our morals decay,
And every season is dancing the Lay." *

It must not be thought, however, that The Steine was deserted in the mornings. Then might be seen young men on their way to their hotels and lodgings from the sea, attired in a pair of buff trousers and a light jacket ; a costume which so irritated at least one person, that when he observed it on The Steine, he prayed for a press-gang to give these " idle, sauntering land-lubbers useful employment to keep them out of mischief." † After breakfast the same young men returned, accoutred for field sports, in a brown jacket with a multiplicity of pockets on each side that reached from the bottom to the top, so that the same indignant writer comments, " From this appearance it is somewhat difficult to determine which the fashionable tribe most resemble—a set of grooms, or a company of smugglers." It is but just, however, to state that the pictures of the company on

* " New Brighton Guide," p. 21.

† The Brighton Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, September 18, 1788.

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The Steine do not bear out the atrabilious scribe. Rather do we, from other accounts, conjure up an impression of this fashionable *rendezvous* as presenting a view of all that was characteristic of Brighton, from the Prince of Wales to the Cyprians and black-legs that infested the place, and this, in spite of the drawbacks indicated by Westmacott : "The Steyne," writes that spite observer, "affords excellent subject for the study of character, and the pencil of the humorist ; the walks round are paved with brick, which when the thermometer is something above eighty-six in the shade (the case just now), is very like pacing your parched feet over the pantiles of a Turkish stove. There is, indeed, a grass-plot within the rails, but the luxury of walking upon it is reserved for the fishermen of the place *exclusively*, except on some extraordinary occasion, when the whole rabble of the town are let loose to annoy the visitants by puffing tobacco smoke in their faces, or jostling and insulting them with coarse ribaldry, until the genteel and decent are compelled to quit the promenade." *

It was in the mornings, too, that the many quaint contests were decided on The Steine. Hanger arranged a footrace there between his black servant and the Horsham carrier, and when at the last moment the latter paid forfeit, the Major, determined not to disappoint the company assembled, induced five girls to run a race for a new smock, and some others for a hat. There were donkey races and pony races ; jumping in sacks ; a jingling match ; officers ridden by officers ran against octogenarians ; and a

* "The English Spy," vol. i. p. 306.

A DAY AT BRIGHTON

gentleman with a jockey, booted and spurred, on his back, raced for a wager of an hundred guineas against an unmounted bullock, and, to the general surprise, won in a canter.

Lord Barrymore, who had a house in Pavilion Row (afterwards No. 5, The Steine), was one of the organisers of these odd diversions, that seemed to have delighted his contemporaries. Barrymore seems to have had an eye to his own profit in these events, and, if he could not clearly be shown to be dishonest, at least the charge of sharp practice was brought home to him. There was, therefore, no little delight, except among his backers, when on one occasion he was cleverly outwitted. A Mr. Bullock, a very corpulent man, weighing eighteen stone, offered to run him a hundred yards, if the challenger was given a start of thirty-five yards and choice of ground. The Earl accepted, and the Prince and many others attended, backing Barrymore heavily. When the day came Bullock, who was not such a fool as he seemed, announced the scene of the contest—a narrow alley where two men could not run abreast. The Earl, of course, quickly caught up his opponent, who thereupon rolled from side to side, using his arms like the sails of a windmill, thus effectually preventing himself from being overtaken.

The “shops with piazzas and benches therein” that were to be found at the sides of The Steine were the libraries. These places, however, were far more than the ordinary circulating library of to-day; they were the hub of society. To them, as soon after their arrival as possible, repaired visitors to put down their

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names as candidates for the *entrée* to the entertainments presided over by the Master of the Ceremonies. Subsequently, indeed, they would repair there to borrow books, for the libraries were, according to "Anthony Pasquin," "replete with every flimsy species of novels, involving the prodigious intrigues of an imaginary society; this kind of recreation is termed *light reading*; perhaps from the certain effect upon the brains of my young countrywomen, of making them *light-headed*!"* But the purveying of fiction was the least of the functions of the libraries, though, of course, it was the ostensible purpose. Thither came the subscribers in the evening to lounge on the piazza, to read the London newspapers of the morning, and to play cards in a back-room. The game was Pam, a sort of Loo; eight players entered, each putting a shilling into the pool, the cards were dealt, and the person to whom fell the King of Clubs (or Pam) took the pool. It was a modest gamble, and no great harm seems to have been done. There seems, indeed, to have been less gambling at Brighton than at most other pleasure resorts in the kingdom; though there was a grave scandal in 1817, when some men, O'Mara, Pollett, and Clarke, set up first at Donaldson's, and then at Walker's Library, a Rouge et Noir table, called, to evade the statute that made this game illegal, Noir, Rouge, 'Tout le Deux."†

One Baker, who had had a similar establishment at Tunbridge Wells, opened the first Library at Brighton

* "New Brighton Guide," p. 5 note.

† Steinmetz: "The Gaming Table."



From an engraving, 1800.]

FISHER'S LIBRARY, BRIGHTON.

[To face p. 160.]

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in 1760 in the only house then built on the east side of The Steyne. This Library passed from Baker into the hands of Miss Widget, who added millinery and toy departments to the business ; and she, in turn, was succeeded by Thomas, in whose possession it was when Miss Burney came to Brighton in 1779, though, by this time, there were other similar establishments. "Mrs. Thrale entered all our names at Thomas's, the fashionable bookseller," wrote Fanny Burney, "but we find he has now a rival, situated also upon the Steyne, who seems to carry away all the custom and all the company. This is a Mr. Bowen, who is just come from London, and who seems just the man to carry the world before him as a shopkeeper. Extremely civil, attentive to watch opportunities of obliging, and assiduous to make use of them—skilful in discovering the taste, or turn of mind of his customers, and adroit in putting in their way just such temptations as they are least able to withstand."* The lady was not a little pleased that Bowen did not guess her identity. "He did not at all suspect who I was," she added, gleefully, "for he showed me nothing but schemes for raffles, and books, and pocket-cases, etc., which were put up for those purposes. It is plain I can have no authoress air, since so discerning a bookseller thought me a fine lady spendthrift, who only wanted occasions to get rid of money."

The rivalry still continued, for on July 11, 1797, Lady Newdegate wrote to her husband: "I found out Mrs. Chs Drummond immediately when I

* "Diary," vol. i. p. 153.

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look'd in ye Book of ye right Bookseller. We ignorant People went and subscribed to ye one that was in fashion 10 or 12 years ago & who has now only the great or rich that subscribe to both." *

Another noticeable feature of Brighton life was the Promenade Grove, which covered part of the ground between the New Road, the Pavilion, North Street, and Church Street, with an entrance in East Street. This was the first pleasure garden in Brighton, and the original prospectus of "The Brighthelmston Promenade Grove," issued in July, 1793, announces that it is "under the Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," who may or may not have been delighted the following year when at one end of the walks there was a transparency of his coronet and crest, at the end of another the Garter star, and at the end of the third his initials crowned with laurels, and over the wreath the words, "Brighton's Support." Probably George did find pleasure in it, for he gave the Grove his support until he purchased the land in 1802 to make an addition to the grounds of the Pavilion. "Anthony Pasquin," who was so unhappily constituted that he never had a good word to give man or thing, dubbed it "a sort of Birmingham Vauxhall," and described it as "a small enclosure of a paddock, tormented from its native simplicity, befringed with a few gawky poplars, and decorated with flowers, bowers, benches, frogs, ground ivy, a ditch, and a wooden box for the minstrels." † This picture was not, perhaps, inapt,

* "The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor," p. 183.

† "New Brighton Guide," p. 5 note.

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but the place provided much innocent amusement to its frequenters. A subscription of half a guinea for the season, or one shilling a day, entitled you to read the papers in the Saloon and use the Promenade. You might breakfast in the garden for half-a-crown, and, under the sway of enterprising manager, Baily, you might—for a small additional charge, if you paid by the day—witness races, balloon ascents, and fireworks; sometimes you might dance in ordinary dress, at other times masked and dominoed; and, if you would, you could attend the subscription concerts, for which the best London artists were brought down.

No watering-place, whether inland or by the sea, was ever without its theatre after it had shown itself as the resort of polite society. At Brighton, however, the drama was at first compelled to house itself humbly in a barn for want of better accommodation, and in such poor surroundings appeared the company of one Johnson, according to the playbills, proprietor of the Salisbury, Chichester, and Portsmouth Theatres. In 1774, however, one Samuel Payne built a theatre in North Street, which, under the management of Roger Johnson, formerly property-master at Covent Garden Theatre, was opened on August 30, with this substantial programme: "The Jealous Wife," a Hornpipe by Mr. Wilkinson, and a farce, "Lethe, or, Æsop in the Shades." Three years later Fox, also from Covent Garden, leased the theatre for a term of fifteen years at an annual rent of sixty guineas, and worked hard to make it successful. One of his attempts to secure patronage was to

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issue descriptive announcements of the play to be performed, and one of these is a pleasure to read :—

“MACBETH. Written by Shakespeare, and universally allowed to be the greatest Production of that immortal Bard. The Grandeur and Fire of the Language, the Flights of Fancy in the Scenes of the Witches (where the Poet has really soared above the Reach of Mortal Imagination), the beautiful Pathos of the Story (which is founded on FACT and recorded in the History of Scotland), and the enchanting Harmony of the Airs and Choruses, cannot fail producing the most delightful Effect and Entertainment.”*

Fox, however, in working up business, had much to contend against: the attractions of The Steine, and above all, the Balls and Assemblies organised by the Master of the Ceremonies. “Mr. Griffith, of Drury Lane Playhouse, with much curtesy, conducts me to the Theatre in North Street, in which *company* he is *concerned*,” Bew noted in his Diary on September 1, 1778. “Am fearful the manager is most *concerned* at the badness of the season, for there seems a *plentiful lack* of company. But, not to play too much upon words, it is a pretty building, something larger than that at Richmond, and seems well adapted to its intended uses.” Royalty, in the persons of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, first visited the theatre in August 1779, to witness a performance of “The School for Scandal,” and “Three Weeks after Marriage”; and this, perhaps,

* Quoted, Bishop: “A Peep into the Past—Brighton, the Olden Time,” p. 49.

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brought people to the theatre, who may have been encouraged to return by being offered the opportunity to see Mrs. Robinson in "Perdita," Mrs. Baddeley in several comedies, and Quick as Isaac Mendoza in "The Duenna," and in other parts. Whatever the reason, the theatre became moderately popular, and Fox, when its lease was running out, bethought himself of erecting a larger building. There were difficulties in the way, however, and it seems as if these were in some way due to the promoter, for we read in a newspaper in 1786: "The design of erecting a new theatre at Brighton is dropped; and if the manager of the present theatre endeavours to be a little more of a *fox*, and not so much of a *bear*, he may find it hereafter to his advantage." Perhaps Fox took the hint, for two years later the bill for licensing the new theatre became law.

The old building was not pulled down; it was utilised first as a printing office and then as wine and spirit vaults, and even so late as the sixties of the last century the stage, with its traps, grooves, and appointments, remained intact. The new theatre, erected at a cost of £2500, was opened in 1789, and performances were given on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, every week from the beginning of July to the end of October. Sometimes a "star" was engaged, and among those who came for special occasions were Mrs. Crouch, who played "Polly" to Kelly's "Macheath," in "The Beggar's Opera," Mrs. Jordan, the "Chevalier" D'Eon, and Harriot Mellon; but, of course, as a rule the stock company performed

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—and never has a group of mimes before or since been so damned with faint praise—"If the abilities of the actors are not sufficiently powerful to excite the enthusiasm of applause," wrote the anonymous author of the "Brighton New Guide," for 1800, "they are not so contemptible as to create disgust." The Prince, however, was not to be repelled by mediocre acting, and he was a frequent visitor to the theatre, where, in accordance with his Royal Highness's florid tastes, his box was in 1805 redecorated: it had blue panels, with sparkling gold stars, on a dark ground, and ornamented with festoons of roses; a crimson curtain of velvet depending from the ceiling gave the finishing touch to the chaste design. Not even the patronage of the Prince could fill the house, and we read with amusement the notice that, on the occasion of the benefit of Mr. Palmer, junior, on October 15th, 1794, "The Nobility, Gentry, and Public, are respectfully informed that, on account of the great call for places, part of the PIT will (for that night) be laid into the BOXES"—the humour of this announcement is demonstrated by the "returns" of the house for this performance:

				£	s.	d.
6 Box Tickets	1	4	0
15 Pit ditto	1	10	0
2 Gallery ditto		2	0
Taken at doors	7	8	0
Total				£10	4	0

Fox had died in 1792, and he was succeeded by several managers, not one of whom retained the



From an engraving, 1804.]

THE THEATRE IN DUKE STREET, BRIGHTON.

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theatre for any length of time, until it came into the hands of Brunton in 1804. Brunton, however, was not satisfied with the structure, and built another, the present theatre in the New Road, which was opened, "Under the Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," on June 27, 1807, with a performance of "Hamlet," in which Charles Kemble played the hero, and Mrs. Kemble, Ophelia. Since then almost every actor and actress of note, from Mrs. Siddons and Liston to the present day, has appeared at the Brighton Theatre Royal.

CHAPTER XI

BRIGHTON SINCE GEORGE IV

THE prosperity of Brighton was not apparently affected by the death of George IV., for that King had not for several years stayed at the Pavilion. Indeed, his interest in that remarkable structure upon which he had squandered money so recklessly seems for all practical purposes to have ceased when the building operations were finished. George was at Brighton in January, 1822, when he opened the carriage-way between Middle Street and West Street; and he came again in October of that year, remaining, owing to a serious illness that prevented his going elsewhere, until the following April. He spent the Christmas of 1824 at Brighton; then came the alarming report—alarming, that is, to the inhabitants of the town—that an order had been given for the removal from the Pavilion to Buckingham Palace or Windsor of certain favourite wines. This was not the end, but it heralded it. A fortnight after the death of the Duke of York, on January 23, 1827, the King paid a surprise visit to the Pavilion—it was the last time he saw the town that, at no trouble to himself, he had done so much to benefit. He was, indeed, expected in 1829, and the Pavilion was prepared for his stay; but he did not come. No

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From the portrait by Lawrence.]

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[To face p. 168.

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reason was given at the time, but it has since been suggested that the visit was abandoned at the instance of Lady Conyngham, who, offended by some writing on a window in one of the rooms assigned to her, had vowed that she would never again set foot in Brighton.* This may, or may not, be true; but it is certain that George, who as a young man was never so happy as when parading in public, in these later days lived in such seclusion as is possible for a monarch, staying at Windsor, with Lady Conyngham always in attendance, and never willingly driving beyond the gates of his park.

During the last years of the King's life Brighton had therefore to be content with the visits of the minor royalties, the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Gloucester, who came frequently, sometimes with their consorts, more often alone. Then the Duke of York died, and the town lost a good friend; and in 1830 George IV. Brighton was not vastly grieved by the latter's decease, and forthwith began to speculate whether the Pavilion would find favour as a residence in the eyes of King William and Queen Adelaide. An address from the town was presented to William IV. at his first *levée*, and he told the deputation that they might "Inform the inhabitants of Brighton that I shall soon be with them." The King was as good as his word, for he drove down on August 16, and though he returned to London on the following day, it was observed with much interest and, indeed, excitement, that he patrolled the grounds in the

* Lord Stanhope: "Notes of Conversation with the Duke of Wellington."

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company of Nash, the architect, discussing—it was supposed from the use he made of his walking-stick—alterations and improvements. This conversation bore fruit in the completion of the South Gate in 1831, and in the following year the erection of the North Gate and the Queen's stables. William returned to Brighton, this time with his consort, on August 30 (1830), and the royal family spent Christmas at the Pavilion; there, on December 27, one of the King's daughters by Mrs. Jordan was married to Viscount Falkland.

With the accession of William IV. terminate what Mr. G. W. E. Russell has called the crapulous and meretricious memories associated with the Pavilion under his predecessor; and perhaps the only person intimately associated with the late King who was a welcome visitor was Mrs. Fitzherbert. William had always been friendly with this lady, and he sent her frequently invitations to the palace. Mrs. Fitzherbert, instead of accepting them, pointed out the difficulties of her position, she was a wife, yet no wife, and so on; but the kindly old King, who knew the story, and sympathised with her, insisted that her hesitation was foolish, that all regarded her with respect, and that, if she wished for proof of his words, he would gladly create her Duchess. Mrs. Fitzherbert remembered that the last Duchess made in circumstances not entirely dissimilar was her of Kendal, and she declined the offer. "Then," said his Majesty, determined to have his way, "you shall wear mourning for my brother, and you shall wear my livery." Hereafter Mrs. Fitzherbert was a frequent

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From an engraving after a painting by James Lambert.]

A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF BRIGHTHELMSTONE AND THE SOUTH COAST. [To face p. 170.]

BRIGHTON SINCE GEORGE IV

guest of the King and Queen, and her carriage, with coachman and footman in the royal scarlet, was one of the sights of Brighton until her death on March 27, 1837, at the age of eighty-one. She was buried in the vault beneath the Church of St. John the Baptist, and a handsome monument by Carew was erected to her memory by her adopted daughter, Mrs. Dawson Damer (*née* Mary Seymour), bearing an inscription :—

In a Vault near this Spot are Deposited the Remains of
MARIA FITZHERBERT.

She was born on the 26th of July, 1756,
and expired at Brighton on the 27th of March, 1837.

One to whom she was more than a parent has
placed this monument to her revered and beloved
memory, as a humble though feeling tribute of
her everlasting gratitude and affection.

R.I.P.

William IV. at Brighton played his favourite part of Citizen King, walking unattended in the streets, entering into conversation with strangers, calling informally on his friends. Greville, who went there on December 14, 1832, to attend a council for the dissolution, and stayed in De Ros's house with Lord Alvanley, describes the place as very full, bustling, gay, and amusing: "Chesterfields, Howes, Lievens, Cowpers, all at Brighton, and plenty of occupation in visiting, gossiping, dawdling, riding, and driving; a very idle life, impossible to do anything. The Court very active, vulgar, and hospitable; King, Queen, Princes, Princesses, bastards, and attendants constantly trotting about in every direction: the election noisy

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and dull — the Court candidate beaten and two Radicals elected. Everybody talking of the siege of Antwerp and the elections. So, with plenty of animation, and discussion, and curiosity, I like it very well. Lord Howe is devoted to the Queen, and never away from her. She receives his attentions, but demonstrates nothing in return ; he is like a boy in love with this frightfully spotted Majesty, while his delightful wife is laid up (with a sprained ankle and dislocated joint) on her couch.”* To another memoirist we are indebted for an amusing picture of the doings at the Pavilion on the following New Year’s Eve : “ when the clock struck twelve,” John Wilson Crocker has recorded, “ the King started up in great spirits, and insisted on having a country dance. Lady Falkland sat down to the piano and struck up a lively tune. Everyone took out their partners, and who do you think the King took out ? *Lord Amelius Beauclerk !* You know Lord Amelius, and you will think I am jesting. No, by all that’s nautical and quizzical, Lord Amelius was his Majesty’s partner, and I am told by one who saw it that the sight of the King and the old Admiral going down the middle hand in hand was the most royally extravagant farce that ever was seen.” For a while Brighton and the King were on the best of terms, but the town was neither large enough nor small enough for a royal residence ; and when cabmen stood on the roof of their vehicles to gaze at the Queen walking in the grounds of the Pavilion, and the King was persistently mobbed in the street, the most genial of royalties

* “Memoirs,” vol. ii. p. 342.

BRIGHTON SINCE GEORGE IV

found that "it wouldn't do," and withdrew to London, where privacy was more easily obtainable.

With the departure from Brighton of William IV. really end the royal associations of the town. Queen Victoria came there on two or three occasions, but, she wrote to the Duchess of Gloucester, "The people are very indiscreet and troublesome here, which makes the place quite a prison," and after 1843, when her children were there, Brighton saw her no more: Osborne henceforth being the royal maritime residence. The young Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters stayed at the Pavilion in 1844, after which visit that quaint building never again housed royalty.*

The alarm of Brighton when George IV. removed his wines from the Pavilion was as nothing compared with its perturbation when it was rumoured that the building itself was to be put up for sale. "As there is a doubt about a purchaser coming forward to bid for the Pavilion at Brighton, we suggest that it should be bought up for the Chinese collection, unless No. One, St. Paul's (occupied by Dakin, the tea-importers) should purchase it for the tea establishment," ran an unkind paragraph, headed, "Rubbish for Sale," in *Punch*, August 22, 1846. "We know of no other

* At the present time a Royal Princess, a married daughter of the sovereign, has a house at Kemp Town, where in February, 1908, the King stayed for a few days privately. It was his Majesty's first visit to the town since he went there as Prince of Wales to open the new wing of the Sussex County Hospital. Since these lines were written the King has again visited Brighton.

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purpose it could be turned to ; and, with a few paper lanterns, and a real native at the door, we feel confident a deal of business in selling tea, or exhibiting curiosities, might be done. If this is pulled down, it will be a fine specimen of broken china." About this time the royal residence was ruthlessly dismantled of its decorations, and much furniture was removed to other palaces ; and in June, 1849, an Act of Parliament for its sale was passed, and by one of its clauses, though £100,000 had been offered for the site as building land, the town was given the option to purchase the building and the ground for little more than half that sum. " You may see the place now for sixpence," Thackeray said in his lecture on George IV., first delivered in 1855 ; " they have fiddlers there every day ; and, sometimes, buffoons and mountebanks hire the Riding House and do their tricks and tumbling there." Mountebanks and buffoons no longer perform there, but the Dome has been converted into a concert-hall, though under its roof are sometimes held exhibitions, dog-shows, and municipal banquets ; and other rooms are used as a museum and picture gallery. It is still the show-place of Brighton, and there at once end the usefulness and the dignity of the building that has most happily been called " Florizel's Folly."

The accession of Queen Victoria may be taken as the event that brings to a close the Georgian period of the history of Brighton, and opens a new era in the annals of the town—an era not altogether acceptable to many of those who had sat at the Regent's table,

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and enjoyed the company of the old brigade. "Now for Brighton! Barry, my dear, it is detestable: this crowd of unknown human beings is not to be endured," Tom Creevey wrote to Miss Ord on October 9, 1837. "Whether it is a natural sentiment or not, I don't know, or whether I mistake ennui for it, but I have a strong touch of melancholy in comparing Brighton of the present with times gone by. Death has made great havoc in a very short time with our royalties of the Pavilion—Prinney and 'brother William,' Duke of York and Duke of Kent, all gone, and all represented now by little Vic only. Is it not highly dramatic that the Duke of Kent should have announced to me in 1818, upon Princess Charlotte's death, that he was going to marry for the succession, and married his bride to me; and here she is, with the successor by her side, and what is to become of her, or how she is to turn out, who shall say?" *

The old order changeth and giveth place unto new. Where fashion goes, the middle and lower middle classes follow, pursuing it hotly: at Brighton, in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century they ran after it, and with such success that they overtook it once for all. There may be—nay, there are, of course—fashionable folk still among the residents and visitors; but Brighton is no longer fashionable: it has been annexed by the *bourgeois* element. Horace Smith, in 1830, tells us of a certain Clio Grub, writer of advertisements for Warren's blacking, that—

* "Creevey Papers," vol. ii. p. 325.

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“To Brighton he went and secured a retreat,
In the pebble built house of a narrow back street,
With a staring bow-window to let him explore
What was passing in either bow-window next door,”

and he deplores the invasion of the town by “trippers,”
putting this verse in their mouths :

“On the Downs you are like an old jacket,
Hung up in the sunshine to dry ;
In the town you are all in a racket,
With donkey-cart, whiskey, and fly.
We have seen the Chain-Pier, Devil’s Dyke,
The Chalybeate Spring, Rottingdean,
And the Royal Pagoda, how like
Those bedaub’d on a tea-board or screen !”

The leaders of society endeavoured to keep Brighton as a preserve for fashion by changing the season from the summer (when the trading classes take their holidays, and overrun the place), first to September and October, and then to the winter : a move that would probably have been successful, but for the advent of the railways, which, since the Brighton line was finished in 1841, have regularly dumped down innumerable visitors bent on a day’s, or two days’, amusement by the sea.

While this change was in progress, one of the most familiar figures at Brighton, who might be seen driving in state along the King’s Road or walking on The Steine with her coffee-coloured pugs, was the lady who had acquired fame on the stage as Harriot Mellon, and notoriety by marrying in 1815 the octogenarian millionaire banker, Thomas Coutts. Coutts died in 1827, leaving his fortune of a million

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and a half to his widow, who, five years after her bereavement, married the ninth Duke of St. Albans, her junior by a score of summers. "The Duke of St. Albans is to be married to Mother Coutts on Saturday," wrote Creevey to Miss Ord on June 15, with a lamentable want of respect. "She gives him £30,000 as an outfit—the rest to depend on his good behaviour."* Much fun was poked at "Mother Coutts," and little of the humour was kindly. Society could not accustom itself to the spectacle of the erstwhile penniless actress, glad to earn thirty shillings a week at one time, living in the lap of luxury. It is true that every one clamoured for invitations to Holly Lodge, but they made peace with their conscience by abusing the hostess behind her back. It must be admitted that the lady was not free from ostentation, and not the most charitable person can refrain from laughing at her portrait in "Vivian Grey": "Mrs. Million arrived [at Château Désir] . . . ; only three carriages-and-four! Out of the first descended the mighty lady herself, with some noble friends, who formed the most distinguished part of her suite; out of the second came her physician, Dr. Sly; her toad-eater, Miss Gusset; her secretary, and her page. The third carriage bore her groom or the chambers, and three female attendants. There were only two men servants to each equipage; nothing could be more moderate, or, as Miss Gusset said, in better taste.

"Mrs. Million, after having granted the Marquess a private interview in her private apartments, signified

* "Creevey Papers," vol. ii. p. 120.

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her imperial intention of dining in public, which, as she had arrived late, she trusted she might do in her travelling dress. The Marquess *kotooed* like a first-rate mandarin, and vowed ‘that her will was his conduct.’

“The whole suite of apartments was thrown open ; and was crowded with guests. Mrs. Million entered, she was leaning on the Marquess’s arm, and in a travelling dress, namely, a crimson silk pelisse, hat and feathers, with diamond ear-rings, and a rope of gold round her neck. A train of about twelve persons, consisting of her noble fellow travellers, toad-eaters, physicians, secretaries, &c., &c., &c., followed. The *entrée* of his Majesty could not have created a greater sensation than that of Mrs. Million. All fell back. Gartered peers, and starred ambassadors, and baronets with titles older than the creation, and squires, to the antiquity of whose blood chaos was a novelty ; all retreated, with eyes that scarcely dared to leave the ground—even Sir Plantagenet Pure, whose family had refused a peerage regularly every century, now, for the first time in his life, seemed *cowed*, and in an awkward retreat to make way for the approaching presence, got entangled with the Mameluke boots of my Lord Alhambra.

“At last a sofa was gained, and the great lady was seated, and the sensation having somewhat subsided, conversation was resumed.” . . .*

That the picture is lifelike, making allowance for the satirical spirit that prompted, cannot for an instant be questioned. If any doubt, let them read

* Chapter xiii.

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the account of Mrs. Coutts's visit to Abbotsford: "Although she was considerate enough not to come on Scott with all her retinue (leaving four of the seven carriages with which she travelled at Edinburgh), the appearance of only three coaches, each drawn by four horses, was rather trying for poor Lady Scott. They contained Mrs. Coutts—her future lord the Duke of St. Albans—one of his Grace's sisters—*dame de compagnie* (vulgarly styled a toady)—a brace of physicians—for it had been considered that one doctor might himself be disabled in the course of an expedition so adventurous—and, besides other menials of every grade, two bed-chamber women for Mrs. Coutts's own person—she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because, in her widowed condition, she was fearful of ghosts—and there must be one Abigail for the service of the toilette, a second to keep watch by night. With a little puzzling and cramming, all this train found accommodation." * Does not this read like the passage in "Vivian Grey," and, indeed, Disraeli might easily have been charged with plagiarism but for the fact that the novel appeared twelve years before Lockhart's biography.

In her later years, the Duchess of St. Albans came frequently to Brighton. The first time she went there she occupied a large house in Brunswick Terrace, and we read with amusement that, though it afforded twenty-two beds, nineteen servants had to be provided with sleeping accommodation outside. Subsequently she purchased a mansion close to

* Lockhart: "Life of Scott."

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Regency Square, thereafter known as St. Albans House, and here, in the winter season, she entertained largely. Though Queen Adelaide deliberately excluded the Duchess from a ball at the Pavilion in February, 1831, at which eight hundred and thirty people were present—and this, too, in spite of the fact that her Grace had been presented at Court on her first marriage, and was on friendly terms with the King, when Duke of Clarence, and his brothers—society was not to be persuaded to refuse invitations to the entertainments at St. Albans House, and it flocked to what the hostess called her “omnium gatherums.” The hospitality was lavish, and Sala—“To me, the Duchess comes back stately, benignant, in black velvet and diamonds,” he said in his later days—remembered a Twelfth Night party, when the cake was so magnificent that to the end of his life he could recall his boyish impression when it was cut. In spite of her splendour, however, the Duchess retained her simple tastes, and when her guests had gone after a grand entertainment, would settle down to bottled stout and cold chicken: nor did she ignore her humble origin, and once at Brighton began a speech in reply to the toast of her health: “Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—since the days when any one who wished could hear me for sixpence in the gallery . . .”

The historian of Brighton may lament the absence of the fashionable element in the town after the forties of the last century, but he can find solace in its literary associations, which, in a way, bridge

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over the time that elapsed between what may be called the royal period and the excursion-train era of the last thirty or more years. The central figure of this interregnum is Horace Smith, best remembered as part-author of "Rejected Addresses" and "Horace in London," who settled there in 1826, residing first at No. 10, Hanover Crescent—then on the outskirts of the town, facing the Level, close to the beginning of the Lewes Road—and from 1840 at No. 12, Cavendish Place, on the west side of the Bedford Hotel.

Brighton had had many distinguished literary visitors between the date of Fanny Burney's last stay and the advent of Horace Smith. Byron came there in 1808, accompanied by a good-looking boy, who passed for a younger brother, until some curious soul, for some reason or other rendered suspicious, entered into conversation with the lad. "What a pretty horse that is you have there," said a lady. "Yes," replied the other, in a *girlish* voice, "it was 'gave' me by my brother." Subsequently Lady Byron resided for some years in a house near the Pavilion; an earlier inhabitant was Charlotte Smith, a long-forgotten novelist and poet, the sister of Mrs. Dorset, the author of "The Peacock at Home," which Scott thought "one of the prettiest and liveliest *jeux d'esprit* in our language"—"she is a fine stately old lady," he added, "not a bit of a literary person—I mean having none of the affectation of it, but like a lady of considerable rank." Thomas Campbell came to Brighton in 1813, and lectured twice at the Institution; Henry Crabb

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Robinson often drove down; and in May, 1828, came Scott, on a visit to the Lockharts. A family, not literary in itself, must be mentioned because of its intimate connection with letters, the Basevis, living in Brunswick Square, whose daughter Maria was the wife of Isaac Disraeli, and the mother of the author of "Vivian Grey."

Horace Smith's house was the general *rendezvous* of intellectual society at Brighton from the time he settled there until his death twenty-three years later. "The paper this morning announced the death of dear old Horace Smith," wrote Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield, July 13, 1849; "that good serene old man, who went out of the world in charity with all in it, and having shown through his life, as far as I knew it, quite a delightful love of God's works and creatures—a true, loyal, Christian man." The *salon*, however, was continued by his two daughters, Eliza and Rosalind, who in their later years laughingly claimed to be "the most rooted institutions in Brighton after the Chain Pier." These ladies were a connecting link between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and Eliza, the eldest of the three, could remember Keats and Byron, and had driven with Princess Charlotte of Wales. To the house in Cavendish Place came all Brighton's distinguished residents, including James Morier, Charles Young, Mrs. Jameson, Fanny Macaulay, Sir Martin Shee, the Rev. Robert and the Rev. James Anderson, the Rev. Henry Michell Wagner (Vicar of Brighton from 1824 until his death in 1870), and the Rev. F. W. Robertson (Incumbent of Trinity Church from 182



From an engraving, 1833.

WEST BRIGHTON.

[To face p. 182.]

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1847 for the last six years of his life).^{*} Rarely did a visitor of note come to the town without paying his respects to the Misses Smith, and so, from an almost inexhaustible list, only a few names can be given—Samuel Rogers, Theodore Hook, Charles Kean, Professor Owen, John Leech, J. H. Jesse, Copley Fielding, Thomas Campbell, Mark Lemon, and Tom Hood, besides William Harrison Ainsworth, who from 1852 to 1867 lived at No. 5, Arundel Terrace, Kemp Town. Disraeli came in April, 1840, and wrote to his sister from the Royal York Hotel—in subsequent visits he stayed at Prince's Hotel: "We found this place pleasant enough, the weather being very fine. I have eaten a great many shrimps, which are the only things that have reminded me I am on the margin of the ocean; for it has been a dead calm the whole week, and I have not seen a wave or heard the break of the tide. There are a good many birds of passage here, like ourselves. I had a long stroll with the Speaker (Shaw-Lefevre), who is the most amiable of men and not one of the least agreeable, fresh as a child, and enjoying his holidays."[†] Two months later arrived Sydney Smith, who stayed at No. 52, Marine Parade, and apparently thoroughly enjoyed himself. "I am giving a rout this evening to the only three people I have yet discovered at Brighton," he wrote to Lady Holland. "I have had handbills printed to

^{*} Another well-known clergyman at Brighton was the Rev. Joseph Sortain, Minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel from 1831 until his death in 1870.

[†] "Letters," ed. 1887, p. 171.

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find other London people, but I believe there are none. I shall stay till the 28th. You *must* allow the Chain Pier to be a great luxury; and I think all rich and rational people living in London should take small doses of Brighton from time to time. There cannot be a better place than this to refresh metropolitan gentlemen and ladies, wearied with bad air, falsehood, and lemonade.”* Macaulay, *en route* for Dieppe, stopped at Brighton to see his sister, subsequently giving this humorous account of his journey and his hotel. “Groan 1.—The Brighton railway; in a slow train, a carriage crowded as full as it would hold, a sick lady smelling of æther, a healthy gentleman smelling of brandy, the thermometer at 102° in the shade, and I not in the shade, but exposed to the full glare of the sun from noon till after two, the effect of which is that my white trousers have been scorched into a pair of very serviceable nankeens. Groan 2—and for this Fanny is answerable, who made me believe that the New Steyne Hotel at Brighton was a good one. A coffee-room ingeniously contrived on the principle of an oven, the windows not made to open; a dinner on yesterday’s pease-soup, and the day before yesterday’s cutlets; not an ounce of ice, and all beverages, wine, water, and beer, in exactly the state of the Church of Laodicea.”†

To Brighton several times came Charles Dickens. His first visit was in 1837, when he was writing

* “Memoir of Sydney Smith. By Lady Holland,” p. 554.

† Trevelyan: “Life of Lord Macaulay,” chap. ix., letter containing “five groans,” dated Paris, August 21, 1843.

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“Oliver Twist.” “We have a beautiful bay-windowed sitting-room here, fronting the sea,” he wrote to Forster; “but I have seen nothing of B.’s brother who was to have shown me the lions, and my notions of the place are somewhat confined, being limited to the Pavilion, the Chain Pier, and the sea. The last is quite enough for me.” The pleasure he found in watching the waves induced him to return again and again, though, he said, “I don’t in the abstract approve of Brighton.” “I couldn’t pass an autumn here,” he added, “but it is a gay place for a week or so; and when one laughs or cries, and suffers the agitation that some men experience over their books, it is a bright change to look out of window, and see the gilt little toys on horseback, going up and down before the mighty sea, and thinking nothing of it.” It was at Brighton that Mrs. Pipchin lived, and in “Dombey and Son” we read that, “The Castle of this ogress and child-queller was in a steep by-street . . . where the soil was more than usually chalky, flinty, and sterile, and the houses were more than usually brittle and thin; where the small front-gardens had the unaccountable property of producing nothing but marigolds, whatever was sown in them; and where snails were constantly discovered holding on to the street doors, and other public places they were not expected to ornament, with the tenacity of cupping-glasses.”* To Mrs. Pipchin went Paul Dombey and Florence—the lad going subsequently to Dr. Blimber’s great hot-house for young gentlemen, fronting the sea, which fictitious establishment

* Chapter viii.

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was, it is supposed, a parody of Dr. Everard's school, commonly called the "Young House of Lords."

If Dickens, in spite of himself, had a not unkindly regard for Brighton, Thackeray was one of its most ardent lovers. He frequented it in season and out of season, staying sometimes at No. 63, East Street, at other times at Mutton's, or, when he was writing a number of "Vanity Fair," at the "Old Ship." In October, 1848, he wrote to his mother, asking her to take a house there for him at £60 a year: "As for dignity, I don't believe it makes a pinch of snuff," he added. "Tom Carlyle lives in perfect dignity in a little £40 house at Chelsea, with a snuffy Scotch maid to open the door, and the best company in England ringing at it." He sang the praises of Brighton at all times. "Why is a day's Brighton the best of doctors?" he wrote to the Brookfields on July 13, 1849. "I don't mean this for a riddle, but I got up hungry, and have been yawning in the sun like a fat lazzarone, with great happiness all day. I have got a window with a magnificent prospect, a fresh sea breeze blowing in, such a blue sea yonder as can scarcely be beat by the Naples or the Mediterranean blue."* He had several years before expressed a similar opinion of the place in one of his contributions to *Punch*:—"As there are many consumptive travellers who, by dodging about Italy, to Malta, to Madeira, manage to cheat the winter, and for whose lungs a perpetual warmth is necessary, so there are people to whom, in like manner, London is a necessity of existence, and who follow it all the year round.

* "Collection of Letters of W. M. Thackeray," p. 61.

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Such individuals, when London goes out of town, follow it to Brighton, which is, at this season, London *plus* prawns for breakfast and the sea-air. Blessings on the sea-air, which gives you an appetite to eat them." * In this same paper he wrote, "You may get a decent bedroom and sitting-room here for a guinea a day. Our friends the Botibols have three rooms, and a bedstead disguised like a chest of drawers in the drawing-room, for which they pay something less than a hundred pounds a month ;" and he declared in a subsequent issue of *Punch* that *à propos* of this and other comments he had received at least three hundred letters of pathetic remonstrance, furious complaint, angry swagger, and threatening omens, entreating him to leave the Brightonians alone. "The lodging-house keepers are up in arms," he wrote, in a passage too good to omit. "Mrs. Screw says she never let her lodgings at a guinea a day, and invites me to occupy her drawing and bedroom for five guineas a week. Mr. Squeezer swears that a guinea a day is an atrocious calumny ; he would turn his wife, his children, and his bedridden mother-in-law out of doors if he could get such a sum for the rooms they occupy—(but this, I suspect, is a pretext of Squeezer's to get rid of his mother-in-law,

* "Brighton. By *Punch's* Commissioner," October 11, 1845. There also appeared in *Punch* from Thackeray, masquerading as "*Punch's* Commissioner," "A Brighton Night's Entertainment," October 18, 1845, and "Meditations over Brighton (From the Devil's Dyke)," October 25, 1845. On October 23 and 30, 1847, he contributed, over the signature of "The Fat Contributor," "Brighton in 1847."

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in which project I wish him luck). Mrs. Slop hopes she may never again cut a slice out of a lodger's joint (the cannibal!) if she won't be ready at the most crowdedest of seasons to let her first floor for six pounds, and, finally, Mr. Skiver writes;—"Sir—Your ill-advised publication has passed like a whirlwind over the lodging-houses of Brighton. You have rendered our families desolate, and prematurely closed our season. As you have destroyed the lodging-houses, couldn't you, now, walk into the boarding-houses, and say a kind word to ruin the hotels?"

"Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The New-comers" have associations with Brighton. "Pendennis," indeed, was born in Horace Smith's house. Thackeray confided to the old man's daughters that he was bound to begin his new novel in a few days, and that he had no idea for a plot, whereupon his hostesses told him a story of Brighton life, which he declared "would do." In gratitude, he christened his heroine Laura, after one of the sisters, who, when the story was finished, said to him angrily, "I'll never speak to you again, Mr. Thackeray; you know I always meant to marry Warrington."* It was to the Misses Smith that Thackeray expressed his pleasure that his lectures on "The Four Georges" were to be given, not in the Dome, as originally

* Thackeray mentioned the incident when writing to Mrs. Brookfield: "One of the Miss Smiths told me a story which is the very thing for the beginning of Pendennis, which is actually begun and in progress. This is a comical beginning rather. The other, which I didn't like, was sentimental, and will yet come in very well after the startling comical business has been played off."

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arranged, but at a hall in the town. "I didn't like the idea," he remarked, "of abusing a man in his own house."

Thackeray borrowed from Brighton the title of the Wicked Nobleman in "Vanity Fair," and made ample amends by sending to it many of the characters in that novel. George Osborne and Amelia went to the "Old Ship" for their honeymoon, and presently were joined there by Jos Sedley, while later came to the same hotel Rawdon and Becky Crawley: within a week George was flirting with Becky, Rawdon was fleecing "Jos" at backgammon and George at billiards and cards, and Amelia spent the later hours of the evening in her room, crying her eyes out. Then entered upon the scene Dobbin of "Ours" to tell George the regiment was ordered abroad on active service. At the same time at Brighton, in lodgings, were Miss Crawley and her "toady," Miss Briggs, and it was to effect a reconciliation with the former lady that Rawdon and his wife had come to the seaside. Miss Crawley would not see them, even though they enlisted Miss Briggs in their interest, but they were persistent, and the unhappy old woman only got them away from Brighton by sending a note, that if Rawdon would call on her lawyer he would find there a communication for him. The ruse was successful; Rawdon and Becky hastened to town, wondering how much the cheque would be. Rawdon went to Gray's Inn Square to see "Waxy," and returned furious. "'By jove, Becky,' says he, 'she's only given me twenty pounds!'" Though it told against themselves, the

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joke was too good, and Becky burst out laughing at Rawdon's discomfiture." *

In "The Newcomes" we return again to Brighton. Lady Kew loved it, Lady Ann and Sir Brian Newcome and others of the *dramatis personæ* visit it, and Miss Honeyman there kept a lodging-house in Steyne Gardens. With the description, gently ironical, of Brighton in that book, must conclude this brief account of Thackeray's association with the town. "In Steyne Gardens, Brighton, the lodging-houses are among the most frequented in that city of lodging-houses. These mansions have bow-windows in front, bulging out with gentle prominences, and ornamented with neat verandahs, from which you can behold the tide of humankind as it flows up and down the Steyne, and that blue ocean over which Britannia is said to rule, stretching brightly away eastward and westward. The chain-pier, as everybody knows, runs intrepidly into the sea, which sometimes, in fine weather, bathes its feet with laughing wavelets, and anon, on stormy days, dashes over its sides with roaring foam. Here for the sum of two-pence you can go out to sea and pace this vast deck without need of a steward with a basin. You can watch the sun setting in splendour over Worthing, or illuminating with its rising glories the ups and downs of Rottingdean. You can see the citizen with his family inveigled into the shallops of the mercenary native mariner, and fancy that the motion cannot be pleasant; and how the hirer of the boat, *otium et oppidi laudans rura sui*, haply sighs for ease, and prefers Richmond or Hampstead. You

* "Vanity Fair," Chap. xxv.

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behold a hundred bathing-machines put out to sea ; and your naughty fancy depicts the beauties splashing under their white awnings. Along the rippled sands (stay, are they rippled sands or shingly beach ?) the prawn-boy seeks the delicious material of your breakfast. Breakfast—meal in London almost unknown, greedily devoured in Brighton ! In yon vessels now nearing the shore the sleepless mariner has ventured forth to seize the delicate whiting, the greedy and foolish mackerel, and the homely sole. Hark to the twanging horn ! it is the early coach going out to London. Your eye follows it, and rests on the pinnacle built by the beloved GEORGE. See the worn-out London *roué* pacing the pier, inhaling the sea air, and casting furtive glances under the bonnets of the pretty girls who trot here for lessons ! Mark the bilious lawyer, escaped for a day from Pump Court, and sniffing the fresh breezes before he goes back to breakfast and a bag full of briefs at the Albion ! See that pretty string of prattling school-girls, from the chubby-cheeked, flaxen-headed little maiden just toddling by the side of the second teacher, to the arch damsel of fifteen, gigling and conscious of her beauty, whom Miss Griffin, the stern head-governess, awfully reproves ! See Tomkins with a telescope and marine-jacket ; young Nathan and young Abrams, already bedizened in jewellery, and rivalling the sun in oriental splendour ; yonder poor invalid crawling along in her chair ; yonder jolly fat lady examining the Brighton pebbles (I actually once saw a lady buy one), and her children wondering at the sticking-plaster portraits

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with gold hair, and gold locks, and prodigious high-heeled boots, miracles of art, and cheap at seven-and-sixpence. It is the fashion to run down George IV., but what myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton. Hail, then, purveyor of shrimps and honest prescriber of Southdown mutton ! 'There is no mutton so good as Brighton mutton ; no flys so pleasant as Brighton flys ; nor any cliff so pleasant to ride on ; no shops so beautiful to look at as the Brighton gimcrack shops, and the fruit shops, and the market. I fancy myself in Mrs. Honeyman's lodgings in Steyne Gardens, and in enjoyment of all these things.'*

A later generation of literary folk came to Brighton, some to reside, others on a visit ; and it is said, though on what authority the present writer is ignorant, that the only distinguished man of letters who was never at Brighton was Robert Browning. George Augustus Sala, who was born there, lived in the town for many years. Halliwell-Phillipps lived at Hollingbury House, Ditchling Road, from 1877 until his death twelve years later. The work of the latter was not of a nature to permit him to give any account of Brighton, but Sala not only had much to say of it in his autobiography, but also wrote a guide to the town ; † and, among the visitors, Mortimer Collins, whose books seem to be almost entirely forgotten, made it the subject of some verses, ‡ and Richard Jefferies devoted more than one of his charming essays to the

* Chap. ix.

† "Black's Guide to Brighton," 1895.

‡ See Appendix B.

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place he loved so well. There was not, however, a more enthusiastic Brightonian than William Black, who lived at Paston House, Kemp Town (near Herbert Spencer's house in Percival Terrace), from 1878 until his death twenty-one years later, when he was buried at Rottingdean, near the grave of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Black was always loud in his praises of his adopted town: "Come down to Brighton, dear fellow, and then you'll see whether that coat which you are wearing so complacently in those London fogs is not hopelessly shabby," he wrote to a friend, An hospitable man with a numerous acquaintance, Paston House Sunday afternoons became a feature in the social life of Brighton, for there were always to be found men and women of wit and intelligence brought together from all parts of the country. These informal gatherings were, in a way, a revival of the Horace Smith *salon* of earlier days.

Brighton has its associations not only with letters, but also with art, music, and the drama. Turner, Landseer, Leech, "Phiz," Robert and George Cruikshank were often there, and Burne-Jones and Copley Fielding were residents; Paganini, Lablache, Grisi, Titiens, Alboni, Trebelli-Bellini, Marius, Charles Incledon, John Braham, Sims Reeves, Jenny Lind, Sir Michael Costa, Sir Julius Benedict, and Sir Arthur Sullivan were frequent visitors; Helena Saville Faucit, afterwards Lady Martin, lived at No. 82, Grand Parade, in her childhood, and was married at St. Nicholas' Church; Charles Young and Barry Sullivan lived there after their retirement. Actors, indeed, have always been patrons of the town since

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the days when Mrs. Siddons used to recite before the Regent at the Pavilion : Kean, Kemble, Macready, and William Farren were often at Brighton, and in later days Irving and Toole. During the last sad years of Toole's life, when he was partially paralysed, he stayed for months together at the "Old Ship." He was to be seen most evenings in the large smoking-room on the right-hand side of the hall, and he would sit there until the small hours, listening attentively to the conversation that usually turned on theatrical subjects, and occasionally mumbling into the ear of a relative in attendance a correction of some name or date—for his memory to the last was most retentive. Though his voice could rarely rise beyond a whisper, he was the king of a little coterie regular in its attendance. When any one brought a friend into that room, as a matter of course he presented him to Toole—and, if that friend was an actor, it was rare that the old man did not know enough of his work to frame a compliment, for he who had been the greatest comedian of his generation never failed, unless prevented by ill-health greater than usual, to witness a performance of every company, good, bad, or indifferent, that appeared at any of the local theatres. The present writer, who was more than once in Toole's box at the Theatre Royal, remembers how it was the old actor's custom to send some one "behind" during an interval, with compliments for the men and pretty phrases and boxes of chocolates for the women. At the "Old Ship" smoking-room he was treated like royalty. It was rare for any one to leave until he

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gave the signal for dismissal by his own departure ; and when at length he proposed to retire the whole company would rise, and form a semicircle from his chair to the door. Toole, leaning on a friendly arm, would hobble slowly past, bowing formally to one, nodding to his intimates, shaking hands with new acquaintances, murmuring kind words that only too often could not be distinctly heard. It was a moment that made the proudest humble, and on this sad picture, an exit of the last of the race of great comedians of bygone days, the curtain may fittingly fall upon this record of an historic town.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

BRAYLEY'S ACCOUNT OF THE PAVILION *

THE ground-plot forms a long parallelogram, the extent of the building from north to south being 480 feet, and from east to west about 125 feet : of this space upwards of two-thirds is occupied by the Royal apartments and their appendages, and the remainder by the great kitchen, chapel, servants' rooms, and domestic offices.

Since the Pavilion was first built, it has been greatly and progressively enlarged, as above detailed, and together with the adjoining grounds and stabling, it now occupies an extensive plot of ground, nearly in the centre of the town, and immediately contiguous to the far-famed Steyne and Parade. The whole of the demesne comprises ten acres, the principal part of which was obtained by purchase, and the rest by grant from the manorial owners and townspeople.

The principal or eastern front of the Palace opens to a lawn, which is merely separated from the Steyne Parade by a low wall and dwarf enclosure, at the distance from the building of 170 feet. On the north side are shrubberies ; and on the west, which includes the main entrance, are the pleasure

* An extract from "Illustrations of Her Majesty's Palace at Brighton, formerly the Pavilion : Executed by the command of King George the Fourth, under the Superintendence of John Nash, Esq., Architect. To which is prefixed a History of the Palace, by Edward Wedlake Brayley, Esq., F.S.A." 1838.

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grounds and carriage drive. The southern extremity, comprehending the Chapel Royal and offices, projects into Castle Square. . . .

The centre division, which includes the *Rotunda*, or *Saloon*, and has a semicircular arcade in front, is crowned by a vast dome, presenting the appearance of an inverted balloon, tapering upwards into a lofty pinnacle, the point of which is more than one hundred feet from the ground. This dome is surrounded by a horizontal band of twenty-eight conjoined ovals (crossing a similar number of vertical ribs), most of which are pierced as windows to the several apartments contained in its concavity. It is also flanked by two octagonal minarets, and appears to rise from a basement cone faced with scale work. Smaller domes of a more compressed form surmount the semicircular recesses which adjoin the Saloon; these have ornamental bands and vertical ribs, but no windows. The arcade spandrels are filled up by curvilinear trellis-work, inclosing quatrefoils; and over the middle part is the Prince of Wales's crest, and this inscription:

H.R.H. GEORGE. P.W.

A.D. MDCCCXI.

Similar domes to those last described surmount the *Green* and *Yellow Drawing Rooms* (as they are now called), which connect the Saloon with the wings, and are each curved at the ends. The upper chambers recede, and before each range is a balcony and pierced parapet. The wings, which are of a square form, are surmounted by lofty cones, rising to the height of about ninety feet; at the angles are minarets. In front of both wings is an open arcade, composed of seven arches, separated from each other by octagonal columns, and ornamented by similar trellis-work to that of the Saloon arcade. The southern extremity terminates in a square tower crowned by a dome and minarets corresponding with those already described. A sort of running battlement, with very narrow embrasures, surmounts the upper line of the whole building. . . .

The *West Front* of this edifice is shewn in all its variety of

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detail. In its general character it corresponds with The Steyne front, but there are many differences in the minor ornaments. . . .

The principal entrance to the palace is constituted by a Porch and Vestibule, which open from the drive on the western side of the building. The *Porch*, which forms a square of about twenty-two feet, is supported at each angle by three Oriental columns, and crowned by a small dome in the general style of those already described. Over the cornice is the following inscription, recording the date when the alterations at the Pavilion were commenced by Mr. Holland :—

H.R.H. GEORGE. P.W.

A.D. MDCCLXXXIV.

The Porch leads directly to the *Vestibule*, which is of an octagonal form, and about twenty feet in diameter. It is surmounted by a tented roof, neatly decorated, and a Chinese lantern is suspended from the centre. . . .

The Entrance Hall forms a square of twenty-six feet, exclusive of an angular recess which slopes to the Vestibule. The recess has a tented roof, supported by two columns in the Oriental style, and pierced by a horizontal sky-light, illumined in part by tinted glass; there are also two side windows in the recess, independently of its glazed doors. The square of the Hall is surrounded by an ornamental cornice, supporting the ceiling, which resembles an azure sky, diversified by fleecy clouds. On the entrance side, below the cornice, is neatly painted a long range of dragonish forms and other devices; and four globular lamps, similarly embellished, are suspended from the angles of the ceiling. The walls are of a delicate pale green, relieved by circular and vertical compartments, in which dragons and serpents are depicted in subdued colouring. The chimney-piece is of white marble, neatly executed. . . .

The RED DRAWING ROOM, . . . which is chiefly used as a breakfast-room, adjoins the Entrance Hall on the south side: its length is about thirty feet, and its breadth twenty-two feet, independently of a considerable recess towards the north. The timbers which cross the ceiling are sustained by reeded columns in imitation of bamboo. A number of small Chinese pictures,

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mostly of a bluish tone, exhibiting domestic or family scenes, ornament the walls, which are painted in resemblance of the crimson japan. . . .

The CHINESE GALLERY, which ranges immediately behind the Saloon and its communicating apartments, is 162 feet in length and 17 feet wide. This space is partially separated into five divisions, of unequal extent and elevation, by trellis-work in imitation of bamboo.

The central division is surrounded by a Chinese canopy of similar trellis-work, hung with bells, and surmounted by a coved ornamental ceiling, which projects through the upper floor, and is illumined by a horizontal light of stained glass, measuring twenty-two feet in length, and eleven feet in width. On this light is represented *Lin-Shin*, the God of Thunder, surrounded by his drums, and flying, as described in the mythology of China. His right hand wields a mace, or sceptre, "wherewith to strike the drums, and arouse the thunder"; and, with his left, he apparently upholds an elegant glass lamp, ornamentally tinted and enriched by clusters of brilliant drops. Other sections of the light exhibit the Imperial five-clawed dragon, amidst fancy borderings of different hues. Vertical transparencies, in a similar style, in imitative frames of bamboo, enrich the ends immediately below the ceiling, and corresponding embellishments are painted on each side.

On the west side, beneath the canopy, and directly facing the middle entrance, is a curiously designed chimney-piece worked in brass and iron to imitate bamboo; and over it is a looking-glass of considerable magnitude. At a little distance, right and left, are two large niches, lined with yellow marble, containing cabinets, and on them in erect positions are plaster casts, painted, of a male and female Chinese figure, in their proper costume. There are, also, four similar niches in the other divisions of the gallery, occupied by Indian cabinets, etc.; as well as two recesses, each containing a pagoda of six stories, wrought in porcelain. At various angles of the ceiling, in place of the Chinese standards to which they were formerly attached, tasteful lanterns of stained glass are suspended, exhibiting on their respective sides mythological devices, with birds, flowers,

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insects and other ornaments, tinted in a very effective and striking manner.

The walls are battened, and the canvas is painted throughout with a delicate peach blossom, as a ground colour, on which rocks, trees, shrubs, birds and other embellishments in the Chinese style are very neatly pencilled in a subdued tone of pale blue. There are three fire-places, over which stand beautiful jars and vases of china and porcelain, intermingled with open tulips and lotus flowers of stained glass, inclosing branches for lights. Many large jars and other vessels, and figures of China-ware, are also distributed throughout the gallery, the furniture of which is entirely of an Oriental description. All the couches and chairs, which are numerous, are of ivory, curiously figured, and in some instances, variegated with black.

The extreme compartments to the north and south are occupied by double staircases, rendered light and airy in appearance by the steps being fronted with perforated brass and iron work; the railings are of cast iron, wrought and painted to resemble bamboo. These compartments are illumined by horizontal lights of stained glass, of similar elevation and accordant adornments to that of the central division of the Gallery; the southern one exhibiting the Imperial five-clawed dragon, surrounded by flying bats, and the northern one the Chinese bird of Royalty called the *fum*, with other ornaments. Above the landing-place, at the north end, are also three windows, each being embellished with a full-sized representation, in stained glass, of a Chinese god; and corresponding imitative windows are depicted over the southern landing-place. The staircases lead into an upper gallery, or corridor, which communicates with the superior bedrooms and other apartments. When the doors at the ends of the Gallery, which are fronted with looking-glass, are closed, an almost magical illusion is produced, the perspective appearing interminable. The carpeting is of English manufacture, and accords, in decoration, with the other furniture. From the respective extremities of this Gallery, access is obtained to the Music Room and the Banqueting Room. . . .

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THE MUSIC ROOM

No verbal description, however elaborate, can convey to the mind or imagination of the reader an appropriate idea of the magnificence of this apartment; and even the creative delineations of the pencil, combined with all the illusions of colour, would scarcely be adequate to such an undertaking. Yet luxuriously resplendent and costly as the adornments are, they are so intimately blended with the refinements of an elegant taste, that everything appears in keeping and in harmony.

The ground-plan of this apartment forms a square of forty-two feet, enlarged to the north and south by rectangular recesses, ten feet in depth; thus extending the entire length to sixty-two feet. The square part, at the height of twenty-three feet, is surrounded by a splendid canopy, or cornice, ornamented with carved shield-work, flower-drops, stars, etc., and supported, at the angles, by slender, reticulated tree-like columns, richly gilt. Immediately above this is an octagon gallery, ten feet high, formed by a series of eight elliptical arches, pierced by windows of a similar shape, and connected by intervening spandrels. The windows, which are so contrived as to be illumined from the exterior, are enriched with stained glass displaying numerous Chinese devices, and similar decorations, in green gold, surround them. A convex cove, four feet in elevation, forms the next architectural feature, and upon that is based a very elegant dome, or cupola (thirty feet in diameter), which is faced throughout with scale work, in green gold, resembling scallop shells; these ornaments, by decreasing in size as they ascend, add much to the apparent height of the room, which at this point is forty-one feet.

At the apex, expanding in bold relief and vivid colouring, is a vast foliated ornament, bearing a general resemblance to a sunflower, with many smaller flowers issuing from it in all the luxuriancy of seeming cultivation. From this, apparently projected from the calyx, depends a very beautiful lustre of cut glass, designed in the pagoda style, and sustaining by its chain-work an immense lamp in the form of the *nelumbium* or waterlily. The upper leaves are of white ground glass, edged

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with gold, and enriched with transparent devices derived from the mythology of the Chinese; the lower leaves are of a pale crimson hue. At the bottom are golden dragons, in attitude of flight. Eight smaller lamps, but of corresponding forms and decoration, are suspended from the projecting angles of the canopy; adding greatly to the general effect when illumined for evening parties.

On the eastern side of this room, light is admitted by five windows, the draperies of which, composed of blue and crimson satins, and yellow silks richly fringed, are upheld by golden dragons, and supported at the sides by large serpents of a silvery hue. In front of the intervening piers (on elevated pedestals manufactured by Spode) stand four pagoda towers of Oriental porcelain, each of which consists of eight stories, and is fifteen feet in height; the pedestals are embellished with varied landscapes and flowers. Many other rare and valuable specimens of Oriental china and jasper, in large jars, vases, etc., are included among the ornamental furniture of this room.

On the west side is a magnificent chimney-piece, of statuary marble, designed by Westmacott, and very beautifully wrought. The sweep of cornice in the centre is supported on the expanded wings of a finely sculptured dragon; and each of the jambs, which are, in fact, short, circular columns, having bases and capitals of conjoined lotus leaves, is surrounded by eight small columns of *or-molu*, and otherwise enriched. The stove, fender, fire irons, etc., which were manufactured by Cutler, in a superior style of workmanship to most others, are of polished steel and *or-molu*. Over the chimney-piece is an effulgent looking-glass measuring nearly twelve feet by eight, surmounted by a tasteful and glittering canopy, supported on tree-like columns of radiant gold. In front stands a superb time-piece, of curious and elaborate design: the base exhibits a rock and a palm tree; around the latter a dragon entwines, and appears to be darting its sting at a figure behind, who wields an uplifted spear. At the top are Venus and Cupid, with the Peacock of Love; and below them is the god Mars, who is climbing upwards, as though to view the beauties of the Paphian queen. Large and elegant china vases, with golden branches for lights,

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are placed on each side the time-piece, together with other vessels of rich jasper.

The walls, where not otherwise adorned, are covered with paintings, in imitation of the crimson japan. The subjects introduced are twelve in number, and consist of views in China, principally taken in the neighbourhood of that "far famed, but little known metropolis," Pekin; they are of a bright yellow colour, heightened with gold, and in delicacy of execution and beauty of pencilling, are scarcely to be exceeded by the best miniature paintings. Much fancy is displayed in the framework; the inner borderings being composed of a running pattern of rich foliage, and the outer ones of blue and yellow fretwork, heightened with gold; at the upper corner are flying dragons.

The recesses at the north and south ends are each canopied by a convex curve representing rows of bamboos, confined by ribands, and terminating in the square of the room; these are partly sustained by large columns of crimson and flowered gold, which are entwined by enormous serpents, depicted in all their glowing diversity of colour and vivid expression of animal power. Similar columns, but of greater height, are ranged on the western side of this apartment. Within the northern recess and a separate room extending behind it to the depth of twenty feet, stands a large organ, which was built by Lincoln in the year 1818, and is celebrated both for great powers, and peculiar delicacy of tone. It has three rows of keys, twenty-eight stops, and twenty pedals; and its compass extends from C.C.C. with a double diapason throughout.

There are two entrances to this apartment, one from the Chinese Gallery, and the other from the Yellow Drawing Room, each under a superb canopy of crimson and gold, ornamented with dragons and musical bells, and supported by golden columns entwined by dragons. There is no outlet on the opposite side, but the general uniformity is preserved by apparent entrances, corresponding in embellishments with those described.

The carpet, which was manufactured in Axminster, to fit the room, is one of the largest in the kingdom, its dimensions being sixty-one feet by forty, and its weight about 1,700 lbs. It is wrought with Chinese subjects in gold colour, on a light blue

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ground, including stars, serpents, dragons, birds, insects, and other forms. The sofas and chairs, which are of yellow satin and gold, accord in elegance with the surrounding objects; the armchairs are partially dove-coloured. . . .

THE YELLOW DRAWING ROOM . . . is the intervening apartment between the Saloon and the Music Room, and is the one that usually becomes the sitting-room of the Royal party when residing at the Palace. Its length is fifty-six feet, and its extreme breadth, to the windows, about thirty-three feet. The ceiling is partly supported by two Oriental columns, of white and gold, enwreathed by serpents, and branching into umbrella capitals hung with bells. The cornice, or canopy, which surrounds the room, is also diversified by pendent bells. The draperies, etc., are of striped satin; and the walls are panelled in white, with richly-gilt borderings. The principal chairs and sofas are covered to match the drapery; and on the back of every chair is a small Chinese figure, seated, with a bell in each hand. There are five windows on the east side (besides two others in the semicircular returns), and in front of each intermediate pier, is a sexagon stand of porcelain, sustaining branch lights. The chimney-piece, which is of brown-coloured marble, is elegantly designed; at the angles are small columns, and within a niche in each jamb is a Chinese figure. On the mantel-shelf is a handsome dial, by Vulliamy, with ornamental accessories, including Chinese figures of white china, in draperies enriched with gold. Among the furniture are buhl tables, with grotesque borderings, beautifully inlaid. On the side and end tables are many jars and vases of Asiatic and Sèvres porcelain; several of which are of a pale sea-green colour, elegantly wrought with flowers, butterflies, and other forms. The doors are panelled with plate glass.

THE SALOON, . . . which forms the centre of the suite in the eastern front, is magnificently decorated, almost every part being effulgent with gold. Its general plan is a circle, thirty-five feet in diameter, surmounted by a cupola, and enlarged to the north and south by coved semicircular recesses (of a ten feet radius), which include the entrances from the apartments communicating with the Music and Banqueting Rooms. The Cupola springs

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from a boldly projecting cornice, composed of various mouldings apparently of massive gold, crowned by a running ornament of flowers, and pendent bells. The ceiling represents a lightly clouded sky (the sun being dimly seen); in the centre of which is a gorgeous bird, in full relief, with wings of flowered gold and silver, enwreathed by serpents, resplendently coloured crimson and green. This sustains one of the most elaborate and finely devised lustres of cut glass that was ever executed. Its height is about eighteen feet, and its varying and brilliant tiers of glittering drops are surrounded towards the bottom by radiant burners, the light of which is softened and diffused around by globes of round glass. Four smaller lustres, but of corresponding fancy and workmanship, are pendent from the ceilings of the recesses.

On the eastern side are three large windows splendidly adorned with festooned curtains of flowered satin, crimson and gold; and the panels and other divisions are enriched with corresponding drapery. Between the windows are two very large pier glasses nearly reaching from the ground to the cornice; and other large glasses surmount the entrance doorways: all the framework is of an elegantly conceived pattern, designed from the lotus leaf; and every frame has a rich canopy, springing from dragons' heads. On the west side is a sumptuous chimney-piece of statuary marble, with enrichments of *or-molu*; and, in each jamb, within a niche, stands a Chinese figure; these figures, which are of metal, are highly painted and varnished, and the dresses are finely pencilled. Over the chimney-piece is a vast looking-glass, thirteen feet high and eight feet wide, in front of which, between two very beautiful china vases, stands an elegant dial by Vulliamy; this is supported by couchant dragons of blue porcelain, and enclosed in a China case surrounded by golden wreaths of the lotus and sunflower plants. Surmounting the dial is a Chinese male figure seated, with a boy on his shoulder, a girl at his side, and a dog on his lap.

At the side of the recesses are enriched pilasters; each shaft of which exhibits a kind of caduceus, enwreathed by double-headed serpents, in gold. The doors, which are folding and also double, are beautifully ornamented with Japan work,

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in panels, curiously embossed with flowering shrubs, birds of different kinds (including peacocks, parrots, and cockatoos), rabbits, a porcupine frightened by snakes, insects, etc., in variously coloured gold. On the side piers, between the doors, are represented pagodas in rockery scenery, together with a lake teeming with water-flowers of many species, and in the sky flying dragons. Great invention and very skilful execution are displayed in all these designs.

Large vases, of china, and other vessels in rich settings, beautifully wrought with sundry kinds of insects in low relief, constitute a part of the ornamental furniture of the Saloon; which also includes some fine cabinets, and splendid ottomans of ruby-coloured silk, fringed with gold, with couches and chairs of corresponding elegance. The carpet, which is of Axminster manufacture, and is wrought on a circular plan to fit the room, accords with the other decorations. In the centre is a dragon and two serpents, surrounded by lotus flowers and leaves; roses, stars, serpents, and other forms, in alternating succession, diversify the borderings. . . .

THE GREEN DRAWING ROOM, or BANQUETING ROOM GALLERY, . . . which connects the Banqueting Room with the Saloon, was originally called the *Blue Drawing Room*, from the general tone of its decorations. . . . Chinese lanterns were suspended from the cornice and ceiling, and paintings of Chinese scenery and trellis-work covered the walls; but it was subsequently altered, and scarcely a vestige of its former state remains except the stoves and chimney-pieces. . . . It is now called the *Green Drawing Room*, from the prevalent hue of its draperies, which are of richly woven silks, of a pale green colour, tastefully wrought with groups of fruit and flowers.

This apartment is fifty-two feet in length, and about thirty-three feet in extreme breadth. The ceiling, which is surrounded by an enriched cornice, is partly sustained by two Oriental columns, crowned with spreading foliage. The walls are panelled white, with broad fret-like borders, in gold; and, on the west side, under a festooned canopy, is a recess for a couch, with fluted drapery at the back, radiating from a central flower. On the same side, surmounted by large

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looking-glasses, are two handsome chimney-pieces of white marble, having ornamental accessories in *or-molu* and bronze. A clock by Vulliamy, and two beautiful jars of porcelain, upholding branch lights, stand on each shelf; and many other rich vessels of china and porcelain are ranged on Indian cabinets and side tables in different parts of the room. But the most *recherché* of all are two vases, and two ewers of Chinese manufacture, which occupy high pedestals in front of the window piers; they approach to the Egyptian form, and are of a sea-green colour, variegated with gold; each of these vessels is about three feet in height. Several of the tables are of rosewood inlaid with *or-molu*; and one table is of rich tortoise-shell similarly embellished. The door panels are of looking-glass.

THE BANQUETING ROOM

In its general plan, dimensions, and principal architectural features, this apartment nearly corresponds with the Music Room; but the decorations and ornamental work are entirely different, although equally impressive in effect, from the good taste displayed in their well-harmonized combinations, and in the professional ability which pervades the whole.

Like the Music Room, the square of this apartment, at the height of twenty-three feet, is bounded by a most elegant cornice, apparently inlaid with pearl and gold: the upper members exhibit the lotus leaf, and the lower ones are adorned with pendent trefoils, alternating with silver bells. This is supported, at the angles, by golden columns, each surrounded, in two divisions, by fasces of lances and darts entwined by serpents. Over each side of the cornice extends an elliptical arch, about seven feet high in the clear, having, in the central part, a narrow oblong window of stained glass (so contrived as to be illumined from without), and, in smaller arched compartments, at the extremities, golden dragons of various forms. The windows, which are glazed lozenge-wise, include in their embellishments radiant suns within circles, on a blue ground, involving dragons and serpents in their blaze, in accordance with Oriental imagery. Cove-like spandrels, faced with ornamental

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fretwork, connect the elliptical arches with a cupola of an unique, yet graceful form; . . . the base being a regular cone, about six feet in height, and the surmounting part composed of curves struck from different centres, and partly convex. The cove is bordered with gold mouldings, and faced with scale-work of a whitish-green colour, studded with golden flowerets. An Eastern sky, partially obscured by the broad and branching foliage of a luxuriant and fruited plantain tree, is depicted in the upper part; and from this appears to issue a vast dragon, finely carved, and most brilliantly coloured, the wings and scales being redolent of metallic green and silver.

From a ring environed by the claws of the dragon, was formerly suspended a magnificent lustre, of unparalleled size and beauty; but this was taken down, about three years ago, under the express command of his late Majesty, King William, who was fearful lest, from its immense weight, the supports should give way and some fatal accident occur. It is still, however, carefully preserved, and may be replaced whenever desirable. Its height is thirty feet, its extreme diameter about twelve feet, and its weight about one ton. This elaborate specimen of ingenious art consists of two divisions, connected with each other by chains richly gilt. The upper division is, apparently, formed of conjoined links of pearls and rubies diverging to a horizontal star; below which is a radiant circle of open flowers and bands of pearls, etc., combined with festoons of sparkling jewellery. The lower division consists of a vast bulb, gradually expanding, composed of seeming pearls, diamonds and other jewels, surrounded towards the bottom by a broad belt edged with pearls, and connected with four large and glittering dragons, from whose upturned mouths proceed as many lotus flowers (of ground glass slightly tinted), "the expressive Eastern emblems of perfection and brightness." Festoons of pearls, with rosettes, stars, etc., and tassels of brilliant drops, complete the form of this unique ornament.

Four other lustres, designed in a style of corresponding elegance, but much smaller, and more simple in construction, are suspended from an equal number of beautifully carved

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figures of the Chinese *fum*, which appear to issue, in the act of flight, from the spandrils beneath the cupola, and are richly and variously coloured to resemble nature. Each minor lustre displays only a single lotus flower, which crowns the lower division, and appears studded at the joining of the leaves with superb jewels: twenty-four burners are contained within the cup of each flower.

Of the enchanting effect produced by the diffusive rays of these lustres, when fully illumined, it is scarcely possible to conceive an adequate idea. Creating (if the figure may be allowed), in mid air, a diamond blaze, yet so chastened by the semi-transparent medium through which it streams, that the eye gazes on the beauteous scene undazzled; the effulgence assumes the character of an artificial day.

The recesses to the north and south of this apartment are united to the main cornice by convex curves (rising from a subordinate cornice enriched with gold and pendent bells), each of which is divided into five semi-elliptic compartments, curiously embellished with a variety of shadowy mythological forms, in pale gold, on a slate-coloured ground. The intervening spaces above the cornice are crimson and gold with silver studs.

On the east side are five spacious windows, the draperies of which are of the richest crimson silks, adorned with gold, and sustained by flying dragons. The dividing piers are covered by fluted silks of celestial blue; and in front of each pier is a beautiful candelabrum, about ten feet in height. Each of the latter consists of a circular pedestal (including descending dragons, in relief, among its ornaments), supporting a cylindrical vase of blue porcelain, resembling lapis lazuli, surmounted by a lotus flower, of seven leaves, slightly tinged with red, and having its stem entwined by golden dragons. Similar candelabra, but with varied pedestals, stand before the main piers on the opposite side. The windows are glazed with plate glass in large panes, set in frames of dark wood, with gold beadings, and borders of amber-coloured glass; the jambs are black and red, edged with gold ornamental work.

There are four entrances to this apartment (viz. two at each end), all of which are uniform in character and decoration.

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They have folding doors embellished in imitation of Japan work ; each leaf presenting an elegant pagoda, embossed with gold of different hues, and hung with silver bells. Small columns ornament the sides of the doorways, and each impost exhibits two finely carved dragons, apparently of solid gold. Above these, in an arched compartment, is a group of dragons, issuing from an expanded flower-cup, expressive of the chimera of Oriental mythology : these, also, are richly gilt, and beautifully sculptured.

The walls above the dado (independently of a general decoration of silver checquer-work, heightened with flowered crosses, on a deep blue ground) are divided into compartments of large size, containing a series of beautiful paintings in illustration of the domestic manners and costume of the Chinese people. The grouped subjects are eleven in number, and there are four others of single figures, holding screens of peacocks' feathers. The ground of these masterly productions is an imitation of inlaid pearl, richly and ingeniously wrought with all the varied forms of the mythology of China ; yet so delicately executed as scarcely to intrude upon the eye. The central picture on the west side represents the conveyance home of a Chinese bride. She is seated in a palanquin, under a parasol canopy, with a peacock by her side, and carried by six bearers in rich habits. An attendant with cymbals, and two boys, respectively carrying a banner and a trumpet, lead the procession. In the adjoining compartments are a lady looking at a vase containing gold fish, which an attendant is feeding, and a Chinese grandee giving audience to a suitor. On the same side, but within the recesses, family parties are represented, in one of which is a female on a settee, with two children, and a boy playfully holding a macaw at her knee. Among the other subjects represented are, a lady playing on a guitar, with a much-pleased child kneeling at her side and listening ; a lady, with a peacock fan, receiving fruit from a boy ; a lady and child tending flowers ; and a child amusing itself with a tame snake, in the presence of its parents. These paintings are executed with a precision and delicacy equal to miniatures, and the colouring is extremely brilliant : the figures are nearly the size of life, and the dresses

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are richly embroidered. They are all enclosed within painted framings of trellis work, edged by narrow gold mouldings. On the west side are also painted two Chinese standards, hung with pennons, and guarded at the base by dragons.

At each end of this room (facing each other) is a chimney-piece of the finest statuary marble, ornamented with *or-molu*, and having canopied niches in the jambs, occupied by Chinese figures, richly gilt. Above each is a looking-glass, extending to the cornice, and measuring ten feet in height, by five feet nine inches in width. Before the northern glass stands a timepiece, by Vulliamy, of most excellent design and workmanship. The dial forms the centre of an opening sunflower, on each side of which, as though reposing in the shade of its exuberant and varied foliage (chased in gold), is a Chinese figure, male and female, the one with a bow, the other with a fan. These figures are of brass, highly coloured in beautiful japanned work; and the garments are enriched with golden ornaments, finely pencilled. On the opposite chimney-piece is a thermometer (also by Vulliamy), of similar design and execution to the timepiece; each dial is surmounted by a peacock, or *fum*.

There are five sideboards of rose wood in this apartment (viz. three on the west side, and two at each end), ornamented with *or-molu* and Chinese emblems. The dining table, which is of the best mahogany, is forty-two feet in length, and seven feet six inches in width. The seats and backs of the chairs are covered with red morocco.

Among the other furniture appropriate to a dining-room are five Chinese cisterns, mounted in *or-molu* of superior workmanship, and numerous jars and vessels of blue porcelain, of great brilliancy and excellence; the latter are of Staffordshire manufacture, and were provided by Spode and Copeland. The carpeting, which is of Axminster manufacture, and made expressly for the room, consists of a large square, and two end pieces to correspond. A dragon, with three serpents coiled around, and involving it, forms the central ornament: this is surrounded by circles, diversely wrought, and increasing in diameter towards the border. . . .

On the same side, at the end of the dining table, is his Royal

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brother, the late King, when Duke of Clarence. The table is set out with rich plate, splendid candelabra, and elegant and costly statuary.

THE LIBRARY

Behind the Music Room, and partly forming the north-west side of this edifice, are the private apartments which were occupied by his late Majesty George the Fourth. They consist of a Library, Bedroom, Bath, Sitting and Dressing-rooms, and several offices.

The Library comprehends two rooms, . . . the largest of which is thirty-five feet in length, by twenty feet in breadth, and the other about half those dimensions. Divided into three compartments, viz. a square and two oblongs, the ceiling of the large room is painted to represent an azure sky, diversified by light clouds; and in the oblong compartments are delineations of Chinese standards. The square part is surrounded by a gilt cornice, supported at the angles by fluted pillars, crowned with capitals of fan-like tracery. Dragons of grotesque and varied forms, combined with flowers and other devices, on a green ground, are curiously painted on the walls. The hangings are composed of rich yellow-coloured drapery. Over the chimney-piece, which is of statuary marble, and very elegant, is a splendid looking-glass; and another is fixed over the chimney-piece in the smaller room. Though still called the Library, these apartments present but few indications of that appropriation, all the books having been removed during the residence here of William the Fourth. A great variety of China jars and other vessels form a part of the ornamental furniture and in the smaller room is a very pretty Indian cabinet, containing numerous articles of *bijouterie* and *vertu*.

HIS MAJESTY'S (GEORGE THE FOURTH) BEDROOM

This apartment adjoins to the Library, on the north side: it forms a square of about forty feet, with a recess for a bed on the eastern side. A kind of dado of trellis-work surrounds the lower part, and the upper parts are decorated with dragons, stars, flowers, etc., pencilled in white, on a light green ground; the

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doors, also, are painted to correspond. The adjoining *Bath Room* is lined with white marble: the principal bath, which is sixteen feet long, ten feet wide, and six feet deep, is supplied with salt water from the sea by a succession of pipes and other machinery. In the *Ante-room* (or page's room) are eighteen small paintings, very neatly executed, of Chinese landscapes, and other subjects connected with China. . . .

THE NORTH AND SOUTH GALLERIES, . . . OR LOBBIES, as they are now called, . . . serve as avenues of communication with the adjoining apartments. From the trellis-work and general style of fitting-up, they have a light and airy appearance, and the furniture is correspondent. Each doorway is flanked by two half columns, ornamented by lozenge-shaped reticulations, and crowned by dragons' heads in relief. Several models of Chinese ships and pagodas, finely carved in ivory, are preserved here, and exhibit extraordinary examples of patient labour and dexterity in that branch of art.

QUEEN ADELAIDE'S APARTMENTS . . . are very neatly fitted up, though with little splendour; being far more adapted for domestic comfort than for state display, for which indeed they were never designed. Both the Drawing- and Bed-rooms are battened with a very handsome paper, teeming with flowers upon a yellow ground, and including many beautiful parrots and other birds and insects among its ornaments. Several Indian cabinets, and an elegant Buhl table, form part of the Drawing-room furniture; and in the adjoining Lady's Room is a fine head by Lawrence of his late Majesty William the Fourth; these apartments open to the balcony in the West Wing, over the Library.

GREAT KITCHEN

Nearly the whole of the south end of the Palace is occupied by the various offices belonging to the establishment,—of which, both in appearance and interest, the *Great Kitchen* must be regarded as the principal. Its form is rectangular; the extent from east to west is about forty-five feet, and from north to south thirty-six feet. It has a lantern roof, . . . which is supported by four iron columns, in the shape of palm trees, and

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is carried up to a considerable elevation. The dishes, when placed on the central table, . . . are kept hot by a steam apparatus, until everything is ready for the banquet. Several smaller kitchens, and two larders, are attached to the principal one; and, on the western side of the servants' corridor, . . . are two pastry-rooms and a confectionery. Some alterations were made here about two years ago, during a repair. It is scarcely necessary to add, that all the arrangements, fittings-up and furniture of these offices, as well as the great variety of articles for culinary use, are of the best and most convenient description. In an open court . . . there is also an octagon tower containing a water reservoir; the water is raised and supplied for domestic purposes by ingenious and powerful machinery.

THE CHAPEL

Near the south-east angle of the Palace is a large building of red brick, forming a part of Castle Square. This was originally the Castle Inn; but it having been purchased by the Prince Regent, the Ballroom was converted into a CHAPEL for the Royal household, soon after his accession to the Crown. It was consecrated with great solemnity, on the 1st of January, 1822, by the late Dr. John Buckner, Bishop of Chichester, in the presence of the King and his suite, and a numerous congregation. The interior forms a rectangle of eighty feet by forty; the height is about thirty feet. The Royal gallery, which is at the north end, is supported by fluted columns and pilasters, and hung with crimson drapery: it includes three divisions, the central one being for the Sovereign, and those to the right and left for the attendant Ladies and Gentlemen. At the south end is a large organ gallery, with seats for the household servants. The area is appropriated to a general congregation, but no person is admitted without a ticket: the number of tickets issued is about 400. The Chapel is neatly wainscoted, and has two fireplaces on each side: it communicates with the Palace by a covered passage leading to an apartment adjoining the Banqueting Room. The original Chapel Royal was in Prince's Place, North Street, at a short distance westward from the Pavilion; and it is still occupied as a Chapel of Ease to Brighton. It was

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erected in 1793, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, who deposited the first stone, and contains accommodation for about 1000 persons.

THE ROYAL STABLES

It has already been stated that the Pavilion Stables were erected from the designs of the late William Porden, Esq., between the years 1803 and 1805. They stand on the northern side of the pleasure grounds, at the distance of about ninety or one hundred yards from the Palace itself, and occupy a part of the site of the Elm or Promenade Grove, which had for some years been used as a place of public recreation, and was purchased by the Prince of Wales in 1800. Shortly afterwards, the adjoining shrubberies and grounds of Grove House, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough, were also purchased, and, in consequence of those acquisitions, the New Road, connecting North Street with Church Street, was made. The thoroughfare connecting East Street with the North Steyne (which had previously run immediately behind the Pavilion) was then closed up, and the intervening space annexed to the demesne.

The arrangements and construction of this extensive pile are highly honourable to the professional skill of its talented architect, who was the first person in this country that adopted the Oriental style in modern composition, at least on an enlarged scale. In the boldness of the design, particularly of the dome-crowned Rotunda, and in the judicious allocation of the parts, "which" (as was just remarked by a contemporary writer), "while they produce all the conveniences in the contemplation of His Royal Highness, contribute equally to advance the general effect," the architect has been eminently successful; yet as correct specimens of Oriental composition neither the Pavilion nor the stables will ever be regarded as examples for imitation. The expense of erecting this building was upwards of £70,000.

The principal entrance to the Royal Stables is from Church Street, and leads through a wide and lofty arch of the pointed form into a spacious quadrangular court, containing the coach-houses, coach-house stabling, and various servants' rooms and

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offices. Opposite to this is another archway, conducting to the area of the Rotunda, which is a circle of two hundred and forty-nine feet in circumference, surrounded by the stables for the saddle-horses, and an open gallery; and the whole of which receives its light through the glazed compartments of the vast cupola by which it is surmounted. From the extent and height of this interior, and the lofty elevation of the four arches which open from it towards the cardinal points, an impressive effect, associated with surprise and admiration, is produced on the mind of every spectator.

The dome, or cupola, which surmounts the Rotunda, combines strength and lightness in an extraordinary degree. Although upwards of eighty feet diameter in the clear, its thickness is only twelve inches at the bottom and nine inches at the top. It is constructed on the same principle as was the celebrated cupola of the *Halle au Blé* (Corn Market), at Paris, and it was the first example of that mode of construction in this country upon a large scale. The main ribs, which are twenty-four in number, are twelve inches by nine inches at the bottom, diminishing to nine inches square at the top; they are each constructed of three thicknesses of fir planks, in lengths of nine feet, breaking joint and firmly bolted together every three feet; the whole planed smooth, and the heading joints fitted together with the greatest accuracy. Of the space between the ribs, by far the largest proportion is divided into sixteen glazed compartments, spreading fan-wise, which diffuse an abundant light throughout the Rotunda. The remaining eighty compartments are embellished with panels in stucco-work, instead of glass, which adds variety without destroying the symmetry, and relieves the eye from the repulsive glare that a skylight of that magnitude must otherwise produce. In the middle of the cupola is a circular opening surmounted by a lantern, which forms a ventilator to the Rotunda and Stabling, and is wrought exteriorly into a sort of coronet. Where not interrupted by the skylights, the ribs are connected by horizontal purlins, and further strengthened by iron chairs surrounding the whole contour. The curvilinear plate, or curb, at the springing of the dome, measures twelve

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inches by nine inches, and that at the top nine inches by nine ; both are constructed in thicknesses in the same manner as the ribs above described.

The great arches on the east and west sides of the Rotunda lead to the Riding House, and to a new wing of stabling, erected in 1833 for Queen Adelaide, on the site of what had been intended for a Tennis Court. . . . They also contain the staircases connected with the gallery, around which are the Harness and Saddle rooms, and numerous apartments for the grooms and other servants. The southern arch opens to the pleasure grounds, and the view through the arches, from the entrance gateway across the Rotunda, is singularly striking. The stables surrounding the area, forty-four in number, are so arranged that when the doors are open, a spectator standing under the central part of the cupola may see into every stall without changing his situation. The fronts of the stables, and the arcades of the surmounting gallery, are finished in a corresponding manner to the dome, and this gives an harmonious character to the whole interior.

It has been frequently stated that the ventilation of the Royal Stables, though aided by the extensive archways connected with the Rotunda, was inadequate to disperse the heat attracted and retained by the glass and lead-work covering the dome ; and that the health of all horses kept there for any length of time was much injured in consequence. These assertions, however, are contrary to the facts ; the writer having been recently assured by the chief groom, who has held his situation many years, that no stabling in the kingdom can be more healthful, nor better adapted for its purposes than this.

The Riding House, which is to the west of the Rotunda, is a very capacious building ; its length being 176 feet, its width 38 feet 6 inches, and its height 34 feet in the clear. It is covered with a roof of a peculiar construction, differing probably from every other example. For the purpose of gaining as much height as possible, this roof was constructed without tie beams, the main timbers, of twelve inches by nine inches scantling, being built in the form of an arch, of forty-seven feet six inches radius, in three thicknesses of fir plank ; precisely in the same

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manner as the ribs of the dome above described. These curvilinear beams rest upon plates of fir (twelve inches by nine), and are further strengthened by curvilinear oak struts, of ten feet three inches radius, forming the ceiling into an elliptical arch 58 feet 6 inches in the span (as before stated), and of 15 feet rise ; with groins 15 feet 4 inches wide over each of the five windows on the west front, and corresponding groins on the east side. Over the arched beams are principal rafters, framed at the top with a king post in the usual manner ; and at the bottom forming tangents with the beams, and connected with them by keys and iron straps. The main trusses of the roof are 18 feet 5 inches apart over the windows, and 6 feet 9 inches over the piers, measuring from centre to centre ; and the number of main beams is eighteen, or three over each pier.

APPENDIX B

SOME BRIGHTON POEMS

- I. [BRIGHTON.] By George Saville Carey. (From "The Balnea.") 1801.
II. [BRIGHTON AMUSEMENTS.] By Henry Luttrell. (From "Advice to Julia.") 1820.
III. BRIGHTON. By James and Horace Smith. (From "Horace in London.") 1828.
IV. BRIGHTON IN SUNSHINE. } By "Arion." (From *Blackwood's*
V. BRIGHTON IN STORM. } *Magazine*, vol. l. pp. 461-466.) 1841.
VI. WINTER IN BRIGHTON. By Mortimer Collins. 1868.

I

[BRIGHTON]

"Tother morn as my Lady Fal-lal was at tea,
Just after she'd pickl'd herself in the sea,
She gap'd and she yawn'd, and said it was strange
That the sea should have wrought such a wonderful change ;
She went to the glass her grey tresses to plume,
Then smil'd on herself and she fancy'd a bloom.
Lord Saunter was there, like herself, in decay,
Who came down to wash his ill humours away,
Pray my good Lord, said my Lady Fal-lal,
Don't you think this heav'n compar'd to Pall Mall ?
What tho' there's no bush, or a tree to be seen,
Yet there is that pretty sweet level the Stein.

SOME BRIGHTON POEMS

'Tis a terrible town, said my Lord, you'll agree ;—
But then, said my Lady—my Lord, there's the Sea.—
My Lord now reply'd in a jocular strain,
I don't think I ever shall *sea* it again.

Odds bobbs ! cry'd my Lord, there's a raffle on foot,
That's good, said my Lady—so off they went to't.
You'd have laugh'd to have seen them, or amble or hop
With a heart full of glee to the bookseller's shop.
The bookseller's shop is the change of this place,
From Sir 'Timothy 'Traffic e'en up to his Grace.
In a corner sate little Miss Tittup, a-leering,
And old Lady Wishfor't sate opposite sneering :
Sir Christopher Croaker, with spindles so taper ;
Sat squinting thro' spectacles over a paper ;
When all on a sudden began he to croak,
This long-winded war ! by the Lord, is no joke :
Then addressing himself to a new-marry'd dame,
Who was deeply engag'd in the temple of Fame,
What think you my Lady ?—I don't think at all,
Sir Christopher Croaker, . . . unless of a ball ;
Apropos, she reply'd, Pray what do you say,
Now we talk of a ball, . . . will you go to the play ?
Sir Christopher, (instantly seiz'd with the dumps)
Then threw down his paper and took to his stumps.
He wonder'd how people could e'er think of plays,
In these terrible, troublesome, critical days. . . .

A new face appear'd in a smart riding hat ;
The whisper was instantly . . . Pray, who is that ?
'Tis Miss Molly Mundungus . . . what fortune ? . . . But small.
No person of rank then ? . . . Oh, nothing at all !
Don't you think she is pretty ? . . . Yes, without grace ;
All beauty, you know, is not centred in face ;
Pray do but observe how she carries her arms,
And yet the poor simpleton fancies she charms !
If she waits for a husband, cry'd one with a scoff,
She may stay till she's tir'd before she goes off.

BRIGHTON

Tho' she that said this, will perhaps lay herself,
Until she is musty, upon the high shelf;
She was old and as ugly as envy could make her;
As fine as a bell-horse, as stiff as a quaker;
And what is still worse, I am sadly afraid,
She's likely, poor Lady, to die an old maid!

Miss Mundungus came in, and a prettier face,
I will venture to say, was ne'er seen in that place:
So smiling, so blooming, so dimpled and young,
And then, when she spoke, . . . such a musical tongue;
An anchorite, surely, had she been in sight,
Would have melted with love, and have smil'd with delight!

Now a strange kind of bustle was heard thro' the town,
And what was the cause? . . . why, the Prince was come
down,
In a phaëton drawn by six horses he came;
Where every steed had a sire of fame.
The men doft their hats and receiv'd him with claps,
The ladies all curtsy'd and cock'd up their caps,
The prince left his seat with the grace of a God;
Then, smiling around him, return'd 'em a nod.

The gazers were never so pleas'd in their lives,
Young masters, . . . young misses, . . . old husbands and
wives,
On taking their leave they were all pleas'd to say,
They never were half so well pleas'd with the play.
Now having so many fine things in each head,
They lounge'd home to supper, and yawn'd up to bed.
And such are the pleasures and charms of old Brighton.
Say are not such pleasures enough to delight one?

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY: "The Balnea."

SOME BRIGHTON POEMS

II

[BRIGHTON AMUSEMENTS]

These *Kent* delights—while others post
As nimbly to the *Sussex* coast,
Eager to tread the turf that crowns
The swelling surface of the downs.
Starting each hour, ere day begins
Till evening falls, from twenty inns,
Inside and out, a clustering load,
They spin along the level road ;
That road which, oft curtailed, is passed
Each year more quickly than the last.
What crowds from each coach alight on
The russet Steyne, and beach of Brighton !
To view from its parades and cliffs
Gulls, bathers, fishermen, and skiffs ;
To pay for appetite and air
The price of heat, and dust, and glare ;
To watch, *by day*, the surf in motion
Unwearied, from the boisterous ocean ;
And, ankle-deep in burning shingles,
Sigh for green fields and shady dingles !
Or pace along the shore, remarking
A shoal of passengers embarking
(Well if they don't regret the step)
To join the packet for *Dieppe*,
Looking as grave as undertakers,
(Their boat half swamped amongst the breakers)
Some sick, all terrified, in crossing
To where the distant bark lies tossing ;
To note, *by right*, with magnanimity
The fluttering of unlined dinnity,
As through the room the curtains sail,
Obedient to the western gale,
While the rain trickles through the roof,
And scarce a pane is water-proof ;

BRIGHTON

To feel how time and use disables,
Through years of *letting*, chairs and tables ;
Or trace the moon-beams on the foam,
And muse on comforts left at home.

HENRY LUTTRELL : " Advice to Julia."

III

BRIGHTON

Now fruitful autumn lifts his sun-burnt head,
The slighted Park few cambric muslins whiten,
The dry machines revisit Ocean's bed,
And Horace quits awhile the town for *Brighton*.

The cit foregoes his box at Turnham Green,
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite,
Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne,
Led by the dame the Greeks call Aphrodite.

Phœbus, the tanner, plies his fiery trade,
The graceful nymphs ascend Judea's ponies,
Scale the west cliff, or visit the parade,
While poor papa in town a patient drone is.

Loose trowsers snatch the wreath from pantaloons ;
Nankeen of late were worn the sultry weather in ;
But now, (so will the Prince's Light Dragoons,)
White jean have triumph'd o'er their Indian brethren.

Here with choice food earth smiles and ocean yawns,
Intent alike to please the London glutton,
This, for our breakfast proffers shrimps and prawns,
That, for our dinner, South-down lamb and mutton.

Yet here, as elsewhere, death impartial reigns,
Visits alike the cot and the *Pavilion*,
And for a bribe, with equal scorn disdains
My half a crown, and *Baring's* half a million.

SOME BRIGHTON POEMS

Alas ! how short the span of human pride !

Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes are undone ;
Cosweller's coach, that carries four inside,

Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists, adieu !

Long envious cords my black portmanteau tighten ;
Billiards, begone ! avaunt, illegal loo !

Farewell old Ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton !

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,

Proud as Phoenicia, queen of watering places !

Boys yet unbreech'd, and virgins yet unborn,

On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces !

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH : " Horace in London."

IV

BRIGHTON IN SUNSHINE

"The air was mild, the wind was calm,

The surge was smooth, the dew was balm."—SCOTT.

Though it makes me hysteric

To write panegyric

Whenever the subject's a trite one ;

By Apollo's command

I take harp in hand,

To sing the enchantments of Brighton.

If you're sick of the earth,

Take a twelve-shilling berth

On the roof of the "fast coach," the Triton.

In five hours and a half

You shall dance, sing, and laugh,

In this Mahomet's paradise—Brighton.

BRIGHTON

Let them talk of the Alps,
They should hide their white scalps ;
 The Apennines only can blight one.
Rome, Naples and Greece
Are not worth pence a-piece,
 Compared with the esplanade—Brighton.

You'll have all kinds of sport.
To begin with the Court ;
 The Queen will come down to incite one.
Since the Whigs are knock'd up,
We shall dance, dine, and sup,
 And Victoria be Empress of Brighton.

Though we've lost the hussars,
(Through Lord Cardigan's jars,)
 We've a regiment, though not a light one.
The Royal Dragoons,
Who trimm'd Nap's pantaloons ;
 I wish they had brought him to Brighton.

When their kettle-drums rattle,
I thirst for a battle,
 Though now I'm too gouty to fight one.
To add to their glories,
Though Greys, they're brave Tories—
 The heroes of Belgium and Brighton.

On Tuesdays their band
On the pier takes its stand,
 And plays waltzes enough to delight one.
Their horns and trombones
Would soften the stones ;
 They have won all the beauties of Brighton.

Then the theatre-royal,
Which used to annoy all,
 ('Twas so dingy) is now turn'd a white one,

SOME BRIGHTON POEMS

With a new set of actors,
(Not old malefactors,)
Come down to bewitch us in Brighton.

Its heroine here
Makes ten thousand a-year,
All soul (though her body's no slight one ;)
She plays *Oliver Twist*
So touching and *triste*,
That she wets all the *mouchoirs* in Brighton.

It has three melodramas
With three castles in flames.
They say that Lord Melbourne will write one,
(Having nothing to do ;)
Which Syd. Smith will review.
The Parnassus of England is Brighton.

We've the "Great Northern Wizard,"
(Old Nick in a vizard,)
A fiend, though a very polite one.
He'll take watch, purse, and locket,
Your eye from its socket,
Or your head from your shoulders, in Brighton.

We've a lady rope-dancer,
(A deuce of a prancer,)
With form, as with foot, made to smite one ;
And a monkey, whose fist
Condescends to be kiss'd
By all the blue-stockings in Brighton.

Then Ma'amselle *Mouton's* ices
Have such charming devices,
Your teeth are all longing to bite one.
And if ever cream-tarts
Made havoc of hearts,
Your case is a lost one in Brighton.

BRIGHTON

We have crowds of "Sweet preachers,"
Such potent beseechers,
Your pocket-book should be a tight one.
Our charity girls
Are such roses and pearls !
In short, we're all angels in Brighton.

They may puff "Le grand Paris,"
Pekin, Tipperary
Round the world you'll find figures that fright one ;
But the globe has none such,
French, Spanish, or Dutch,
As the ringleted beauties of Brighton.

If they say that it rains,
Or gives rheumatic pains,
'Tis a libel. (I'd like to indict one.)
All the world's in surprise
When *any one* dies
(Unless he prefers it)—at Brighton.

If you'd get rid of Hyp.
Never go on board ship,
(You'll find my advice is the right one.)
All the quizzes of earth
Will seem brought for your mirth,
As you walk on the esplanade—Brighton.
ARION.

V

BRIGHTON IN STORM

"When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"—MACBETH.

So, this is your summer
To meet a new comer !
The sky's black enough to benight one.

SOME BRIGHTON POEMS

From Mondays to Mondays,
(*Above all*, on Sundays,)
It pours down its deluge on Brighton.

If I walk on the cliff,
From the sea comes a whiff,
That whirls off my hat, though a tight one ;
If I stroll through the streets,
Every soul that one meets
Looks like a drown'd weasel, in Brighton.

If I stir in the day
I'm half-buried in clay,
And, 'twixt sand, salt, and chalk, I'm a white one ;
If I slip out at night,
Not a glimpse of gas-light
The tempest will suffer, in Brighton.

If I ride on the Downs
A hurricane frowns—
I'm off, 'tis quite useless to fight one ;
On one of those days
I fairly missed stays,
And came by the life-boat to Brighton.

For my dreams of gay gambols,
My waterside rambles,
Serenades, promenades, to delight one ;
With an old telescope
In my window I mope,
From sunrise to sunset in Brighton.

Then, as for the shows,
I see none but wet clothes,
Umbrellas, and faces that fright one ;
Fat squires with lean daughters,
By salt and spa waters
All come to be plump'd up in Brighton.

BR IGH T O N

Pray, what's the Pavilion ?
An elephant's pillion,
 A bungalow, (that name's the right one,)
So ashamed to be seen
That it's hid from the Steine—
 It looks like the Bedlam of Brighton.

For concerts and balls
We have nothing but squalls,
 Not even a raffle to bite one ;
Our songs are all psalms,
Our feasts are all qualms,
 Our mirth is all mourning at Brighton.

We've a Theatre-Royal,
(I'll live and die loyal,
 But the Queen's-arms don't seem to invite one ;)
The strides of the age
Are too long for the stage,
 So it limps in the background, in Brighton.

Just a month I've come down,
In my folly, from town,
 (My purse is already a light one ;)
I've had four weeks of storm ;
I shall vote for reform,
 At least, in the weather at Brighton.

If you long for a dance
You must steam off for France,
 (The police here would soon put to flight one ;)
A law will soon pass,
To restrict to one glass
 The lovers of claret in Brighton.

My books are a novel,
My house is a hovel,
 Lath and plaster ne'er built such a slight one ;

SOME BRIGHTON POEMS

My very soul sinks,
As I catch through the chinks
Every blast from the Channel, in Brighton.

I tried a love-letter,
But it grew so much wetter
I lost all the spirit to write one ;
My heart's wash'd away
In the showers and the spray,
I'd turn shrimp in a fortnight in Brighton.

Could I catch but a storm
In a "tangible form,"
I promise you I'd soon indict one,
For stealing my pence :
It could make no defence,
And I'd gain my first lawsuit, in Brighton.

I *can't* wear a cork jacket,
I'm sick in a packet ;
I'd hang myself, (lawfully might one.)
I can't clamber in clogs
O'er those chalk-coloured bogs,
Thy delectable promenades, Brighton !

I'm resolved to refuse
All the cards of the *blues*,
(The ferocious, the fond, the polite one.)
I can't hand, reef, or steer,
So I've no business here.
I'm no grampus—so farewell to Brighton.

No finish for me
By a *felo-de-se*.
But since sky, sea, and land join to spite one ;
Blow high or blow low,
On Monday I go—
Farewell, thou huge shower-bath, Brighton !

ARION.

BRIGHTON

VI

WINTER IN BRIGHTON

I

Will there be snowfall on lofty Soracte
After a summer so tranquil and torrid?
Whoso detests the east wind, as a fact he
Thinks 'twill be horrid.
But there are zephyrs more mild by the ocean,
Every keen touch of the snowdrifts to lighten:
If to be cosy and snug you've a notion
Winter in Brighton!

II

Politics nobody cares about. Spurn a
Topic whereby all our happiness suffers.
Dolts in the back streets of Brighton return a
Couple of duffers.
Fawcett and White in the Westminster Hades
Strive the reporters' misfortunes to heighten.
What does it matter? Delicious young ladies
Winter in Brighton!

III

Good is the turtle for luncheon at Mutton's,
Good is the hock that they give you at Bacon's,
Mainwaring's fruit in the bosom of gluttons
Yearning awakens;
Buckstone comes hither, delighting the million,
'Mong the theatrical minnows a Triton;
Dickens and Lemon pervade the Pavilion:—
Winter in Brighton!

SOME BRIGHTON POEMS

IV

If you've a thousand a year, or a minute—
If you're a D'Orsay, whom every one follows—
If you've a head (it don't matter what's in it)
Fair as Apollo's—
If you approve of flirtations, good dinners,
Seascapes divine which the merry winds whiten,
Nice little saints and still nicer young sinners—
Winter in Brighton!

MORTIMER COLLINS.

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There are essays on Brighton, and its visitors and residents (besides those enumerated in the above list), by Richard Jefferies ("Sunny Brighton" in "The Open Air," etc.), Lady Ritchie (in the "Blackstick Papers"), and Mrs. John Lane (*Fortnightly Review*, 1907, vol. lxxxviii. pp. 959-966); and poems on Brighton and its visitors by John Wolcot (*i.e.*, Peter Pindar"), Henry Luttrell (in "Advice to Julia"), James and Horace Smith (in "Horace in London"), an anonymous writer ("Brighton in Sunshine" and "Brighton in Storm" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1841; vol. l., pp. 461-466), Mortimer Collins ("Winter in Brighton"), and Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry ("London by the Sea" in "Boudoir Ballads").

There is mention of Brighton in innumerable memoirs, and in the letters of Thackeray, Dickens, and many other men of letters and society folk. Since the publication of "Humphrey Clinker" the town has been introduced into a vast number of novels, including those of Jane Austen ("Pride and Prejudice"), Ainsworth ("Ovingdean Grange"), Dickens ("Dombey and Son," etc.), Thackeray ("Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," etc.), George Gissing ("Thyrza"), and Sir A. Conan Doyle ("Rodney

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Stone"). Among novels in which Brighton is the principal scene are "A Summer at Brighton" (3 vols. 1807), "Substance and Shadow, or, The Fisherman's Daughters of Brighton" (4 vols. 1812), "The Observant Pedestrian Mounted, or, A Donkey Tour to Brighton" (3 vols. 1815), and "Brighton, or, The Steyne" (3 vols. 1818).

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